



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



3 3433 06924189 5









1

•

1



THE  
NEW FRANKLIN  
FIFTH READER.

WITH  
A NEW ELOCUTIONARY TREATISE,  
ESSENTIALS OF READING.

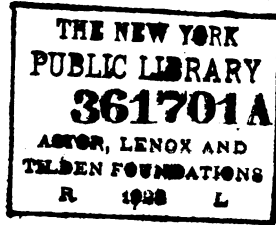
By PROF. MARK BAILEY.

By LOOMIS J. CAMPBELL.

WITH NEW AND ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEW YORK  
TAINTOR BROTHERS & CO.

BOSTON  
WILLIAM WARE & CO.  
RC



## ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
SHOOTING THE OSWEGO FALLS . . . . .	77
A SCENE IN MIDSUMMER . . . . .	117
A RACE IN THE BAHAMAS . . . . .	160
PHOEBE AND HEPZIBAH . . . . .	205
THE SOLITARY REAPER . . . . .	247
THE LIGHTHOUSE . . . . .	297
THE FIORDS OF NORWAY . . . . .	345
A NEW ENGLAND SNOW-STORM . . . . .	393

HOWARD  
DUNN  
YRAGEL

## PREFACE.



THIS NEW FRANKLIN FIFTH READER is the result of a painstaking endeavor to furnish a choice selection of pieces for school reading. No piece has been taken without careful scrutiny, and consideration of its fitness in matter, expression, and elocutionary merit. The compiler has constantly asked the questions: Is this selection of interest to the children who will use the book? Is the subject-matter within the range of their experience or sympathy? Has it sufficient excellence of thought or sentiment, and of style, to be read again and again with profit and satisfaction?

It will be seen by a glance at the List of Authors, that a large number of the best writers, both American and English, are represented in this book. From these have been culled many of the choice gems which enrich the treasures of the English tongue.

None of these selections appears in the Franklin Fifth Reader. Many of them are here presented in a reading-book for the first time. The others, it is thought, are of such enduring merit, that nothing could be found worthily to fill their place and leave no cause of regret for their omission.

How much explanation should be made a part of the reading exercise has been a subject of considerable thought. It has not seemed best wholly to supersede the teacher by presenting everything in a finished shape to the pupil, leaving him almost nothing for research and exercise. The plan adopted has been to give a few definitions of the more unusual words, and such explanations of proper names as pupils

would not be likely to have the means of finding for themselves. It has not seemed wise to risk the danger of wearying and disgusting learners by many questions and observations. These should be supplied by the teacher according to his judgment. Enough of such questions, however, have been given to indicate the various points which should be attended to in order to make sure that the meaning of the text is clearly understood, and that something of the excellence of the author's expression is felt. The definition of other words may be required, as the young learner's notion of the meaning and use of many not uncommon words is apt to be vague and misty.

The ELOCUTIONARY PART, which is intended both for teacher and pupil, has been written expressly for this work, and is the fruit of PROFESSOR BAILEY's large experience in teaching vocal expression. It is confidently believed that nothing on this subject has heretofore been put forth, in a small compass, which will so richly repay thorough study.

The BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES of the authors, though brief, have been carefully considered.

The editor gratefully acknowledges his obligations to Mr. Samuel Thurber, late Submaster of the Girls' High School in Boston, for valuable aid, and to Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Charles Scribner's Sons, Estes & Lauriat, and Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., for their courtesy in permitting him to use matter from their copyrighted publications. A special arrangement was made with the last-named publishers for the right to take selections from certain standard works on their list.

The thanks of the editor are also due to the accomplished corrector at the University Press, Mr. M. T. Bigelow, who read the proof-sheets while the book was passing through the press.

L. J. C.

*January 2, 1884.*

# CONTENTS.



## ESSENTIALS OF READING.

	PAGE
<b>PART I. — PREPARATORY STUDY.....</b>	<b>13</b>
CLASSIFICATION OF IDEAS FOR READING.....	14
LOGICAL ANALYSIS AND GROUPING.....	15
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL EXPRESSION.....	20
<b>PART II. — VOCAL EXPRESSION.....</b>	<b>21</b>
FORCE.....	21
INFLECTIONS.....	24
TIME.....	34
QUANTITY AND PAUSES.....	35
VOLUME.....	38
STRESS.....	39
QUALITY.....	42
PITCH AND MELODY.....	45
<b>PART III. — GENERAL CLASSES OF IDEAS.....</b>	<b>47</b>
 POETIC READING.....	 53
SENTENCES FOR ARTICULATION.....	61
KEY TO THE MARKED LETTERS.....	62

## READING LESSONS.

LESSON	PROSE	
1. THE VOICE.....	<i>Emerson</i> .....	63
2. A BROOD OF PARTRIDGES.....	<i>Burroughs</i> .....	65
3. CHILDREN'S PRATTLE.....	<i>Andersen</i> .....	67
5. SHOOTING THE OSWEGO FALLS.....	<i>Cooper</i> .....	73
6. HOW FRANKLIN LEARNED TO WRITE GOOD ENGLISH.....	<i>Franklin</i> .....	78
8. A HAPPY FAMILY.....	<i>Burritt</i> .....	83
9. THE ART OF OBSERVING.....	<i>Kingsley</i> .....	84
10. THE FIERY CROSS.....	.....	88
12. A YOUNG DESPERADO.....	<i>Aldrich</i> .....	94
14. A LAPP CAMP.....	.....	101
15. STINGING THE NERVES.....	<i>Chambers</i> ...	105



17. QUEEN ISABELLA'S RESOLVE .....	110
20. A DROP OF WATER ON ITS TRAVELS ..... <i>Miss Buckley</i> ..	119
22. THE FISH I DIDN'T CATCH..... <i>Whittier</i> .....	125
23. MANLY TENDERNESS..... <i>Gail Hamilton</i> .....	128
25. EVERETT'S SPEECH OF WELCOME TO LAFAYETTE <i>Quincy</i> .....	132
26. A SUFFICIENT NAVAL FORCE..... <i>Calhoun</i> .....	135
28. BEETHOVEN AND THE BLIND GIRL.....	139
29. TIME..... <i>Sumner</i> .....	144
31. RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOLAR ECLIPSE..... <i>Goodrich</i> .....	151
33. A RACE IN THE BAHAMAS.....	157
35. THE BURSTING OF THE BLOSSOMS ..... <i>Flagg</i> .....	164
38. SUMMER RAIN..... <i>Beecher</i> .....	170
39. FATE OF THE INDIANS..... <i>Sprague</i> .....	174
41. MY WIFE'S BIRD ..... <i>Phil Robinson</i> ..	178
43. ABOVE THE CLOUDS ..... <i>Donaldson</i> ....	183
44. OVERBOARD ..... <i>Black</i> .....	185
47. THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH ..... <i>Dickens</i> .....	193
49. PHOEBE AND HEZIBAH..... <i>Hawthorne</i> .....	201
51. AN APPEAL TO ARMS..... <i>Henry</i> .....	210
53. THE REVOLUTIONARY ALARM .. <i>Bancroft</i> .....	216
55. WEBSTER ON A MEMORABLE OCCASION..... <i>Goodrich</i> .....	220
56. SURVIVORS OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL... <i>Webster</i> .....	223
58. GIANT DESPAIR AND DOUBTING CASTLE..... <i>Bunyan</i> .....	229
60. PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF GREECE .... <i>Hillard</i> .....	235
62. THE BLACK SNAKE AND CATBIRDS..... <i>Burroughs</i> ....	242
64. A BEE HUNT..... <i>Irving</i> .....	248
66. WORDS ..... <i>Ruskin</i> .....	254
68. MORNING ..... <i>Everett</i> .....	259
69. ANIMAL TELEGRAPHY..... <i>Wilson</i> .....	261
71. MR. WINKLE PUTS ON SKATES..... <i>Dickens</i> .....	266
72. THE MILKY WAY..... <i>Proctor</i> .....	270
74. RURAL LIFE IN SWEDEN..... <i>Longfellow</i> .....	278
76. THE STORM. PART I..... <i>Dickens</i> .....	285
77. THE WRECK. PART II..... <i>Dickens</i> .....	289
78. THE LOVE OF HOME..... <i>Webster</i> .....	294
85. A LEAP FOR LIFE..... <i>Chambers</i> .....	308
87. SELECTIONS FROM THE BIBLE.....	316
89. WHAT THE AIR IS MADE OF ..... <i>Geikie</i> .....	319
91. MARION'S PARTISAN WARFARE..... <i>Simms</i> .....	326
93. THE DECLARATION OF 1776..... <i>J. Q. Adams</i> ...	331
96. MOSES AT THE FAIR..... <i>Goldsmith</i> .....	336
98. THE FIORDS OF NORWAY..... <i>Miss Martineau</i> 342	

# CONTENTS.

ix

99.	LIFE'S GREAT MYSTERIES.....	<i>Carlyle</i> .....	347
101.	ATTENTION THE SOUL OF GENIUS.....	<i>Dewey</i> .....	351
103.	RIP VAN WINKLE.....	<i>Iroing</i> .....	356
105.	MEXICO AS FIRST SEEN BY THE SPANIARDS...	<i>Prescott</i> .....	362
107.	PATRIOTISM.....	<i>Meagher</i> .....	367
109.	THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.....	<i>McClintock</i> ..	370
111.	HOW TO MAKE CONVERSATION MORE PLEASANT..	<i>Franklin</i> .....	374
113.	THE MINUTE-MAN OF THE REVOLUTION.....	<i>Curtis</i> .....	380
116.	VOYAGE OF THE MAYFLOWER.....	<i>Everett</i> .....	386
118.	THE WORLD OF BRUTE ANIMALS.....	<i>Newman</i> .....	389
119.	SNOW-FLAKES.....	<i>Hawthorne</i> ..	390
121.	THE INFLUENCE OF ATHENS.....	<i>Macaulay</i> .....	396
124.	FROZEN WORDS.....	<i>Addison</i> .....	406
126.	THE CLOUDS.....	<i>Ruskin</i> .....	414
128.	SILAS FINDS HIS TREASURE.....	<i>George Eliot</i> ..	418
129.	OLD-FASHIONED GALLANTRY.....	<i>Lamb</i> .....	422
130.	WASHINGTON AT NEWBURG.....	<i>Evarts</i> .....	426
	COMMON FIGURES OF SPEECH.....		431

## POETRY.

4.	THE BUILDERS.....	<i>Longfellow</i> ....	71
7.	THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.....		81
11.	THE HIGHLAND GATHERING.....	<i>Scott</i> .....	90
13.	MY DOG BLANCO.....	<i>Holland</i> .....	99
16.	GOOD BY.....	<i>Emerson</i> .....	109
18.	THE SHIP OF STATE.....	<i>Longfellow</i> ....	115
19.	MIDSUMMER.....	<i>Trowbridge</i> .....	116
21.	THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.....	<i>Gay</i> .....	123
24.	LOCHINVAR.....	<i>Scott</i> .....	130
27.	HOHENLINDEN..	<i>Campbell</i> .....	137
30.	SONG OF THE FORGE.....		147
	THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.....	<i>Scott</i> .....	150
32.	LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.....	<i>Mrs. Hemans</i> ..	155
34.	THE FIRMAMENT.....	<i>Bryant</i> .....	162
36.	THE DAFFODILS.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> ...	166
37.	CONTENTMENT.....	<i>Holmes</i> .....	167
40.	THE BUGLE SONG.....	<i>Tennyson</i> .....	177
42.	THE CORAL GROVE.....	<i>Percival</i> .....	181
45.	UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.....	<i>Shakespeare</i> ....	191
46.	CHOICE QUOTATIONS.....	<i>Shakespeare</i> ....	192
48.	NOT ONE TO SPARE.....	<i>Mrs. Beers</i> .....	198
50.	THE CORN SONG.....	<i>Whittier</i> .....	207

52.	MAHMOOD THE IMAGE-BREAKER .....	Lowell .....	214
54.	THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.....	Tennyson .....	218
57.	EXTRACT FROM "SNOW-BOUND" .....	Whittier .....	226
59.	LINES ON A SKELETON.....		233
	TRUE GROWTH.....	Ben Jonson ..	234
61.	WATERLOO.....	Byron .....	238
63.	THE SOLITARY REAPER .....	Wordsworth ..	246
65.	A RHYMED LESSON .....	Holmes .....	252
67.	THE SAXON TONGUE .....	Lyons .....	255
70.	KING SOLOMON AND THE BEES .....	Saxe.....	264
73.	AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.....	Alice Cary ....	274
75.	CARCASSONNE .....	Mrs. Sherwood	283
79.	THE THRUSH'S NEST.....	Clare .....	295
80.	THE LIGHTHOUSE.....	Longfellow .....	296
81.	THE TENT SCENE OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS...	Shakespeare ..	299
82.	MIRIAM'S SONG .....	Moore.....	305
83.	ON HIS BLINDNESS.....	Milton .....	306
84.	EVENING .....	Milton .....	307
86.	THE VILLAGE PREACHER.....	Goldsmith.....	313
88.	NIAGARA .....	Brainard.....	318
90.	DEACHENFELS .....	Byron.....	324
92.	THE BATTLE-FIELD .....	Bryant.....	329
94.	CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.....	Cowper.....	333
95.	A DOUBTING HEART.....	Miss Procter...	335
97.	THE SHANDON BELLS .....	Father Prout ..	340
100.	SELF-DEPENDENCE .....	Arnold .....	350
102.	THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.....	Holmes .....	354
104.	ABOU BEN ADHEM .....	Hunt .....	361
106.	THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD .....	Longfellow ....	365
108.	HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.....	Collins.....	369
110.	TRUE GREATNESS .....	Lady Carew....	373
112.	SUMMER STORM .....	Lowell.....	376
	LIFE.....	Mrs. Barbauld	379
114.	THE OLD CONTINENTALS .....	McMaster.....	383
115.	WILLIAM TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS .....	Knowles.....	385
117.	THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD .....	Newman.....	388
120.	THE SKYLARK.....	Hogg .....	395
122.	ANCIENT AND MODERN GREECE.....	Byron.....	399
123.	WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.....	Shakespeare....	402
125.	SKIPPER BEN .....	Lucy Larcom...	411
127.	SUNRISE .....	Thomson .....	417
131.	UNION AND LIBERTY .....	Holmes .....	429

# LIST OF AUTHORS.



ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY . . . . .	331	CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM . . . . .	380
ADDISON, JOSEPH . . . . .	406	DEWEY, ORVILLE . . . . .	351
ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY . . . . .	94	DICKENS, CHARLES 193, 266, 285, 289	
ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN . . . . .	67	DONALDSON W. J. . . . .	183
ARNOLD, MATTHEW . . . . .	350	ELIOT GEORGE . . . . .	418
BANCROFT, GEORGE . . . . .	216	EMERSON, RALPH WALDO . . . . .	63,
BARBAULD, ANNA LÆTITIA . . . . .	379		109, 394
BEECHER, HENRY WARD . . . . .	170	EVARTS, WILLIAM M. . . . .	426
BEERS, MRS. E. L. . . . .	198	EVERETT, EDWARD . . . . .	259, 386
BIBLE . . . . .	316	FLAGG, WILSON . . . . .	164
BLACK, WILLIAM . . . . .	185	FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN . . . . .	78, 374
BRAINARD, JOHN G. C. . . . .	318	GAIL HAMILTON . . . . .	128
BRYANT WILLIAM CULLEN 162, 329		GAY, JOHN . . . . .	123
BUCKLEY, ARABELLA B. . . . .	119	GEIKIE, ARCHIBALD . . . . .	319
BUNYAN, JOHN . . . . .	229	GOLDSMITH, OLIVER . . . . .	313, 336
BURRITT, ELIHU . . . . .	83	GOODRICH, S. G. . . . .	151, 220
BURROUGHS, JOHN . . . . .	65, 242	HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL 201, 390	
BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, LORD 197,		HEMANS, FELICIA DOROTHEA . . . . .	155
238, 324, 399		HENRY, PATRICK . . . . .	210
CALHOUN, JOHN CALDWELL . . . . .	135	HILLARD, GEORGE STILLMAN . . . . .	235
CAMPBELL, THOMAS . . . . .	137, 228	HOGG, JAMES . . . . .	395
CAREW, LADY E. . . . .	373	HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT . . . . .	99
CARLYLE, THOMAS. . . . .	347	HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL . . . . .	167,
CARY, ALICE . . . . .	274		252, 354, 429
CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL . . . . .	105, 308	HUNT, LEIGH . . . . .	361
CLARE, JOHN. . . . .	295	IRVING, WASHINGTON . . . . .	248, 356
COLLINS, WILLIAM . . . . .	369	JONSON, BEN. . . . .	234
COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE . . . . .	73	KEATS, JOHN . . . . .	253
COWPER, WILLIAM . . . . .	333	KINGSLEY, CHARLES . . . . .	24

KNOWLES, JAMES SHERIDAN . . . . .	385	ROBINSON, PHIL . . . . .	178
LAMB, CHARLES . . . . .	422	RUSKIN, JOHN . . . . .	254, 414
LARCOM, LUCY . . . . .	411	SAXE, JOHN GODFREY . . . . .	264
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADS- WORTH 71, 115, 173, 278, 296, 365		SCOTT, SIR WALTER . . . . .	90, 130, 150
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL . . . . .	214, 376	SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM . . . . .	98, 190, 191, 192, 299, 355, 364, 402, 425
LYONS, JAMES GILBORNE . . . . .	255	SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE . . . . .	43
MACAULAY, THOMAS BABING- TON . . . . .	396	SHERWOOD, MRS. J. . . . .	283
MAHONY, FRANCIS SYLVESTER . . . . .	340	SIMMS, WILLIAM GILMORE . . . . .	326
MARTINEAU, HARRIET . . . . .	342	SPRAGUE, CHARLES . . . . .	174
MCCLINTOCK, JOHN . . . . .	370	SUMNER, CHARLES . . . . .	144
MCMASTER, GUY HUMPHREY . . . . .	383	TENNYSON, ALFRED . . . . .	177, 218
MEAGHER, THOMAS FRANCIS . . . . .	367	THOMSON, JAMES . . . . .	417
MILTON, JOHN . . . . .	64, 306, 307	TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND . . . . .	116
MOORE, THOMAS . . . . .	305	WEBSTER, DANIEL . . . . .	223, 294
NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY . . . . .	388, 389	WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF . . . . .	125, 207, 226, 328
PERCIVAL, JAMES GATES . . . . .	181	WILSON, DR. GEORGE . . . . .	261
POPE, ALEXANDER . . . . .	176	WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM . . . . .	166, 246, 315, 416
PRESCOTT, WILLIAM HICKLING . . . . .	362	UNKNOWN . . . . .	81, 88, 101, 110, 139, 147, 157, 233
PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE . . . . .	335		
PROCTOR, RICHARD A. . . . .	270		
QUINCY, JOSIAH . . . . .	132		



# ESSENTIALS OF READING.

BY

PROF. MARK BAILEY, A. M.,

*Instructor of Elocution in Yale College.*

---

## PART I.

### PREPARATORY STUDY.

THE ESSENTIALS of good reading are

- I. Distinct Enunciation, to be heard.
- II. Right Emphasis, to be understood.
- III. Right Expression, to be felt.

The first essential, Clear Enunciation, as well as the correct pronunciation of words, we do not discuss in these lessons for reading ideas. What is needed on these points is not more theory, but *constant correction of faults* as they occur in all school work, till the habit of good usage is formed.

In discussing the second point, Right Emphasis, we ask first, What is the general character of the selection? that we may have a rational basis for the degree of emphasis in rendering the sense. "Read the emphatic words *louder*," says the teacher. Louder than what? "Louder than the unemphatic words." But how loud are they, — the unemphatic words? This question must be answered first, or we have no *standard* to go by; and the answer to this question is determined always by the *general spirit* of the piece. If that is unemotional, the standard force required is *moderate*; if earnest, the standard force is *loud*; if subdued or pathetic, the standard force is *soft*.

With the 'standard force' thus given, the additional force for emphasis may be determined by the relative importance of the ideas.

In the nature of things, thought and expression are so identified, the relations of sense and sound are so intimate, that when ideas are classified by this sympathy alone, the very *name* of the class suggests the kind of elocution the given ideas should have, as may be seen in the following

#### CLASSIFICATION OF IDEAS FOR READING.

1. UNEMOTIONAL, including all matter-of-fact or unimpassioned ideas.

2. EARNEST, including all ideas that are more forcible than the unemotional, and yet not marked by any definite feeling.

3. SUBDUED, comprising the gentle, tender, pensive, serene ideas naturally expressed by the "still, small voice."

4. IMPASSIONED, including all intensely earnest and passionate ideas.

5. JOYOUS, including all pleasing, beautiful, lovely, charming, happy ideas.

6. PATHETIC, including all ideas of sadness, sorrow, grief, tender pity, contrition, etc.

7. GRAVE, comprising all impressive ideas of solemnity, despair, and awe, of dread and horror.

8. NOBLE, embracing all great and good, manly, royal, heroic, glorious, sublime, and divine ideas.

9. HUMOROUS, including pleasantry, jesting, punning, railery, and good-natured wit and mimicry.

10. SARCASTIC, including ill-natured wit, ridicule, insinuation, and taunt, scorn, irony, mockery, etc.

When selections are of a *mixed* character, — some passages 'matter-of-fact,' some 'earnest,' some 'noble,' etc., — the first *question*, *What is the general character of the selection?* *must be asked as often as there is a marked change.*

## LOGICAL ANALYSIS AND GROUPING.

When we hear a word spoken, as "hand," we do not think of the separate sounds of *h, a, n, d*, but of the monosyllable their union makes. When we hear a longer word, as "independence," we do not mind the syllables separately, as *in-de-pend-ence*, but their union, the one word. So, when we hear a group of words spoken that express a thought, as, "The sun is the source of light," we do not think of the seven words individually, but of the meaning, the *unit of thought*.

If a reader would read as well as he talks, he must learn to see and read, not separate words, but *groups* of words, as logical units; and he must speak all the words in one group, with one impulse of mind and voice, just as he speaks all the syllables in one long word. In short, he must learn to see and read *ideas*.

The most important ideas are the two essential to a sentence and a thought; viz. the *subject*, or thing about which something is said, and the *predicate*, or what is said about it. These are emphatic when *first introduced* in the selection read.

"*History is a useful study.* History is also an *interesting* as well as a useful study."

In the first sentence the subject is new, and what is said about it is also new, and both are therefore emphatic. In the second sentence neither 'history' nor 'useful' is new, and so only the new predicate, '*interesting*,' is emphatic.

Again, the subject may not be general history, but some distinct part of history, as *ancient* history, or *modern*; or a part only of modern history, as *American* history, or history of the *United States* of America, or the yet more definite part of that, as 'The *Colonial* history of the United States of America'; and each idea is in turn new and emphatic, and afterward understood and unemphatic, so that in the last and longest group only '*Colonial*' is new and distinctive.

So, too, the predicate may be no longer the general idea that history is '*interesting*,' but some more definite one; as that it treats of our *forefathers*, or the still more definite one of the *trials* and *sufferings* of our forefathers; or even this may be yet more definite, and the distinctive point be of their *sufferings from the Indians*. In any case, the new and most



definite idea is the one that must be emphasized to give the exact meaning.

Ideas are made clear and distinct in three ways:—

I. By *separation*; as, when a subject is chosen to read about, it is made distinctive by no special contrast, but by selection from all other subjects. And so the predicate may be an independent idea; as, “Ours is a *representative* government.”

II. A more distinct view of an unknown object is often opened up to us by a happy *comparison* with something like it which is well known; as, “Like as a *father* pitieth his *children*, so the LORD pitieth them that *fear* him.”

III. The most striking way of making anything distinct is by *contrasting* it with its opposite; as *good* with *evil*; *to be* with *to seem*, etc.

These distinctive points in clear thinking and writing, which *separate*, and *compare*, and *contrast* things, are the important ideas which should be distinguished by emphasis.

Thus from facts which all may verify is evolved this

### Principle of Logical Analysis.

New and distinctive ideas are emphatic.

### EXAMPLES.

1. “And it was the *Sabbath* day when Jesus made the clay and opened his eyes.”

That Jesus had made the clay and opened his eyes has been stated in this ninth chapter of St. John twice before, and therefore is now well known. That it was done on the ‘*Sabbath*’ day is the only *new*, emphatic idea. These fifteen words should form but one group, and be read as one thought-word.

2. “’T is a consummation

Devoutly to be *wished*.”

If ‘*devoutly*’ only is emphasized, we make the mere *manner of its being wished* distinctive, as ‘*devoutly*’ instead of

some *other* way. But Hamlet is speaking of the "*sleep* of death," which shall *end* his "heartache," etc. 'Consummation' conveys the same idea as *end*, and so is not new or distinctive. 'To be *wished*' is the distinctive idea (in contrast with *not dreaded*, understood).

3. "It argues, I think, a *sweet* and *generous* nature to have a friendship for forest trees."

A taste for the cultivation of forest trees has been spoken of before, and is not new here. 'Nature' is not distinctive, of course, as that must be understood in any case. But 'sweet' and 'generous' (as distinctive from *sour* and *selfish*, understood) are emphatic.

4. "Suffer not yourselves to be BETRAYED` with a *kiss*."

If 'kiss' alone is emphasized, we make Patrick Henry seem willing to be betrayed, only not for so paltry a price as a kiss. But the great distinctive idea with him was not to be betrayed at all.

5. "Love thyself *last*; CHERISH` those hearts that hate thee."

The injunction is to cherish (not to hate in return) those hearts that hate thee. But if 'hate' alone is emphasized, it limits 'cherish' to 'hate,' and makes Wolsey (King Henry VIII., Act iii. Sc. 2) say that we must not cherish those who love us, but only those who hate us.

For, whether we intend it or not, we make an idea distinctive by emphasizing it. If, for instance, in reading the parable of the Prodigal Son, we say: "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his *hand*, and shoes on his *feet*"; thoughtlessly emphasizing the last word of each clause, we put in place of the gracious command of the father to give to the ragged, barefoot son "the *best robe*," and "a *ring*," and "*shoes*," the absurd direction *where* to put them, as if the servants might put the shoes on his hands or on his head.

6. "The atrocious crime of being a young *man*."

If 'man' is emphasized, (and it is a common fault to *emphasize the last word* of a sentence,) it changes the charge,

absurdly, from being a *youth*, "a *young man*," to *not* being a *young woman*.

7. "My father should wear a broadcloth *coat*."

This reading of the line in Whittier's "Maud Muller" makes 'coat' distinctive, as if he had now *other* garments of broadcloth; but when Maud Muller is rich, her father shall have a 'coat' also of that costly kind, instead of the true meaning, a *broadcloth* coat, in place of the homespun one he has.

8. "He would dress me up in *silks* so fine."

If 'fine' is emphasized, it gives the false idea that she has silks now, but not so fine ones, instead of the real sense, that she would have *silks* in contrast with the cheaper material which she now wears.

9. "And for *him* who sat by the chimney lug,  
*Dozing* and *grumbling* o'er *pipe* and *mug*,  
 A *manly* form at her side she saw,  
 And JOY was duty, and LOVE was law."

In the first couplet, the ideas which describe '*him*' distinctly are emphatic, as marked. In the third line, a '*manly*' form is distinctive, by contrast, with '*him*,' and in the last line 'duty' and 'law' (however noble in themselves) are not distinctive ideas in this ideal home she is dreaming of; for though she had been the Judge's bride, duty and law must have followed her, and she has little else than duty and law in her real home. But 'joy' and love' are the distinctive charms which she imagines would govern her ideal life. Therefore these alone should be emphasized.

10. "You have done *that* you should be *sorry* for"

would be the natural reading of the line if taken alone. But when we read what Cassius said in the two lines before it, —

"Do not presume too much upon my love;  
 I may do that I shall be sorry for," —

*we learn that* 'that' and 'sorry' are common, and not *distinctive ideas*, in the reply of Brutus, but that 'have' and

'should' are the emphatic words, in contrast with 'may' and 'shall'; as, —

"You *have* done that you *should* be sorry for."

11. "When that the *poor* have cried, *Cæsar* hath wept."

'Wept,' the last word of the line and of the sentence, is apt to be falsely emphasized; but being the same as 'cried,' it is neither new nor distinctive.

12. "O Judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And *men* have *lost* their reason!"

Here 'reason' is the same in sense as 'judgment,' and therefore should not be emphasized. Judgment is fled to beasts, and men have lost it.

13. "Then saw in *death* his eyelids close  
Calmly as to a *night's* repose."

The distinctive idea is not 'repose,' as that is understood in the poet's idea of death. The repose of *death* is compared with a *night's* repose.

14. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his  
benefits:

Who *forgiveth* all thine iniquities; who *healeth* all thy  
diseases."

'Iniquities' and 'diseases' are assumed as understood. What else could be forgiven or healed? These are not therefore distinctive and emphatic, but should be read as the unaccented words of the group.

15. "Speak the speech, I pray you, as *I* pronounced it to you, *trippingly* on the tongue; but if you *mouth* it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the *town-crier* spoke my lines."

The distinctive idea is, Speak the speech as 'I' (Hamlet) spoke it to you. And this is made more distinctive by 'trippingly.' 'Mouth' is in emphatic contrast to 'trippingly,' and 'town-crier' an emphatic comparison.

## ELEMENTS OF VOCAL EXPRESSION.

ALL EXPRESSION in *Nature* and in *Art* depends on some kind of *lights* and *shades*, as of color, or form, or sound.

For the lights and shades of expression in elocution, we have the following elements:—

1. FORCE, *standard* and *emphatic*, varying with the spirit and sense from moderate degree to the loudest and softest tones of the voice.

2. TIME, *standard* and *emphatic*, varying as *rate* from moderate to fastest and slowest movement, and as *emphasis* from medium to longest and shortest quantity and pauses.

3. INFLECTIONS, *simple* and *compound*, each rising and falling through short, moderate, long, and very long intervals of the speaking scale.

4. VOLUME, varying from medium to any degree of *fullness* and *thinness* which respectively magnifies or minifies speech.

5. STRESS, or *smooth* and *abrupt* emphasis, each varying in degree with the more or less agreeable or disagreeable sentiments read.

6. QUALITY, *pure* and *aspirated*, varying, like stress, with what is pleasing or displeasing, from the clearest tones of love and joy to the half-whisper of fear and dread, and the whisper of secrecy and horror.

7. PITCH, with its natural *key-note*, varying with the reader and the emotion read, and its closely related *cadence*, with the *melody*, *modulation*, and *compass*, uniting key-note and cadence.

Here surely is no lack of means for the best art-work, *if we have the will and wit to learn to use it aright*, in  
*PART II.*

## PART II.

## VOCAL EXPRESSION.

## FORCE.

Force in Elocution has two meanings.

1. Standard Force, — as when we say subdued ideas should be read with soft force, we mean that general force which is given to all the words.

2. Emphatic Force, — as when we say such a word is emphatic, we mean that it should be read with more than the general force to give it special importance.

The *standard force* varies with the general spirit of the piece. If that is unemotional, the general force is *moderate*; if earnest, it is *loud*; if subdued, it is *soft*.

The *emphatic force* varies with the distinctive ideas.

## Principle for Force.

Determine the standard force, for the unemphatic words, by the general spirit of the piece. Give additional force to the emphatic ideas according to their relative importance.

## Unemotional Ideas. — Moderate Force.

1. Three *poets*, in three *distant* ages born,  
*Greece, Italy, and England* did adorn :  
 The *first* in GRACEFULNESS of thought surpassed ;  
 The *next* in MAJESTY ; in BOTH, the *last*.

## ANALYSIS.

The general spirit is unemotional. The standard force is therefore moderate. The subject '*poets*' is new and distinctive and requires the first degree of emphasis (marked by italics). The only distinctive word in the clause "in three *distant ages born*" is '*distant*.' This word, being a subordinate idea, is less emphatic than '*poets*.' What is asserted

of the three poets, that they "did adorn Greece, Italy, and England," is new and distinctive, and every word in the line is emphatic except 'and' and 'did.' The words 'first,' 'next,' and 'last' are distinctive, but less emphatic, though marked with the same italics. 'Gracefulness' of thought is of more relative worth, and is also more distinctive, and therefore should have the larger emphasis (marked by capitals). 'Surpassed' needs no emphasis, as it may be assumed that such famous poets as are here referred to, surpassed in something. 'Majesty' is of the same distinctive worth as 'gracefulness,' and 'both' has the united importance of these two, and this is indicated by its larger capital letters.

2. "I am charged with *ambition*. The charge is *true*, and I GLORY in its truth. Who ever achieved anything GREAT in *letters, arts, or arms*, who was NOT *ambitious*? *Cæsar* was not *more ambitious* than *Cicero*. It was but in *another way*. ALL GREATNESS is born of *ambition*. Let the ambition be a NOBLE one, and who shall *blame* it?"

3. "The *plumage* of the *mocking-bird*, though none of the *homeliest*, has nothing *gaudy* or *brilliant* in it, and, had he nothing *else* to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his *figure* is *well-proportioned*, and even HANDSOME. The *ease, elegance, and rapidity* of his *movements*, the *animation* of his *eye*, and the INTELLIGENCE he displays in *listening*, and *laying up lessons* from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really SURPRISING, and mark the *peculiarity* of his genius."

4. *Portia*. That light we see is burning in my hall.

How far that little candle throws his beams!

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

*Nerissa*. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

*Portia*. So doth the greater glory dim the less:

A substitute shines brightly as a king,

Until a king be by, and then his state

*Empties itself, as doth an inland brook*

*Into the main of waters. Music! hark!*

*Nerissa.* It is your music, madam, of the house.

*Portia.* Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

*Nerissa.* Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

*Portia.* The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark  
When neither is attended; and I think  
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the wren.  
How many things by season seasoned are  
To their right praise and true perfection!

*Shakespeare, Merchant of Venice*

#### Earnest Ideas.—Loud Force.

1. My friends, our *country must* be FREE! The land  
Is never *lost*, that has a *son* to *right* her, —  
And here are *troops* of sons, and LOYAL ones!  
*Strong* in her *children* should a *mother* be:  
Shall *ours* be HELPLESS, that has sons like US?  
*God* SAVE our NATIVE *land*, whoever pays  
The ransom that redeems her! Now what wait we?  
For *Alfred's* word to *move upon* the *foe*?  
UPON him, then! *Now think* ye on the things  
You *most* do *love*! *husbands* and *fathers* on  
Their WIVES and CHILDREN; *lovers* on their BELOVED;  
And ALL upon their COUNTRY!

*Knowles.*

2. Our Fatherland is in danger! Citizens! to arms! to arms! Unless the whole nation rise up, as one man, to defend itself, all the noble blood already shed is in vain; and, on the ground where the ashes of our ancestors repose, the Russian knout will rule over an enslaved people! We have nothing to rest our hopes upon but a righteous God and our own strength. And if we do not put forth that strength, God will also forsake us. Hungary's struggle is no longer our *struggle alone*. It is the struggle of popular freedom against



tyranny. In the wake of our victory will follow liberty to the Italians, Germans, Poles. With our fall goes down the star of freedom over all. — *Kossuth*.

### Subdued Ideas. — Soft Force.

1. Little Nell was *dead*. No *sleep* so *beautiful* and *calm*, so *free* from trace of *pain*, so *fair* to look upon. She seemed a creature *FRESH* from the hand of *GOD*, and *waiting* for the *breath* of *life*; not one who *HAD lived* and *suffered* *DEATH*. Her *couch* was dressed with here and there some *winter berries* and *green leaves*, gathered in a spot she had been used to *favor*. ‘When I *die*, put *near* me something that has *loved* the *LIGHT*, and had the *SKY* *above it* *always*.’ Those were her words. — *Dickens*.

2. I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;  
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.  
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!  
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet’s here.  
O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,  
And sweeter is the young lamb’s voice to me that cannot rise,  
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,  
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

*Tennyson, May Queen.*

### INFLECTIONS.

When we assert anything earnestly, the voice slides down continuously from a higher to a lower pitch on the emphatic syllable; as, “Thou` art the man.” And when we ask a question earnestly, the voice slides up from a lower to a higher pitch, on the emphatic syllable; as, “Am I` my brother’s keeper?” And when we contrast a negative with a positive idea, we give both slides; as, —

“The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars’,  
But in ourselves` that we are underlings.”

So, again, when Cassius speaks in ridicule and sarcasm of Cæsar, the voice bends or waves upward on the negative, and downward on the positive emphasis; as, —

“Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf<sup>∨</sup>,  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep<sup>^</sup>;  
He were no lion<sup>∨</sup>, were not Romans hinds<sup>^</sup>.”

These peculiar slides and waves of the voice (heard only on the emphatic syllables) are the “INFLECTIONS,” which form the most distinctive part of emphasis and expression in elocution. By ‘force’ and ‘time’ alone we could not distinguish a question from an assertion in tone, a negative from a positive idea, ridicule from praise.

#### ANALYSIS OF THE INFLECTIONS.

The main use of speech is to *assert* something, and the main sentence of the language is *assertive*; as, —

“God is love<sup>˘</sup>.”

“One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.<sup>˘</sup>”

All such assertions naturally take the *falling* slide.

Next in importance to the assertive is the interrogative sentence, which *asks* others to assert something in answer; as, —

“Will you tell me what I wish to know<sup>˘</sup>?”

All such questions naturally take the *rising* slide.

With these assertions and questions, these positive and negative ideas, are other ideas, too well known to be asserted and too true to be questioned, which are merely *assumed*, and therefore are naturally read with the *suspense* of voice marked, if at all, with the level sign, thus, <sup>ˉ</sup>, in distinction from the rising, <sup>˘</sup>, or the falling, <sup>˘</sup>.

“To every man upon this earth  
*Death<sup>ˉ</sup> cometh soon or late<sup>ˉ</sup>.”*

“Sir, I know the *uncertainty<sup>ˉ</sup>* of human affairs<sup>ˉ</sup>; but I *see, I see clearly, through this day’s business.*”

Hence, for the right use of the falling and rising inflections, and of the suspense of voice in reading, we divide ideas into THREE CLASSES.

The *First*, and altogether the most important class, comprises all positive assertions and imperative ideas, all positive ideas in contrast with negative ones, denials in contrast with concessions, and all subordinate clauses which add something to the positiveness of the main ideas. This class we call POSITIVE IDEAS.

The *Second* class includes all simple questions as opposed to assertions, all negative, in contrast with positive ideas, concessions in contrast with denials, and all such subordinate ideas as take something from the positiveness of the principal ideas. This class we call NEGATIVE IDEAS.

The *Third* class is comparatively unemphatic, including all ideas too well known to be asserted and too true to be questioned, which therefore should have neither the falling nor the rising slide, — which are clearly understood, admitted, assumed, and so spoken naturally with the suspense of voice. This class we call NEUTRAL IDEAS.

To this class belong also those other subordinate clauses which form no distinctive part of the thought, but are common circumstances, incomplete in sense, or parenthetical.

#### Principles for the Inflections.

Positive ideas should have the falling slides.

Negative ideas should have the rising slides.

Neutral ideas should be read with the suspense of voice.

The emphatic *slides vary in length* with the general spirit and the special emphasis required. They are moderate in the expression of unemotional ideas; long, in earnest, joyous, and noble ideas; very long, in impassioned; and in subdued and pathetic utterance they are short.

#### EXAMPLES.

1. Nature rallied the wasting powers, on the verge of the grave, for a brief period. But it was long enough for him. He had left no *duty unperformed*`; he had no *wish unsatisfied*`; no *ambition unattained*`; no *regret*`, no *sorrow*`, no *fear*`, no *remorse*`. He could not shake off the dews of death

that gathered on his brow. He could not *pierce* the thick *shades* that rose up before him. But he knew that *eternity* lay close by the shores of time. *Eloquence* even at *that* hour inspired him with his ancient *sublimity* of utterance. "*This*," said the dying man, "*this* is the *END* of *earth*." He paused for a moment, and then added, "*I am content*."

*W. H. Seward, Death of J. Q. Adams.*

2. They tell us, sir, that we are weak, — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. — *Henry*.

If the voice falls on 'year' in the question above; as, "Will it be the next week, or the next year?" one idea is made *positive*, as if the answer might be 'next week' or 'next year.' But *both* are negative in Henry's mind, and both should therefore be read with the rising slide.

Concessions, in Contrast with Assertions, take the Rising Slide.

3. *Louis*. What! so haughty?

Remember, he who made can unmake.

*Rich*. Never! your anger can recall your trust,  
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,  
Rifle my coffers, — but my name, my deeds,  
Are royal in a land beyond your scepter!

*Bulwer, Richelieu.*

Concessions Assumed take the Suspense of Voice.

4. Such men *do* not, *cannot die*. The *hand* that traced the charter of independence is, indeed, *motionless*; the eloquent *lips* that sustained it are *hushed*; but the *lofty spirits* that conceived, resolved, and maintained it (and which alone to such men make it life to live), *these cannot* expire; —

Cold in the *dust* the perished *heart* may lie,  
But that which *warmed* it once can *never* die.

*Everett, Eulogy on Jefferson and Adams.*

Sometimes a whole stanza is assumed and should be read with the suspense, as in "Paul Revere's Ride."

5. You know the rest. In the books you have read—  
How the British Regulars fired and fled—  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball—  
From behind each fence and farmyard wall—  
Chasing the red-coats down the lane—  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again—  
Under the trees at the turn of the road—  
And only pausing to fire and load—

*Longfellow.*

When the sentence ends with the negative idea of a contrast, the negative idea has the same rising slide as when it precedes the positive.

6. "I come to *bury* Cæsar, not to *praise* him."

7. "The mate for beauty  
Should be a *man*, and not a *money*-chest."

8. "She seemed a creature *FRESH* from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who *HAD* lived, and *suffered DEATH*."

9. We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
*Who thinks* most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

*Philip J. Bailey*

10. I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
That would be *worn now in their NEWEST gloss*,  
Not cast *aside* so soon'. *Shakespeare, Macbeth.*

When only the negative part of an antithesis is expressed, often it should be read with the rising emphasis to *suggest* the positive idea, as in Longfellow's lines, —

11. "Sail forth into the sea, O ship!  
Through wind and wave right onward steer!  
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,  
Are not the signs of *doubt* or *fear*."
12. "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the *soul*."

#### Antithetical Ideas.

13. *Philip.* But if we *fail* —  
*Israel.* They NEVER *fail* who die  
In a GREAT CAUSE! The *block* may soak their *gore*;  
Their *heads* may sodden in the *sun*; their *limbs*  
Be strung to city *gates* and castle *walls*, —  
But still their *spirit* walks *abroad*.  
*Byron, Marino Faliero.*

14. Attention it is— (though other qualities belong to this transcendent power), attention it is, that is the very soul of genius; not the fixed eye, not the poring over a book, but the fixed thought. — *Dewey.*

15. The people whom Lafayette came to succor were not his people; he knew them only in the melancholy story of their wrongs. He was no mercenary wretch, striving for the spoil of the vanquished; the palace acknowledged him for its lord, and the valleys yielded him their increase. He was no nameless man, staking life for reputation; he ranked among nobles, and looked unawed upon kings. — *Sprague.*

**Imperative Ideas and Exclamations.**

These are more positive expressions than assertions, and therefore take the long falling slides.

16. “ ‘Halt`!’ — the dust-brown ranks stood fast;  
       ‘Fire`!’ — out blazed the rifle-blast.”

17. “ ‘Shoot, if you must, this old gray head’,  
       But spare` your COUNTRY’S FLAG`,’ she said.”

18. “*Horatio*. O day and night, but this is wondrous  
       strange!

*Hamlet*. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, *Horatio*,  
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

19. “*Hamlet*. What a piece of work is a man! how  
 noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and mov-  
 ing how express and admirable! in action how like an  
 angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the  
 world! the paragon of animals!”

**Compound Questions.**

Questions beginning with who, what, why, when, which, how, etc., as, “Where are you *going`*?” “What are you *doing`*?” take the *falling* slide. Because every such question has one *positive* idea, which comes last, and is *emphasized*.

“You are *going`* somewhere,” is positive. “Will you tell me *where`*?” “Where” only is interrogative, and this is not emphasized when the question is read with the falling slide. “Where are you *going`*? Where are you *GOING`*?” It is generally given as a rule, that, when such questions as these are repeated, they take the rising slide. This is not true in fact or principle; for, when such a question is not heard the first time, it is repeated in the very same way, with more positive emphasis, until the person spoken to is forced to hear it. Then only, if his answer is not distinctly heard, the question may be given with the rising slide; but not until the *emphasis is taken* from the positive, and put on the *negative* — *the interrogative* — idea; as, “*Where`* are you going?”

20. Secession! Peaceable secession! Who is so foolish (I beg everybody's pardon) as to expect to see any such thing? Why, what would be the result? Where is the line to be drawn? What States are to secede? What is to remain American? Where is the flag of the republic to remain? Where is the eagle still to tower? or is he to cower and shrink, and fall to the ground?—*Webster*.

#### Positive Questions or Appeals.

Even the simple question (which may be answered by yes or no) may, as we see in the last of the series above, take the positive or imperative spirit, and demand the falling slide.

21. "*Cassius*. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;  
I said an elder` soldier, not a better`.  
Did` I say better?"

The appeal is positive. Cassius has no doubt, and our reading should have none.

22. "*Cassius*. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

*Brutus*. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine *enemies`*?  
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?"

23. "Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still` see him, not pale` and prostrate`, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound`, but moving resplendent over the field of honor`, with the rose of heaven` upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty` in his eye`?"

#### The Address.

When positive respect is intended, the address takes the falling slide; as, "*Mr. President`*," "*Ladies and Gentlemen`*," "*Fellow-citizens`*"; and, like other ideas, the address is *emphatic only* when first introduced. After that it needs



no inflection, as, "My second argument, fellow-citizens, is this."

The familiar address, when unemphatic, is suspended, like other opening words. "Friends, I come not here to talk." "Gentlemen, you will please come to order."

When the address is meant to win attention, it takes the emphatic rising slide; as, "*Mr. Speaker*," "*Mr. President*," because it is really asking recognition in a calling tone.

### The Emphatic Monotone.

The unemphatic suspense of voice is, strictly speaking, a rise of a tone, and occurs on nearly all unemphatic syllables except those of the cadence. But when the voice (instead of rising equably through the interval of a tone) holds the radical pitch with lengthened quantity, like a long note in music, it is the EMPHATIC MONOTONE.

There is no wider difference in human speech than that between the indifferent suspense of voice and this impressive monotone.

Serious and Sacred Address should have the emphatic monotone.

1. "Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day  
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!"

Note the difference between the familiar address of the Queen and the serious monotone of Hamlet's reply.

2. "Hamlet, you have your father much offended."  
"Mother, you have my father much offended!"

Note also the marked change in the address of the prodigal son, from the familiar "Father, give me the portion of goods which falleth to me," to the prolonged monotone of his confession: —

3. "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

4. "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name."

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.”

### COMPOUND OR CIRCUMFLEX SLIDES.

Nowhere in nature is the sympathy between *sound* and *sense* more marked than in the contrasted uses of the simple and compound inflections of the human voice.

The SIMPLE INFLECTION is a direct, single, straight slide down or up the speaking scale; and it naturally *expresses* what is simple and direct, single and straightforward, in sense and spirit; that is, sincerity, frankness, earnestness, uprightness.

The COMPOUND INFLECTION is an indirect, double, crooked, or winding slide, which falls and rises, thus,  $\vee$ ; or rises and falls, thus,  $\wedge$ ; and it as naturally *expresses* what is indirect or insinuated and double in meaning, irony, punning, sarcasm, what is crooked or suspicious in intent, what is said not in sincerity and earnestness, but in jest and fooling, in ridicule, derision, and scorn, in wit, or humor, or mimicry of some absurd dialect. The last part of this double slide is the longer, and rises on negative and falls on positive ideas, and names the slide accordingly the ‘rising compound’ or the ‘falling compound.’

1. “Authority $\vee$ ! no $\wedge$ , to be sure! If you wanted authority $\vee$  over me, you should have adopted $\wedge$ , not married $\vee$  me.”

2. *Marullus*. You, sir, what trade are you?

2d *Citizen*. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine $\vee$  workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler $\wedge$ .

*Mar*. But what trade $\wedge$  art thou? Answer me directly $\wedge$ .

2d *Cit*. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience $\vee$ ; which is, indeed, sir, a mender $\vee$  of bad soles $\wedge$ .

*Mar*. What trade $\wedge$ , thou knave $\wedge$ ? thou naughty knave, what trade $\wedge$ ?

2d *Cit*. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out $\vee$  with me: yet, if you be $\vee$  out $\vee$ , sir, I can mend $\vee$  you.

*Mar*. What meanest thou by that? Mend $\vee$  me, thou saucy fellow?

2d Cit. Why, sir, cobble^ you.

Flavius. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2d Cit. Truly sir, all^ that I live by is with the awl^.]

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop^ to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets^?

2d Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out^ their shoes^, to get myself into more work^ . But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar^, and to rejoice in his triumph^.

*Shakespeare, Julius Cæsar.*

In the last sentence, the citizen drops his jesting, and answers directly, therefore with the straight slides.

#### Examples of Sarcasm and Irony.

3. O, but you "regretted the partition of Poland"! Yes, regretted! — you regretted the violence, and that is all you did. — *Fox.*

4. "They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes, they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride! They offer us protection! yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs, — covering and devouring them! Tell your invaders we seek no change, — and least of all such change as they would bring us!"

#### TIME.

Time has the same general and relative use as Force.

#### Principle for Time.

Determine the standard time by the general spirit of the piece.

If the general spirit is unemotional, the standard time *is moderate.*

*If joyous, the standard time is fast.*

If grave, subdued, or pathetic, the standard time is slow.

Taking the standard time for the unemphatic words, give additional time to the emphatic ideas, according to their relative importance.

### QUANTITY AND PAUSES.

Emphatic time has two forms. 1. That of actual sound, or *quantity*. 2. That of rest, or *pause*.

When an emphatic idea is found in a word whose accented syllable is *long*, give the emphatic time in *quantity*. When the syllable to be emphasized is *short*, give to it so much quantity as good usage allows, and the residue in a *pause after* the word; thus holding the attention of the mind on the idea for the full time demanded by the principle.

When extraordinary emphasis of time is required, long pauses should be added to long quantity.

The great use of pauses is to group the words and ideas so as best to present the meaning to the eye and the ear.

The grammatical pauses are valuable helps, so far as they are used wisely. Yet in very emphatic sentences many more pauses than the printed ones are needed to give the full meaning; and in long unemphatic sentences the written pauses should be observed only when the omission would obscure the sense. Hence the need to observe, in reading,

### THE LOGICAL PAUSES.

Let the upright line indicate the extra pause needed to give the sense;—*one* line for the standard time, and *two* or more for extra emphasis, and the *half*-line for any parenthetical clause. Where the usual commas, semicolons, and periods sufficiently indicate the groups, no logical signs are introduced.

In the emphatic sentence (page 36),—from Pitt's reply to Walpole,—no less than six extra pauses are needed; and five in the succeeding sentence of President Lincoln's; while but one pause of any kind is needed in the long verse which follows.

"Much more, sir, is he | to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced | in age, has receded | from virtue, and become more | wicked | with less | temptation."

"The world will little note, nor long remember what *we* | say | here, but it can *never* forget | what THEY | DID | here."

But the Jews did *not believe* concerning him, that he had been blind, and received his sight, | until they called the parents of him that had received his sight. — *John ix. 18.*

### Examples for Moderate Time.

1. "The young man" (it is often said) "has *genius* enough, if he would only *study*." Now the truth is, as I shall take the liberty to state it, that *genius* | WILL || study; it is that | in the mind | which *does* || study: that is the very *nature* of it. I care not to say that it will always use *books*'. All *study* | is not *reading*', any more than all *reading* | is *study*'. ATTENTION` || it is, — (though other qualities belong to this transcendent power). ATTENTION` ||| it is, that is the very SOUL || of genius; not the fixed *eye*', not the poring over a *book*', but the fixed THOUGHT`. — *Dewey.*

The parenthetic marks are here used for the *half*-line to indicate less than the standard time. Parenthetic ideas are also usually read with less force, and on a lower key, than the ideas they separate.

2. "What polish is to the diamond, manner is to the individual. It heightens the value and the charm. The manner is, in some sense, the mirror of the mind. It pictures and represents the thoughts and emotions within. We cannot always be engaged in expressive action. But even when we are silent, even when we are not in action, there is something in our air and manner which expresses what is elevated, or *what is low*; what is human and benignant, or what is coarse and harsh."

**Examples for Fast Time.**

1. I come! I come! ye have called me long!  
 I come o'er the mountains with light and song!  
 Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,  
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,  
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,  
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

2. Every one is doubtful what course to take, — every one but Cæsar! He causes the banner to be erected, the charge to be sounded, the soldiers at a distance to be recalled, — all in a moment. He runs from place to place; his whole frame is in action; his words, his looks, his motions, his gestures, exhort his men to remember their former valor. He draws them up, and causes the signal to be given, — all in a moment. He seizes a buckler from one of the private men, — puts himself at the head of his broken troops, — darts into the thick of the battle, — rescues his legions, and overthrows the enemy! — *J. S. Knowles.*

**Examples for Slow Time.**

1. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over; they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest; their bones lie whitening in the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them; and no one can tell the story of their end. — *W. Irving*

2. Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!  
 Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!  
 That death should settle in thy glorious eye,  
 And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!  
 How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,  
 My proud boy, Absalom!

*W. Wallis.*

## VOLUME.

Volume is the fullness or the thinness of tone used. The full swell may be greatest when the force is subdued, as in the expression of reverence and awe. And the volume may be least when the force is loudest, as in the piercing cry of anger.

Moderate volume is to be used with moderate force, time, and slides, in unemotional reading. Full volume is an essential element in the expression of noble sentiments.

*Full volume* magnifies, *thin volume* minifies, expression.

## Unemotional Ideas. — Moderate Volume.

Cleopatra was only sixteen years of age when she became an object of admiration to Cæsar. Her wondrous beauty fascinated Antony, and lost for him the control of the Roman Empire. She was Greek in form and feature, and Egyptian only in the color of her skin. She wove the web of her enchantment about these warriors of the field, and compelled them to do her bidding. — *John Lord.*

## Noble Ideas. — Full Volume.

1. MIND` is the NOBLEST` part of man; and of *mind*, VIRTUE` is the NOBLEST *distinction*`. HONEST MAN`, in the ear of *Wisdom*, is a *grander*` name, is a more *high-sounding*` title, than *peer* of the *realm*`, or *prince* of the *blood*`. According to the eternal rules of *celestial*` precedence, in the *immortal* heraldry of *Nature* and of *Heaven*, VIRTUE` takes place of *all* things. It is the *nobility* of ANGELS`! It is the MAJESTY of GOD`! — *Fawcett.*

The second sentence ends with the rising slide to *contrast* all *external titles* with the *intrinsic virtue* of *honesty*. If 'peer of the realm' and 'prince of the blood' are considered as *really grand* names, then *comparison* is intended, and the *slides should fall*.

2. But strew his ashes to the wind  
 Whose sword or voice has served mankind —  
 And is he dead whose glorious mind  
     Lifts thine on high? —  
 To live in hearts we leave behind,  
     Is not to die.

Is 't death to fall for Freedom's right?  
 He 's dead alone that lacks her light!  
 And murder sullies in Heaven's sight  
     The sword he draws: —  
 What can alone ennoble fight?  
     A noble cause!

*T. Campbell.*

**Example for Contempt. — Thin Volume.**

  He made me mad  
 To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet  
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman  
 Of guns and drums and wounds, — God save the mark! —  
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth  
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;  
 And that it was great pity, so it was,  
 This villainous saltpeter should be digged  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed  
 So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,  
 He would himself have been a soldier.

*Shakespeare, King Henry IV.*

**STRESS.**

Stress is the quality, rather than the quantity, of emphatic force. It is of two general kinds, *smooth* and *abrupt*.

Smooth, swelling tones are pleasing to the ear; abrupt, harsh tones are displeasing to it. Hence the first sort naturally expresses what is agreeable to the mind; the other, *what is disagreeable*.



**Principle for Stress.**

Pleasing ideas require the smooth stress.

Displeasing ideas require the abrupt stress.

**Abrupt Stress.**

*The Roman Tribune, angry that the people came out to honor Caesar.*

1. *Marullus*. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings  
he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!  
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey? . . .  
And do you now put on your best attire?  
And do you now cull out a holiday?  
And do you now strew flowers in his way  
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?  
Be gone!  
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*Shakespeare, Julius Caesar.*

2. I have returned, *not* as the right honorable member has said, to raise another *storm*, — I have returned to *protect* that *constitution*, of which I was the parent and the founder, from the *assassination* of *such* men as the honorable *gentleman* and his unworthy *associates*. They are *corrupt*, — they are *SEDITIONOUS*, — and they. at this very *moment*, are in a *CONSPIRACY* against their *country*! Here I stand for *impeachment* or *trial*! I *dare* accusation! I *DEFY* the honorable *gentleman*! I *defy* the *GOVERNMENT*! I *defy*

their whole PHALANX! Let them come forth! I tell the ministers I will neither *give them* quarter, nor *take* it!

*Grattan, Reply to Mr. Corry.*

### Smooth Stress.

1. Fellow-Citizens, — I congratulate you, I give you joy, on the return of this anniversary. I see, before and around me, a mass of faces, glowing with cheerfulness and patriotic pride. This anniversary animates and gladdens and unites all American hearts. Every man's heart swells within him, every man's port and bearing becomes somewhat more proud and lofty, as he remembers that seventy-five years have rolled away, and that the great inheritance of liberty is still his; his, undiminished and unimpaired; his, in all its original glory; his to enjoy, his to protect, and his to transmit to future generations. — *Webster.*

2. "At last, Malibran came; and the child sat with his glance riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song? Breathless he waited; — the band, the whole band, struck up a little plaintive melody. He knew it, and clapped his hands for joy.

"And oh! how she sung it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing; — many a bright eye dimmed with tears; and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song, — oh! so touching!

"Little Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief."

This last example should be read with suppressed force, but with earnest, though delicate, springing, smooth, swelling stress, to express the intense rapture of little Pierre.

**Noble Examples. — Full-swelling or Smooth Stress.**

3. *Israel.* We must forget all feelings save the one;  
 We must behold no object save our country —  
 And only look on death as beautiful,  
 So that the sacrifice ascend to heaven,  
 And draw down freedom on her evermore.

*Philip.* But if we fail —

*Israel.* They never fail, who die  
 In a great cause! The block may soak their gore;  
 Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs  
 Be strung to city gates and castle walls;  
 But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years  
 Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,  
 They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts  
 Which overpower all others, and conduct  
 The world, at last, to freedom!

*Byron, Marino Faliero.*

The middle lines in the above selection, the disagreeable concessions, should have the abrupt stress.

4. "O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred, — now trampled on!"

The last idea should have abrupt stress.

5. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul."

**QUALITY.**

Quality, as here used, refers to the kind of tone, as *pure* or *aspirated*. When all the breath exhaled in making a vowel sound is vocalized, the tone is pure in quality. When only a part of the breath thus used is vocalized, the tone is aspirated *in quality*.

*Pure Quality*, like smooth stress of voice, is pleasing, and

therefore naturally expresses what is pleasing in spirit, such as joyous and noble ideas.

Aspirated Quality, like abrupt stress of voice, is displeasing, and so as naturally expresses what is disagreeable or ignoble in spirit.

**Joyous Ideas. — Pure Quality.**

What *change*` has made the *pastures sweet*`,  
And reached the *daisies*` at my feet,  
And *clouds*` that wore a *golden hem*?  
This *lovely world*`, the *hills*`, the *ward*`,  
They all look FRESH`, as if our Lord  
But YESTERDAY` had finished them.

*Jean Ingelow.*

**Aspirated Quality, with Loud Force, Long Slides, and very  
Abrupt Stress.**

It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not the courage to give the blow! I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a Privy Councillor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I say he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament and freedom of debate, to the uttering of language which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow! I care not how high his situation, how low his character, or how contemptible his speech; whether a Privy Councillor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow!

*Grattan to Mr. Corry.*

**Purest Quality, with Long Quantity, Full Swelling, Smooth  
Stress.**

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven, or near it,  
Pourest thy full heart  
*In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.*

What thou art we know not ;  
What is most like thee ?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see,  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine ;  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

*Shelley, To a Skylark.*

## PITCH AND MELODY.

Taking the simple assertive sentence as the unit of thought and of melody, as "Old events have modern meanings." The *key-note* is the pitch we begin with on 'Old'; the *cadence* is the pitch we end the last two or three syllables with. The variety of pitch which unites the key-note and the cadence in one sentence is the *current melody*. The range of tones used on the scale is the *compass*.

The key-note is the standard pitch, on and above which the melody must be made.

Hence, if this base-note is pitched too high, natural melody is impossible, as the tones below the key-note and cadence are not then available. This is one reason why "school reading" is often so unmelodious.

The first thing, then, for naturalness, as well as for melody, is to find out the *natural key-note* of each reader's voice. This may be done by asking him to inhale freely, and to *breathe out* the sound of 'a' in arm, or 'ha,' once or twice, then *vocalize* the same as a question and answer, as ha<sup>ˊ</sup>, ha<sup>ˋ</sup>, letting nature take the pitch which comes easiest: this will be the reader's natural key-note and cadence.

This will leave most of the natural voice above the key-note and cadence, for melody.

The cadence is simply the fall of the voice to the key-note at the end of the sentence. It is recognized by the ear as the sign of completed sense.

The laws of natural melody may be stated negatively thus:—

1. To avoid disagreeable monotony, *not more than two or three consecutive syllables should be read on the same note.*
2. To avoid extravagant changes, *the voice must rise or fall, as it varies from syllable to syllable, but one tone at a time.*
3. To avoid using too wide a compass, *even this change of pitch must not be continued up or down the scale on more than two or three consecutive syllables.*
4. To avoid melodic monotony, *the very same changes must not be repeated over and over on consecutive phrases.*

The emphatic slides and suspense of voice, which give the sense as incomplete or negative, suspended, or positive and complete, direct the melody also in the same way and for the same reasons.

**Moderate Compass and Melody.**

1. Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

*Longfellow.*

2. It is these which I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American, it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow without emotion the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakespeare and Milton. — *Everett.*

**Wider Compass and Melody.**

3. There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry ; and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.  
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell.

*Byron.*

4. "Suppose that you see, at once, all the hours of the day and all the seasons of the year,—a morning of spring and a morning of autumn, a night brilliant with stars, and a night obscure with clouds ;—you will then have a more just notion of the spectacle of the universe. Is it not wondrous, that, while you are admiring the sun plunging beneath the vault of the west, another observer is beholding him as he quits the region of the east,—in the same instant reposing, weary, from the dust of the evening, and awaking fresh and youthful, in the dews of morn !"

## PART III.

## GENERAL CLASSES OF IDEAS.

Having learned separately the use of each element of vocal expression, we are prepared to take up their united use in the proper reading of the various classes of ideas.

**Unemotional Ideas.**

Unemotional ideas should have moderate standard force and time and slides and volume, middle pitch, smooth stress, and pure quality of voice, and moderate compass and variety of melody.

There is something nobly simple and pure in a taste for the cultivation of forest trees. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature, to have a strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and a friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. He who plants an oak looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade and enjoy its shelter; but he exults in the idea that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing, and increasing, and benefiting mankind, long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields.

*W. Irving.*

**Earnest Ideas.**

Earnest ideas should have loud standard force, long slides, moderate time, with long quantity on the emphatic syllables, middle pitch, slightly aspirated quality, and abrupt stress and wider compass and melody.

Who, then, caused the strife

That crimsoned Naseby's field, and Marston's Moor?

It was the Stuart; — so the Stuart fell!

A victim, in the pit himself had digged!



He died not, sirs, as hated kings have died,  
 In secret and in shade, — no eye to trace  
 The one step from their prison to their pall :  
 He died in the eyes of Europe, — in the face  
 Of the broad heaven ; amidst the sons of England,  
 Whom he had outraged ; by a solemn sentence,  
 Passed by a solemn court. Does this seem guilt ?  
 You pity Charles ! 't is well ; but pity more  
 The tens of thousand honest humble men,  
 Who, by the tyranny of Charles compelled  
 To draw the sword, fell, butchered in the field !

*Bulwer, Cromwell on the Trial of Charles*

### Joyous Ideas.

Joyous ideas should have fast time, loud force, lively smooth stress, pure quality, long slides, higher pitch, and wide range of melody.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear ;  
 To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New-year ;  
 Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest, merriest day ;  
 For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen  
     o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,  
 If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break :  
 But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,  
 For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen  
     o' the May.

*Tennyson, May Queen*

### Example for Softer Force and Smoother Stress.

And what is so rare as a day in June ?  
 Then, if ever, come perfect days ;  
 Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
 And over it softly her warm ear lays :

Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;  
 Every clod feels a stir of might,  
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
 And, groping blindly above it for light,  
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;  
 The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
 As if like a blossom among the leaves,  
 And lets his illumined being o'errun  
 With the deluge of summer it receives.

*J. R. Lowell.*

#### **Noble Ideas.**

Noble ideas should have full swelling volume and smooth stress, with long quantity and long slides, loud force, pure quality, middle pitch, and wide compass and melody.

We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and glory of his country. Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming ; let the earliest light of morning gild it, and parting day linger and play upon its summit.

*Webster, Bunker Hill Monument.*

#### **Subdued and Pathetic Ideas.**

Subdued or pathetic ideas should have soft force, short slides, slow time, gentle smooth stress, pure quality, and less than moderate volume and compass.

"If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,  
 For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year.  
 It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,  
 Then you may lay me low i' the old and think no more  
 of me."

**Grave Ideas.**

Grave ideas should have low pitch, less than moderate compass and melody, slow time, with long quantity and pauses, full volume, soft force, and moderate slides; also smooth stress and pure quality when the ideas are reverential or solemn, but more or less abrupt stress and aspirated quality in dread, awe, and horror.

And, — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
 Of me more must be heard of, — say I taught thee;  
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,  
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in, —  
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.  
 Mark but my fall, and *that* that ruined me.  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:  
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,  
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!

*Shakespeare, Wolsey's downfall.*

**Humorous and Sarcastic Ideas.**

Good-natured wit and pleasantry have the *circumflex slides* in common with ill-natured wit and sarcasm; but when spoken for the fun and wit good-naturedly, they are distinguished by the *smooth stress*. The force and volume are moderate, with long time, and wide range of compass and melody.

**Good-natured Wit and Raillery.**

*Beatrice.* I wonder that you will *still* be *talking*✓, Signior Benedick: nobody *marks*✓ you.

*Benedick.* *What*✓, my dear Lady DISDAIN✓! are you-  
*yet-living*✓?

*Beat.* Is it *possible* *Disdain*^ should *die*^, while she hath such *meet*^ food to feed it as Signior *Benedick*^? *Courtesy*^ itself must convert to *disdain*^, if *you*^ come in her presence.

*Bene.* Then is courtesy a *turncoat*^ . But it is certain I am *loved* of all ladies, only *you*^ excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a *hard*^ heart; for, truly, *I*^ love none.

*Beat.* A *dear happiness*^ to *women*^: they would else have been troubled with a *PERNICIOUS*^ suitor. I thank God, and my *cold*^ blood, *I*^ am of *your*^ humor for *that*^: I had rather hear my *dog*^ bark at a *crow*^, than a *man*^ swear he *loves*^ me.

*Bene.* God *keep* your ladyship *still*^ in *that*^ mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate *scratched*^ face^.

*Beat.* *Scratching* could not make it *worse*^, an 't were *such* a face as *yours*^ were.

*Shakespeare, Much Ado about Nothing.*

#### Sarcasm and Envy.

To be read with abrupt stress, circumflex slides, and aspirated quality.

And this^ man

Is now^ become a god^, and Cassius is  
A wretched^ creature, and must bend his body^,  
If Cæsar carelessly but nod^ on him.  
He had a fever^ when he was in Spain,  
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake^; 't is true, this god^ did shake^:  
His coward^ lips^ did from their color^ fly,  
And that same eye^, whose bend doth awe^ the world^,  
Did lose his luster^ . I did hear him groan^;  
Ay^, and that tongue^ of his, that bade the Romans  
**Mark^ him, and write his speeches^ in their books,**  
***Alas^! it cried, "Give me some drink^, Titinius,"***

As a sick girl^ Ye gods^, it doth amaze^ me,  
 A man of such a feeble^ temper should  
 So get the start of the majestic world—  
 And bear the palm alone^!

*Shakespeare, Julius Cæsar.*

### Impassioned Ideas.

Impassioned ideas require very loud force, very long slides, very marked stress, more or less aspirated quality, and widest compass of voice and melody.

### Sarcastic and Impassioned.

I speak not to you, Mr. Renwick, of your own outcast condition; — perhaps you delight in the perils of martyrdom: I speak not to those around us, who, in their persons, their substance, and their families, have endured the torture, poverty, and irremediable dishonor. They may be meek and hallowed men, willing to endure. But if there is one man at this meeting, — I am speaking not of shapes and forms, but of feelings, — if there is one here that feels as men were wont to feel, he will draw his sword and say with me, Woe to the house of Stewart! woe to the oppressors! — *Galt.*

### Noble and Impassioned.

The slides on the first sentence are only earnest; on the rest, impassioned.

What but liberty^,  
 Through the famed course of thirteen hundred years^,  
 Aloof^ hath held invasion^ from your hills^,  
 And sanctified^ their name^? And will^ ye, will^ ye  
 Shrink^ from the hopes of the expecting world^,  
 Bid your high honors^ stoop^ to foreign insult^,  
 And in one hour^ give up to infamy^  
 The harvest of a thousand years^ of glory^?  
 Die^ — all^ first! Yes^, die by piecemeal^!  
 Leave not a limb^ o'er which a Dane^ can triumph^!

*Brooke, Gustavus Vasa to the Swedes.*

## POETIC READING.

To read poetry well we must study,—

I. The ideas, — the sense and spirit.

II. The meter, — the kind and number of “feet” in the respective lines.

III. The proper blending of the sense and the measure, — the rhythm of the verse.

The first and most important part — the right reading of the sense and spirit — we have anticipated in our general instructions.

## MEASURE AND METER.

The agreeable variety of accented and unaccented syllables, of longer and shorter quantities, in our English speech, is rendered more pleasing to the ear in English verse by being arranged in some regular proportion, order, and recurrence.

In the regular proportion of *one accented to one unaccented* syllable we have, as a unit of measure, the dissyllabic foot, called an *iambus*, or a *trochee*, according as it is arranged in the one or the other of two regular orders.

**First Order** (*iambic*).

“Must wé | but blúsh? | our fá | thers bléd.”

**Second Order** (*trochaic*).

“Líves of | greát men | áll re | mínd us.”

In the regular proportion of *one accented to two unaccented* syllables we have, as a unit of measure, the trisyllabic foot, called an *anapest*, or a *dactyl*, according as it is arranged in the one or the other of two regular orders.

**First Order** (*anapestic*).

“’Tis the clíme | of the éast, | ’tis the lánd | of the sún.”

**Second Order** (*dactylic*).

“Stréw the fair | gárlands where | slúmber the | déad.”

The *foot* is easily determined by the number and order of the unaccented syllables.

The *meter* is determined by the number of feet in the respective lines; as 'five-foot,' 'four-foot,' 'two-foot,' and 'four-foot,' in the order given in the lines below, in 'iambic measure.'

"There wás | a tíme | when méad | ow, gróve, | and stráim,  
 The éarth | and év | ery cóm | mon síght,  
                     To mé | did seém  
 Appár | eled ín | celés | tial líght."

#### PROSAIC READING AND SING-SONG.

The two great faults in the reading of poetry are *prosaic* reading, which aims to give the meaning only, with no regard for the music of verse, and *scanning*, or sing-song, which chops the lines into their metric parts, and emphasizes each foot separately, with a monotonous movement, accent, and pause, which destroy both the sense and the melody.

To remedy the first fault, which turns poetry into prose, the *measure* must be made the prominent study for a while. Musical lines, in which the thoughts and words flow smoothly into and fill the meter, must be often read, until the ear and taste learn to appreciate their metric charm.

To remedy the fault of sing-song, which overmarks the meter, the *sense* must be especially emphasized for a time, and the words grouped to give the meaning rather than the meter.

But to remedy both of these extremes, the *rhythm*, which harmonizes the sense and the measure, must be mastered.

#### RHYTHM.

The foot and meter of verse may be shown by merely scanning it, but the rhythm can be heard only as the flowing whole is read.

Rhythm is the opposite of scanning. Scanning is the *analysis* or *cutting* up of the lines into their separate feet. *Rhythm* is the *synthesis*, or flowing together of the separate

feet into such larger groups, and with such varying accent and measured time, as give both the sense and melody of verse.

A little scanning is introduced here partly to show *what not to do* in reading, and partly to present more clearly, by contrast, the nature and use of rhythm.

#### Rhythmic Grouping, Accent, and Pauses.

“The méI | anchól | y dáyS | have cóme, | the sád | dest óf |  
the yéar,

Of wáiling wínds, and náked wóóds, and méádwS brówn  
and sére.”

In scanning this first line of ‘seven-foot’ meter in the usual way, it is divided into *seven* groups, with seven uniform accents and pauses.

In the rhythmic reading, which accords with the sense, these seven feet flow naturally into only *two* groups.

And the seven monotonous accents also are changed to four significant ones which give the meaning, and three unemphatic ones merely metric, so light as not to mar the sense or flow, and yet distinct enough to preserve the meter; as thus:—

“The *melancholy days* have come,—  
The *saddest* of the *year*.”

The seven feet of the second line flow into *three* groups. Note how the sense so fills the measure in this line that the emphatic and metric accents agree in number.

“Of wailing winds — and naked woods —  
And meadows brown and sere.”

Observe, also, that the ‘seven-foot’ meter of the lines just quoted may as well be written and read as they are here grouped, in the “common meter” of alternate ‘four-foot’ and ‘three-foot’ lines.

This shows that mere meter has less to do with natural reading than rhythmic grouping. The lines in Shakespeare are nearly all of one measure and meter, and would sound much alike in scanning. Yet what infinite variety of *grouping and expression* they demand in their perfect reading!



## TIME AS MOVEMENT AND QUANTITY.

In lines like the last, the feet are numbered by the accents, and so they are in trisyllabic measure.

“For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Ánnabel Lée,  
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes  
Of my beautiful Annabel Lee.”

The number of accents is the same in these lines; but the movement and time mark the difference in the rhythm and measure. Time is the chief element in the measurement of verse.

The standard time, as fast or slow, varies, as in prose, with the spirit of the poem; but the relative time in verse is metric, —that is to say, the several feet which flow together in a given logical group should have an equal share of the time given to that group. One whole group may be joyous, and the next group may be sad, and so the general time change suddenly from fast to slow; but the associated feet may and should be measured with equable time, if the poet's chosen words allow of it; and if they do not allow of this, then the verse is not musical, and the sense alone should be read.

## THE FINAL PAUSE.

Pauses in verse, as in prose, are used to separate the ideas. The lines are usually separated from each other by a pause demanded by the sense. But when the sense would group the last of one line with the first of the next line, the sense and rhythm both forbid any final pause. The voice should linger on the final foot long enough to give its *full metric quantity*, and to mark the rhyme, but no break is allowable.

“And dark as winter — was *the flow*  
*Of Iser*, rolling rapidly.”

“All is finished! and at length  
Has come the bridal day  
Of beauty and of strength.”

“Ready to be  
The bride of the gray old sea.”

In the last example the quantity of the foot “to be” is lengthened to fill the metric time, and to mark the rhyme with “sea.”

In Bryant’s “Forest Hymn,” in five-foot iambic verse, several consecutive lines flow on with no *final* pause.

“For his simple heart  
Might not resist the sacred influences  
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,  
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven  
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound  
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once  
All their green tops, stole over him and bowed  
His spirit with the thought of boundless power  
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why  
Should we, in the world’s riper years, neglect  
God’s ancient sanctuaries, and adore  
Only among the crowd, and under roofs  
That our frail hands have raised?”

#### THE CÆSURAL PAUSE.

The *cæsura* is a peculiar pause of the sense in the line which breaks a foot, one part of which foot flows with the group before the pause, and the other part of the same foot flows with the group after the pause.

This *cæsura* does not affect the rhythm or reading of verse any more than other pauses. It affects the scanning merely. The *cæsural* foot is often made of two *short* and *unaccented* syllables, and is then marked by time only.

The time of the natural pauses of emphasis, and pauses which separate the ideas, is counted in reading the lines only so far as it is needed to equalize the measure. When thus needed, the pause affects the measure like a *rest* in *music*.

"When Frée | dom — from | her móun | tain height  
 Unfúrled | her stán | dard — to | the áir,  
 She tóre the ázure róbe of níght,  
 And sét the stárs of glóry thére!"

In the second foot of the first, and in the third foot of the second line, occurs the *cæsural* foot, unaccented. In reading these lines, a *rest* equivalent to a *short* syllable is needed to complete the time in the *cæsural* feet.

"When Frée | döm ∪ fröm | hěr mōun | tain height  
 Unfúrled | hěr stān | dārd ∪ tō | thě āir."

The poet in this example has utilized the short pause, making it an essential part of the measure, and the lines *musical*. In the other lines the syllables alone fill the measure.

Sometimes the *pause of emphasis* is likewise used as a proportional part of the measure of a line.

"Hárk! | 't is the voice | of the móun | tain,  
 And it spéaks | to our héart | in its pride,  
 And it tells | of the bear | ing of he | roes  
 Who com | passed its sum | mits and died."

Observe the use of the emphatic *monosyllabic* foot "*Hark*," and of the *dissyllabic* foot at the beginning of the last line "*who com*." Such feet are allowed, by poetic usage, when they can take the same time as the regular feet have.

It is not claimed that all lines can be thus exactly measured. The pause is often *extra* time and arbitrary in the verse.

When the regular rhythm will give the sense, it should be assumed to be the poet's reading. In the lines

"Líves of gréat men áll remínd us  
 Wé can máke our líves sublíme,"

the trochaic reading must be preferred, which gives the sense by a strong accent on "*we*," and preserves the rhythm in harmony with the other lines.

"We can make *our* lives sublime" gives the sense only.

An agreeable variety in the *flow* of verse is often introduced into dissyllabic measure by the use of a foot of three syllables.

“And whát | is so ráre | as a dáy | in Júné?  
 Thén if | éver | come pér | fect dáy; ;  
 Then Heáven | tries the éarth | if it bé | in túne,  
 And ó | ver it sóft | ly her wárm | ear láys.”

The measure of time is the same in the first line as if written thus: “And what | so rare | as days | in June.”

Yet the added syllables give a pleasing rhythmic variety, which makes half the charm of the verse. Note, also, that the second line begins with trochaic feet and ends with iambic; thus still further varying the rhythmic beauty.

Sometimes these exceptional “feet” are used to give variety to the verse, and often to accommodate the sense.

The trisyllabic measure often begins or ends with a foot of *two* syllables, and sometimes of *one* long syllable, which should be read with the same time as the standard fect, thus preserving to the ear the regular trisyllabic measure.

“Ōh, yóung | Lochinvár | is come óut | of the Wést!”  
 “Dēar Fá | ther, take cáre | of thy chíl | dren, the bóys.”

The unaccented syllable in the first foot is long, and equals in metric time the two unaccented syllables in the standard foot.

“Dēar to each | heárt are the | námes of the | bráve;  
 Résting in | glóry, how | swéetly they | sléep!  
 Déw-drops at | évening fall | sóft on each | gráve,  
 Kíndred and | strángers bend | fónldy to | wéep.”

These dactylic lines end with a foot of *one* accented syllable, which, being at the end of the line and emphatic, can be agreeably prolonged to fill the standard time.

Sometimes the emphasis of the sense overmasters the regular metric accent.

“Hás there án | y old fél | low got míxed | with the bóys?”

would be the regular accentuation ; yet the word *old* is the most emphatic syllable in the line, being in contrast to *boys*, and must therefore take the strong accent of sense, thus : —

“ Has there án | y *old* fel | low got míxed | with the bóys ? ”

The change does not affect the time of the measure, only the rhythm, by putting the accent on the middle syllable in the second foot.

Iambic lines very often begin with a trochaic foot.

“ Úp from | the méad | ow rích | with córn,  
Cléar in | the cóol | Septém | ber mórn.”

When consecutive trisyllabic words occur in an iambic or trochaic line, they give in reading the rhythmic variety of the other measure.

“ Beauti | ful Év | elyn Hópe | is déad.”

This line may be scanned in several ways, yet in natural reading it takes this form best, —

“ Beautif- | ul Ével- | yn Hópe - | is déad,”

with two dactyls, one monosyllabic foot, and one iambic. This is the natural grouping of the words and sense, and as well preserves the rhythm and music of the verse.

Finally, GROUP the words so as best to give the SENSE. VARY THE ACCENT in force and place to give the sense. Suit the general time to the general spirit of each group. But let the feet associated in any given group be read with the SAME relative EQUABLE TIME, as far as the poet's words will allow.

In a word, read the SENSE ALWAYS, read the measure when you can.



**SENTENCES FOR ARTICULATION.**

1. The earth is veiled in shades of night.
2. Nor doth remain a shadow of man's ravage.
3. The fair-haired babe reposes sweetly there.
4. Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star?
5. I ask but a last grasp of thy honest hand.
6. The wild horse hears thy falling waters.
7. For life, for life, their flight they ply.
8. Urge not high birth, but modest worth.
9. The rule would prove him dupe or fool.
10. The foot of wolf could never thread this wood.
11. Thy hand imbues the clouds with all pure tints.
12. It is the voice of joy, and boisterous mirth.
13. Earth smiles around with boundless bounty blest
14. Eden's pure gems angelic legions keep.
15. Here rest the great and good in lowly graves.
16. Up the high hill he heaved a huge round stone.
17. Wave your tops, ye pines, in praise and worship.
18. The lark carols clear in yonder pure sphere.
19. The wild and wanton winds there wail and weep.
20. And will you yet call yourself young?
21. Three sixths are three times one sixth.
22. Then thou wilt loathe thy wasted life.
23. With short, shrill shriek it flits along the shore.
24. Where the white winter wheat will grow.
25. Rising and leaping, sinking and creeping.
26. The shade he sought, and shunned the sunshine.

## KEY

### TO THE SOUNDS OF THE MARKED LETTERS.



fāme, mē, pīne, ōld, ūse, mōon.

lād, lēd, līd, ōn, sūn, fōot.

fār, āsk, fāre, fāl, nôr, hēr.

çent, iç, gem, gō, this, ink.

The Marked Letters are used to indicate the pronunciation only in cases where there might be doubt as to the proper sound.

# READING LESSONS.



## I — THE VOICE.

### EMERSON.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON was born in Boston, May 25, 1803, but lived during most of his life in Concord, Mass., where he died, April 27, 1882.

After graduating at Harvard College, he taught five years, and then preached awhile to a Unitarian congregation in Boston. In 1833 he was in Europe, and formed a warm and lasting friendship with the great Scottish writer Carlyle.

Emerson wrote both prose and poetry, remarkable for wealth of thought and beauty of expression. His mode was rather to declare truth than to persuade by a course of reasoning. Seekers find many a golden nugget and rich gem in the treasures of Emerson.

Most of his prose essays were first delivered from the platform, as lectures.

1. A GOOD voice has a charm in speech as in song; sometimes of itself enchains attention, and indicates a rare sensibility, especially when trained to all its powers. The voice, like the face, betrays the nature and disposition, and soon indicates what is the range of the speaker's mind.

2. Many people have no ear for music; but every one has an ear for skillful reading. Every one of us has at some time been the victim of a well-toned and cunning voice, and perhaps been repelled once for all by a harsh mechanical speaker.

3. The voice, indeed, is a delicate index of the state of the mind. I have heard an eminent preacher say, that he learns from the first tones of his voice on a Sunday morning whether he is to have a successful day.



4. A singer cares little for the words of a song; he will make any words glorious. I think the like rule holds of the good reader. In the church I call only him a good reader who can read sense and poetry into any hymn in the hymn-book.

5. Plutarch, in his enumeration of the ten Greek orators, is careful to mention their excellent voices, and the pains bestowed by some of them in training these.

6. What character, what infinite variety, belong to the voice! sometimes it is a flute, sometimes a trip-hammer; what range of force! In moments of clearer thought or deeper sympathy, the voice will attain a music and penetration which surprises the speaker as much as the auditor.

The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
 So charming left his voice, that he awhile  
 Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear.

*Milton.*

Her voice was ever soft,  
 Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

*Shakespeare.*

<b>sen-si-bil'i-ty</b> , capacity to feel, or delicacy of feeling.	<b>au'di-tor</b> ( <i>-tēr</i> ), hearer.
<b>in'dex</b> , a pointer; indication.	<b>trip'-ham-mer</b> , a heavy hammer which is worked by machinery.
<b>e-nu-mer-a'tion</b> , numbering.	<b>Plu'tarch</b> ( <i>-tärk</i> ), a celebrated Greek writer born about 50 A. D.
<b>in'fi-nite</b> ( <i>-nit</i> ), unlimited.	

**Explain:** to have no ear for music (2); a mechanical speaker (2).

[*The numeral in parentheses indicates the paragraph or stanza in which the term or phrase is to be found.*]

Point out the figure of speech in paragraph 6. See Figures of Speech, page 431, II.

## II.—A BROOD OF PARTRIDGES.

## BURROUGHS.

JOHN BURROUGHS was born at Roxbury, New York, in 1837. He is a keen-eyed observer of nature, and his sketches of what he sees in his rambles in field and forest, and by the water-side, have a delightful freshness and vivacity. Among his chief works are "Wake-Robin," "Winter Sunshine," "Birds and Poets," and "Locusts and Wild Honey."

1. I PASS on through the old "Barkpeeling," now threading an obscure cowpath or an overgrown wood-road; now clambering over soft and decayed logs, or forcing my way through a network of briars and hazels; now entering a perfect bower of wild-cherry, beech, and soft-maple; now emerging into a little grassy lane, golden with buttercups or white with daisies, or wading waist-deep in the raspberry bushes.

2. Whir! whir! whir! and a brood of half-grown partridges start up like an explosion, a few paces from me, and, scattering, disappear in the bushes on all sides. Let me sit down here behind this screen of ferns and briars, and hear this wild-hen of the woods call together her brood.

3. At what an early age the partridge flies! Nature seems to concentrate her energies on the wing, making the safety of the bird a point to be looked after first; and while the body is covered with down, and no signs of feathers are visible, the wing quills sprout and unfold, and in an incredibly short time the young make fair headway in flying. The same rapid development of wing may be observed in chickens and turkeys, but not in water-fowls, nor in birds that are safely housed in the nest till full-fledged.

4. The other day, by a brook, I came suddenly upon a young sandpiper, a most beautiful creature, enveloped in a soft gray down, swift and nimble, and apparently a week or two old, but with no signs of plumage either of body or wing. And it needed none, for it escaped me by taking to the water as readily as if it had flown with wings.

5. Hark! there arises over there in the brush a soft, persuasive cooing, a sound so subtle, and wild, and unobtrusive, that it requires the most alert and watchful ear to hear it. How gentle, and solicitous, and full of yearning love! It is the voice of the mother hen.

6. Presently a faint, timid "Yeap!" which almost eludes the ear, is heard in various directions,—the young responding. As no danger seems near, the cooing of the parent bird is soon a very audible clucking call, and the young move cautiously in the direction. Let me step never so carefully from my hiding-place, and all sounds instantly cease, and I search in vain for either parent or young.

7. The partridge is one of our most native and characteristic birds. The woods seem good to be in where I find him. He gives a habitable air to the forest, and one feels as if the rightful occupant was really at home. The woods where I do not find him seem to want something, as if suffering from some neglect of nature. And then he is such a splendid success, so hardy and vigorous! I think he enjoys the cold and the snow. His wings seem to rustle with more fervency in midwinter.

8. If the snow falls very fast, and promises a heavy storm, he will complacently sit down and allow himself to be snowed under. When you approach him at such times, he suddenly bursts out of the snow at your feet,

scattering the flakes in all directions, and goes humming away through the woods like a bombshell, — a picture of native spirit and success.

**thread'ing** (*thrēd'*-), passing through a narrow way.  
**un-ob-tru'sive** (*-trū'siv*), modest.  
**so-liq'it-ous**, full of care.

**oom-pla'cent-ly**, as if pleased.  
**bomb'shell** (*bum'-*), a hollow iron ball, which bursts after being fired from a mortar.

**Spell and pronounce:** enveloped, persuasive, raspberry, subtle, development, partridges, plumage (*-ej*).

**Explain:** never so carefully (6), (so carefully as never before). "Never" and "ever" are thus used to intensify the meaning.

Point out similes in paragraphs 2 and 8. See page 431, I.



### III. — CHILDREN'S PRATTLE.

#### ANDERSEN.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, a celebrated Danish writer, was born in 1805 and died in 1875. His parents were in humble circumstances, and it was not easy for him to get an education. In "The Story of My Life," he pleasantly talks about his early struggles. But he found good friends to help him on, and was able to complete his studies at the royal college of Copenhagen.

He wrote novels, poems, dramas, and travels, but the best known of all his writings are his wonder stories and fairy tales. They have been read with delight by children, and grown people too, in most, if not all, modern languages.

1. At a rich merchant's house there was a children's party; and the children of rich people and the children of great people were there. The merchant was a learned man; for his father had sent him to college, and he had passed his examination. His father had been a cattle-dealer, and always honest and industrious, so that he had made money, and his son, the merchant, had managed to increase his store

2. Clever as he was, he had also a heart; but there was less said of his heart than of his money. All descriptions of people visited at the merchant's house, some who had "birth" as it is called, and some who had "mind," and some who had both, and some who had neither.

3. But to-day it was a children's party; and there was children's prattle, which always is spoken freely from the heart. Among the young visitors was a beautiful little girl, who was extremely proud; but this had been taught her by the servants, and not by her parents, who were far too sensible people.

4. Her father was Groom of the Chambers, which is a high office at court, and she knew it. "I am a child of the court," she said; — now she might just as well have been a child of the cellar, for no one can help his birth; — and then she told the other children that she was well-born, and said that no one who was not well-born could rise in the world. It was of no use to read and be industrious, for if a person had not "birth," he could never achieve anything.

5. "And those whose names end with 'sen,'" said she, "can never be anything at all. We must put our arms akimbo, and make the elbows quite pointed, so as to keep these 'sen' people at a great distance — *so*." And then she stuck out her pretty little arms, and made the elbows quite pointed, to show how it was to be done; and her little arms were very pretty, for she was a sweet-looking child.

6. But the little daughter of the merchant became very angry at this speech, for her father's name was Madsen, and she knew that the name ended in "sen"; and therefore she said, as proudly as she could, "But

my papa can buy a hundred dollars' worth of bonbons, and give them away. Can your papa afford to do that?"

7. "Ah, but my papa," said the little daughter of an editor and writer, — "my papa can put your papa and her papa, and everybody's papa, into the newspaper! Think of that! All sorts of people are afraid of him, my mamma says, for he can do as he likes with the paper." And the little maiden looked exceedingly proud, as if she were a real princess, who may be expected to look proud.

8. Meanwhile outside the door, which stood ajar, was a poor boy, peeping in through the chink. He was of such a lowly station that he had not been allowed even to enter the room. He had been turning the spit for the cook, and she had given him permission to stand behind the door and peep in at the beautifully dressed children, who were having such a merry time within; and for him, that was a great deal.

9. "Oh, if I could be one of them!" thought he, and then he heard what was said about names, which was quite enough to make him more unhappy. His parents at home had not even a penny to spare to buy a newspaper, much less could they write in one; and worst of all, his father's name, and of course his own, ended in "sen," and therefore he could never turn out well. That was sad indeed! And then this "birth," — what could it mean? Had he not been born like everybody else?

And this is what happened on that evening.

10. Many years passed, and most of the children became grown-up persons. There stood a splendid house in the town, filled with all kinds of valuable and beautiful furniture and works of art. Everybody wished to

see it, and people came in even from the country round to be permitted to view the treasures it contained.

11. Which of the children whose prattle we have described was the owner of this house? One would suppose it very easy to guess. No, no, it is not so very easy. The house belonged to the poor little boy who had stood on that night behind the door. He had really become something great, although his name ended in "sen," for it was Thorwaldsen.

12. And the three little girls,—the children of the three aristocracies, of birth, of money, and of intellect? Well, something good and pleasant was made out of all three, for all three were good at heart; their silly talk that evening at the party was only children's prattle.

<b>clev'er</b> , possessing skill or talent.	<b>spit</b> , an iron prong on which meat is sometimes roasted.
<b>a-chieve' any-thing</b> , do any great or heroic deed.	<b>är-is-too'ra-cies (-siz)</b> , the noble or chief classes of persons.
<b>bon'bons</b> , candies or sweetmeats; sugar-plums.	<b>court</b> , the king's palace.

**Thorwaldsen** (*tor'wawld-sen*), a famous Danish sculptor (1770–1844).

**Explain**: passed his examination (1); some who had "birth" (2); rise in the world (4); works of art (10).

**Spell and pronounce**: cellar, college, pretty, *the plurals of* money, donkey, turkey, attorney, valley.

Substitute a word of similar meaning in place of each italicized word in the following sentences:—

*Clever* as he was, he had a heart.

All *descriptions* of people visited there.

He could not hope to *achieve* anything great.

He had not been *allowed* to enter the room.



## IV.—THE BUILDERS.

## LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, one of the most popular poets of the present day in every English-speaking land, was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807, and died at Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882. A graduate of Bowdoin College at the age of eighteen, he became the Professor of Modern Languages there, after having studied and traveled several years in Europe. From 1836 to 1854 he filled a similar position in the University at Cambridge, where he went to reside.

Many of Longfellow's shorter poems have become favorites with all readers of poetry. No other poet is so welcome a visitant at the fireside. Among his longer poems, all of which have met with popular approval, we name "Evangeline," "The Song of Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and "Tales of a Wayside Inn." He has also written several volumes of prose which has much the charm of poetry. His writings are distinguished by rich and delicate fancy, and pure sentiment, expressed in apt and beautiful diction.

1. ALL are architects of fate,  
Working in these walls of time;  
Some with massive deeds and great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme.
2. Nothing useless is, or low;  
Each thing in its place is best;  
And what seems but idle show  
Strengthens and supports the rest.
3. For the structure that we raise,  
Time is with materials filled;  
Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.
4. Truly shape and fashion these;  
Leave no yawning gaps between;



Think not, because no man sees,  
Such things will remain unseen.

5. In the elder days of art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part;  
For the Gods see everywhere.
6. Let us do our work as well,  
Both the unseen and the seen;  
Make the house, where gods may dwell,  
Beautiful, entire, and clean.
7. Else our lives are incomplete,  
Standing in these walls of time;  
Broken stairways, where the feet  
Stumble as they seek to climb.
8. Build, to-day, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base,  
And ascending and secure  
Shall to-morrow find its place.
9. Thus alone can we attain  
To those turrets, where the eye  
Sees the world as one vast plain,  
And one boundless reach of sky.

<p>tür'et, a small tower topping a building; a spire. ar'chi-<i>tect</i> (<i>d'r'kt</i>), a skilled builder.</p>	<p>mass'ive, weighty; important. wrought (<i>rawt</i>), worked. reach, extent; expanse.</p>
--	---

*Write out what you think is the leading idea of this poem.*

## V.—SHOOTING THE OSWEGO FALLS.

## COOPER.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, the chief of American novelists, was born in New Jersey in 1789, but lived nearly all his life at Cooperstown, New York, on the banks of the beautiful Otsego Lake. He died in 1851.

The best of Cooper's stories are about the sea, or about wild life on the frontiers, and portray the period when this country was at war with England, and when the Indian was still dreaded by the settlers.

Among his most admired works are "The Spy," "The Pilot," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Pathfinder," and "The Deerslayer."

Mabel Dunham and Master Cap, her seafaring uncle, are under the escort of the famous scout Pathfinder, the young man Jasper, or Eau-douce (*o-dooce'*), and two Indians. They are descending the Oswego River.

1. THE vessel in which Cap and his niece had embarked for their long and adventurous journey was one of the canoes of bark which the Indians are in the habit of constructing. Its workmanship was neat; the timbers were small, and secured by thongs; and the whole fabric, though it was so slight and precarious to the eye, was probably capable of conveying double the number of persons it now contained.

2. Cap was seated on a low thwart, in the center of the canoe; the Big Serpent knelt near him. Arrowhead and his wife occupied places forward of both. Mabel was reclining on some of her own effects, behind her uncle, while the Pathfinder and Eau-douce stood erect, the one in the bow, the other in the stern, each using a paddle, with a long, steady, noiseless sweep.

3. Just at this moment a dull, heavy sound swept up the avenue formed by the trees, borne along by a light air that hardly produced a ripple on the water.

"That sounds pleasant," said Cap, pricking up his ears

like a dog that hears a distant baying; "it is the surf on the shores of your lake, I suppose?"

"Not so, not so," answered the Pathfinder; "it is merely this river tumbling over some rocks half a mile below us."

4. "Master Pathfinder, had you not better give the canoe a sheer and get nearer to the shore? These waterfalls generally have rapids above them, and one might as well get into the Maelstrom at once as to run into their suction."

"Trust to us, trust to us, friend Cap," answered Pathfinder; "we are but fresh-water sailors, it is true, and I cannot boast of being much even of that; but we understand rifts, and rapids, and cataracts."

5. "You do not dream of going down a waterfall in this egg-shell of bark!" exclaimed Cap.

"The path lies over the falls, and it is much easier to shoot them than to unload the canoe, and carry that and all it contains around a portage of a mile, by hand."

6. Mabel turned her pallid countenance toward the young man in the stern of the canoe, for just at that moment a fresh roar of the falls was borne to her ears by a new current of the air, and it really sounded terrific, now that the cause was understood.

"We thought that by landing the women and the two Indians," Jasper quietly observed, "we three white men, all of whom are used to the water, might carry the canoe over in safety, for we often shoot these falls."

7. Cap was puzzled. The idea of going over a waterfall was perhaps more serious in his eyes than it would have been in those of one totally ignorant of all that pertained to boats; for he understood the power of the element, and the total feebleness of man when exposed

to its fury. Still his pride revolted at the thought of deserting the boat, while others not only courageously, but coolly, proposed to continue in it.

8. "Sheer in, Eau-douce, sheer in," said the Pathfinder; "we will land the Sergeant's daughter on the end of that log, where she can reach the shore with a dry foot."

The injunction was obeyed, and in a few minutes the whole party had left the canoe, with the exception of Pathfinder and the two sailors. Notwithstanding his professional pride, Cap would have gladly followed, but he did not like to exhibit so unequivocal a weakness in the presence of a fresh-water sailor.

9. "I call all hands to witness," he said, as those who had landed moved away, "that I do not look on this affair as anything more than canoeing in the woods. There is no seamanship in tumbling over a waterfall, which is a feat the greatest lubber can perform as well as the oldest mariner."

10. "Nay, nay, you need n't despise the Oswego Falls," put in Pathfinder, "for though they may not be Niagara, nor the Genesee, nor the Cohoes, they are enough for a beginner. Let the Sergeant's daughter stand on yonder rock, and she will see the way in which we ignorant backwoodsmen get over a difficulty that we can't get under. Now, Eau-douce, a steady hand and a true eye, for all rests on you, seeing that we can count Master Cap for no more than a passenger."

11. As soon as the boat was in the stream, Pathfinder sank on his knees, continuing to use the paddle, though it was slowly, and in a manner not to interfere with the efforts of his companion. The latter still stood erect, and as he kept his eye on some object beyond the falls

it was evident that he was carefully looking for the spot proper for their passage.

"Farther west, boy; farther west," muttered Pathfinder; "there where you see the water foam. Bring the top of the dead oak in a line with the stem of the blasted hemlock."

12. Eau-douce made no answer, for the canoe was in the center of the stream, with its head pointed toward the falls, and it had already begun to quicken its motion by the increased force of the current. At that moment Cap would cheerfully have renounced every claim to glory that could possibly be acquired by the feat, to have been safe again on shore. He heard the roar of the water, thundering as it might be beyond a screen, but becoming more and more distinct, louder and louder; and before him he saw its line cutting the forest below, along which the green and angry element seemed stretched and shining, as if the particles were about to lose their principles of cohesion.

13. "Down with your helm! down with your helm, man!" he exclaimed, unable any longer to suppress his anxiety, as the canoe glided toward the edge of the falls.

"Ay, ay, down it is, sure enough," answered Pathfinder, looking behind him for a single instant, with his silent, joyous laughter.

14. The rest was like the passage of the viewless wind. Eau-douce gave the required sweep with his paddle, the canoe glanced into the channel, and for a few seconds it seemed to Cap that he was tossing in a caldron. He felt the bow of the canoe tip, saw the raging, foaming water careering madly, was sensible that the light fabric in which he floated was tossed about



SHOOTING THE OSWEGO FALLS

like an egg-shell, and then, not less to his great joy than to his surprise, he discovered that it was gliding across the basin of still water, below the falls, under the steady impulse of Jasper's paddle.

**thong**, a strap to fasten anything.

**thwart** (*thwǝrt*), seat for rowers.

**bow** (*ow* as in *cow*), the rounded fore-part of the boat.

**av'e-nue**, a passage with a row of trees on each side.

**Mael'strom** (*māl'*), a celebrated whirlpool off the coast of Norway.

**pre-ca'ri-ous**, liable to constant risk.

**pōrt'age**, a break in a chain of water communication, over which boats and stores have to be carried.

**ser'geant** (*sār'jent* or *sār'*), an officer next in rank above a corporal.

**re-vōlt'ed**, was shocked.

**un-ō-quiv'o-cal**, not doubtful.

Where are the Niagara Falls? the Genesee Falls? The Cohoes (*ko-hōs'*) Falls are in the Mohawk, near its mouth.

**Define**: baying (3); backwoodsmen (10); careering (14).

## VI.—HOW FRANKLIN LEARNED TO WRITE GOOD ENGLISH.

### FRANKLIN.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was born in Boston, January 17, 1706, and died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790. He was not kept long at school, for at ten years of age he was taken to help his father, who was a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler, and at twelve years he was apprenticed to his brother James, a printer. Being fond of reading and having a bright mind he soon began to teach himself. How he improved his composition, and attained the simple, direct, and idiomatic style which characterizes his writings, he tells us in the lesson which follows, taken from his Autobiography.

At the age of seventeen he went to Philadelphia, and after some vicissitudes became the proprietor and editor of a newspaper.

He continued his habits of study and observation, and originated many wise projects for the good of mankind. His discoveries in electricity spread his fame widely. By means of a kite he first drew the electric fluid from the clouds, and showed it to be the same as lightning.

He was one of the leading patriots of the Revolution, and helped draft the Declaration of Independence. Afterwards the government sent him to the court of France, to persuade the French to aid his countrymen in their struggle with Great Britain.

1. AFTER some time an ingenious tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, and who frequented our printing-house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to poetry, and made some little pieces; my brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me, and put me on composing occasional ballads.

2. One was called *The Lighthouse Tragedy*, and contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake, with his two daughters; the other was a sailor's song, on the taking of Teach (or Blackbeard) the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in the Grub-Street ballad style; and when they were printed he sent me about the town to sell them. The first sold wonderfully, the event being recent, having made a great noise.

3. This flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances, and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet, most probably a very bad one; but as prose writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how, in such a situation, I acquired what little ability I have in that way.

4. About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it.

5. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by express-



ing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my Spectator with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them.

6. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse, and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again.

7. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts.

8. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language; and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer.

**in-gén'ious** (-*yus*), clever; skillful.  
**oc-ca'sion-al** (-*zhun-al*), produced on some special event.  
**trag e-dy** (*tráj'-*), a mournful play or dramatic poem; a dreadful event.

**bal'lad**, a simple story in verse.  
**sen'ti-ment**, thought; feeling.  
**rhyme** (*rim*), agreement in sound at the end of lines of verse.  
**o-rig'i-nal** (*o-ríj'-*), source.

**Grub Street** (2), formerly a street in London, once noted for literary ricks and inferior literary productions; hence the name is often used as a term of contempt. — **The Spectator** (4), the name of a periodical of popular essays, the best of which were written by Addison. It was published in London in 1711 and 1712, and in 1714.

**Explain:** turn to account (1); come to hand (5); to suit the measure (in king verses) (6).

*Tell in writing the way Franklin learned to write good English.*



## VII. — THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

1. HARK! the warning needles click,  
Hither, thither, clear and quick;  
He who guides their speaking play  
Stands a thousand miles away  
Here we feel the electric thrill  
Guided by his simple will;  
Here the instant message read,  
Brought with more than lightning speed.  
Sing who will of Orphean lyre,  
Ours the wonder-working wire!
  
2. Let the sky be dark or clear,  
Comes the faithful messenger;  
Now it tells of loss and grief,  
Now of joy in sentence brief;  
Now of safe or sunken ships,  
Now the murderer outstrips;  
Now of war and fields of blood,  
Now of fire, and now of flood.  
Sing who will of Orphean lyre,  
Ours the wonder-working wire!

3. Think the thought and speak the word.  
 It is caught as soon as heard;  
 Borne o'er mountains, lakes, and seas,  
 To the far antipodes.  
 Melbourne speaks at twelve o'clock,  
 London reads ere noon the shock.  
 Seems it not a feat sublime?  
 Intellect has conquered Time!  
     Sing who will of Orphean lyre,  
     Ours the wonder-working wire!

4. Marvel! triumph of our day,  
 Flash all ignorance away;  
 Flash sincerity of speech,  
 Noble aims to all who teach;  
 Flash till Power shall learn the Right,  
 Flash till Reason conquer Might;  
 Flash resolve to every mind,  
 Manhood flash to all mankind!  
     Sing who will of Orphean lyre,  
     Ours the wonder-working wire!

**an-tip'o-des** (*-o-dēz*), those who live on the globe directly opposite us. —  
**Orphean lyre.** Orpheus was a mythical Greek poet, who is fabled to have tamed wild beasts and moved rocks by the enchanting music of his lyre.

Where is Melbourne? London? What figure of speech is "Melbourne speaks" (3)? See page 432, III. Point out another example of this figure. Explain "Intellect has conquered Time" (3).

*Express fully the sense of the last two lines in these stanzas.*

*Write examples illustrating the news sent by telegraph: first an example of 'loss and grief,' then of 'joy,' etc. (See stanza 2.)*



## VIII.—A HAPPY FAMILY.

## BURRITT.

ELIHU BURRITT, known as "the learned blacksmith," was born in New Britain, Connecticut, in 1811. While plying his trade as a blacksmith he employed his leisure in study, and became acquainted with Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and the principal modern languages. He has delivered many lectures and written much on social questions. He died in 1879.

1. AMONG the novel sights which abound in the streets of London, for the cheap entertainment of the people, none of them has made a more pleasant impression on my mind than a family circle of different animals, whose deportment is truly an admirable illustration of the reign of peace. The proprietor of this novel menagerie calls it, very appropriately, "The Happy Family."

2. A cage would be too harsh a name for this place of residence, which is almost simple enough to have been constructed by the occupants. It is a large, square hen-coop, placed on a low handcart, which the man draws about from one street to another, and gets a few pennies a day from those who stop to look at the domestic felicity of his motley family circle.

3. Perhaps the first thing that strikes the eye is a large cat, "washing her face," with a dozen large rats nestling under her, like so many kittens, whilst others are climbing up her back and playing with her whiskers. In another corner of the room, a dove and a hawk are billing and cooing on the head of a dog, which is resting across the neck of a rabbit.

4. The floor is covered with the oddest social circles imaginable. Here weasels, and guinea-pigs, and funny

chickens, are putting their noses together caressingly. The slats above are covered with birds whose natural antipathies have been subdued into mutual affection by the law of kindness. For instance, a grave old owl is sitting bolt upright, and meditating in the sun, with a twittering, keen-sighted sparrow perched between his cat ears, and trying with sharp bill to open the eyes of the old sage.

5. I never pass this establishment without stopping to look at the scene it presents. Its teachings are more eloquent than a hundred lectures on peace and universal brotherhood.

6. I love to see the children stop to look at it, for I know they will carry away a lesson which will do them good; they will think of it on their way to school, and at home too, I hope, when anything crosses their will in the family circle or the playground. I could not but wish this "Happy Family" might be exhibited every morning to all the unhappy human families in the land.

<b>men-ag'e-rie</b> (-ăzh'e-ri), a place for keeping and showing wild animals.	<b>mot'ley</b> , of various colors or kinds. <b>an-tip'a-thies</b> , unfriendly feelings.
<b>fe-liç'i-ty</b> , happiness.	<b>de-pôrt'ment</b> , behavior.

To what are the words "old sage" (4) applied, and why?



## IX.—THE ART OF OBSERVING.

KINGSLEY.

THE Rev. Charles Kingsley was born in England, in 1819, and died in 1875. He was distinguished as a novelist, and as a writer on social, religious, and scientific subjects. He also wrote some good poetry. Among his chief novels we name "Alton Locke," "Hypatia," and "Westward Ho!" He has written some charming books on natural history, such as "Glaucus,

or the Wonders of the Shore," "Madam How and Lady Why," and "Town Geology."

Kingsley was an earnest helper and teacher of the poorer classes. He labored hard to procure for them pure air, pure water, and better dwellings. He believed that healthy souls should have healthy bodies.

1. THE great use of a school education is not so much to teach you things as to teach you how to learn — to give you the noble art of learning, which you can use for yourselves in after life on any matter to which you choose to turn your mind. And what does the art of learning consist in? First and foremost, in the art of observing. That is, the boy who uses his eyes best on his book, and *observes* the words and letters of his lesson most accurately and carefully, that is the boy who learns his lesson best.

2. You know as well as I how one boy will sit staring at his book for an hour without knowing a word about it, while another will learn the thing in a quarter of an hour; and why? Because one has actually *not seen* the words. He has been thinking of something else, looking out of the window, repeating the words to himself like a parrot. The other has simply, as we say, "looked sharp." He has looked at the lesson with his whole mind, seen it, and seen into it, and therefore knows all about it.

3. Therefore I say that everything which helps a boy's powers of observation helps his power of learning; and I know from experience that nothing helps that so much as the study of the world about us, and especially of natural history: to be accustomed to watch for curious objects, to know in a moment when you have come upon anything new, — which is observation; to be quick at seeing when things are like and when unlike, — which is classification. All that must, and I well know

does, help to make a boy shrewd, earnest, accurate, ready for whatever may happen.

4. When we were little and good, a long time ago, we used to have a jolly old book, called "Evenings at Home," in which was a great story, called "Eyes and No Eyes," and that story was of more use to me than any dozen other stories I ever read.

5. A regular old-fashioned story it is, but a right good one, and thus it begins:—

"Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?" said Mr. Andrews to one of his pupils, at the close of a holiday. O, Robert had been to Broom Heath, and round to Campmount, and home through the meadows. But it was very dull, he hardly saw a single person. He had rather by half have gone by the turn-pike road.

"But where is William?"

O, William started with him, but he was so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that, that Robert would rather walk alone, and so went on.

6. Presently in comes Master William, dressed, no doubt, as we wretched boys used to be forty years ago,—frill collar, and tight skeleton monkey jacket, and tight trousers buttoned over it, a pair of low shoes, which always came off if stepped into heavy ground: and terribly dirty and wet he is, but he never had such a pleasant walk in his life, and he has brought home a handkerchief full of curiosities.

7. He has got a piece of mistletoe, and wants to know what it is, and seen a woodpecker and a wheatear, and got strange flowers off the heath, and hunted a pewit because he thought its wing was broken, till of course he led him into a bog, and wet he got: but he did not mind,

for in the bog he fell in with an old man cutting turf, who told him all about turf-cutting, and then he went up a hill, and saw a grand prospect, and because the place was called Campmount he looked for a Roman camp, and found the ruins of one ; and then he went on and saw twenty things more ; and so on, and so on, till he had brought home curiosities enough and thoughts enough to last him a week.

8. Mr. Andrews, who seems a sensible old gentleman, tells him all about his curiosities ; and then it turns out that Master William has been over exactly the same ground as Master Robert, who saw nothing at all.

9. Whereon says Mr. Andrews, wisely enough, in his solemn, old-fashioned way : “ So it is. One man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut ; and upon this depends all the superiority of knowledge which one acquires over the other. I have known sailors who had been in all quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, Franklin could not cross the Channel without making observations useful to mankind.

10. “ While many a vacant, thoughtless person is whirled through Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing the street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble. Do you, then, William, continue to make use of your eyes ; and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use.”

11. And when I read that story as a little boy, I said to myself, I *will* be Mr. Eyes ; I will *not* be Mr. No Eyes ; and Mr. Eyes I have tried to be ever since ; and



Mr. Eyes I advise you, every one of you, to be, if you wish to be happy and successful.

12. Ah! my dear boys, if you knew the idle, vacant, useless life which many young men lead when their day's work is done, continually tempted to sin and shame and ruin by their own idleness, while they miss opportunities of making valuable discoveries, of distinguishing themselves, and helping themselves forward in life; then you would make it a duty to get a habit of observing, and of having some healthy and rational pursuit with which to fill up your leisure hours.

**turn/pike road**, a road which has a gate or bar across it to hinder passage till toll is paid.

**mis'tle-toe** (*miz'l-to*), a plant sometimes found attached to the apple tree, the oak, etc.

**wheat/ear**, a small bird, called also fallow-finch.

**heavy** (6), *here*, clayey.

**heath**, a tract of land covered with a small, narrow-leaved, flowering shrub called heath.

**pe/wit**, the lapwing, a common bird on moors in England.

**va/cant**, empty of thought.

**ra'tion-al** (*rash/un-al*), reasonable.

**natural history** (3), the study of animals and plants. — **Franklin** (9). See Lesson VI. — **Channel** (9), the sea between England and France.



## X. — THE FIERY CROSS.

1. LONG ago, in the Highlands of Scotland, there were chiefs who had each a large extent of country under his authority. The people were arranged in clans, and were subject to these chiefs, and bound to come at their call, and to fight under them against any enemy. Each chief was a little king in his own country.

2. There were often feuds among the clans. One *chieftain* with his clan would invade the boundaries of

another, and carry off cattle and whatever valuable things he could lay his hands upon. This caused a retaliation; and often the feud was handed down from generation to generation. Many a terrible fight occurred; many a clansman fell, and many a lovely glen was filled with wailing and woe.

3. It was sometimes necessary to call the clan together in great haste. Another clan would make a foray into the district, and the invaders must be met, else they would lay all waste with fire and sword. On such an occasion, or on any other that required an immediate muster of the clan, the chief slew a goat, and, making a cross of light wood, burnt the ends of it in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the goat. This was called the Fiery Cross, or the Cross of Shame.

4. It was given into the hand of a swift messenger, who ran with it, at full speed, to the next hamlet, where he gave it to the principal person, with a single word, telling where the clan was to assemble. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward, with equal dispatch, to the next village or cluster of houses; and thus it went on, the bearer telling as he went the place of rendezvous. In this way the whole district of country could be roused in a very short time.

5. At sight of the fiery cross, every man from sixteen years to sixty was obliged to hasten to the place appointed, fully armed. If any one failed to appear, and could not give a sufficient reason, shame rested on him, and he was doomed to the extremities of sword and fire, which were indicated by the bloody and burnt marks upon the cross. Generally the answer to such a call *was given at once, and most heartily*; and the chief

soon found himself at the head of his whole clan, ready to go whither, or do what, he required.

**feud** (*fūd*), a long and bitter strife.

**re-tal-i-a'tion**, a paying back with like, or evil for evil.

**fo-ray'**, inroad for war or plunder.

**ren'dez-vous** (*ren/de-voo*), appointed place of meeting.

Where are the Highlands of Scotland?



## XI.—THE HIGHLAND GATHERING.

SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, the famous Scottish poet and novelist, was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771, and died at Abbotsford, his estate on the south bank of the Tweed, September 21, 1832.

The genius of Scott was first revealed in his poetical works: "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," and others. These are charming metrical romances, written in a rapid, ringing measure, often with the fire and swing of the best heroic poetry, but sometimes descending to "ballad ding-dong." They treat of chivalric scenes of Scottish history and border-land adventure. But Scott gained still greater fame by his novels, the first one of which was "Waverley." It gave name to a series of brilliant historical romances which followed it: "The Heart of Midlothian," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," and many others. They were received with rapturous acclamations, and have ever since continued to delight hosts of readers, especially the young.

Sir Walter had "the genius to be loved." His noble-heartedness, his kindness and geniality, gained the affections of all who knew him.

This extract is from "The Lady of the Lake."

[*Malise is sent by his chief, Roderick Dhu, to call the warriors of the clan to instant battle; the signal he bears is the fiery cross.*]

1. SPEED, Malise, speed! — the dun deer's hide  
On fleetest foot was never tied.  
Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste  
Thine active sinews never braced;  
Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,  
Rush down like torrent from its crest;

With short and springing footstep pass  
The trembling bog and false morass ;

2. Across the brook like roebuck bound,  
And thread the brake like questing hound ;  
The crag is high, the scaur is deep,  
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap ;  
Parched are thy burning lips and brow,  
Yet by the fountain pause not now ;  
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,  
Stretch onward in thy fleet career !
3. Fast as the fatal symbol flies,  
In arms the huts and hamlets rise ;  
From winding glen, from upland brown, •  
Then poured each hardy tenant down ;  
Nor slacked the messenger his pace ;  
He showed the sign, he named the place,  
And, pressing forward like the wind,  
Left clamor and surprise behind.
4. The fisherman forsook the strand ;  
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand ;  
With changéd cheer the mower blithe  
Left in the half-cut swath the scythe ;  
The herds without a keeper strayed ;  
The plow was in mid-furrow stayed ;  
The falconer tossed his hawk away ;  
The hunter left the stag at bay ;  
Prompt at the signal of alarms,  
Each son of Alpine rushed to arms.
5. Speed, Malise, speed ! The lake is passed,  
Duncraggan's huts appear at last,

And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen,  
Half hidden, in the copse so green ;  
There may'st thou rest, thy labor done ;  
Their lord shall speed the signal on.

[*The order for the gathering is given, and Malise is relieved by another messenger.*]

6. Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,  
Sprang forth and seized the fatal sign ;  
In haste the stripling to his side  
His father's dirk and broadsword tied ;  
But when he saw his mother's eye  
Watch him in speechless agony,  
Back to her opened arms he flew,  
Pressed on her lips a fond adieu.  
" Alas ! " she sobbed, -- " and yet be gone,  
And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son ! "
7. Then, like the high-bred colt, when, freed,  
First he essays his fire and speed,  
He vanished, and o'er moor and moss  
Sped forward with the fiery cross.  
O'er dale and hill the summons flew,  
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew ;  
The tear that gathered in his eye  
He left the mountain breeze to dry.
8. Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,  
But Angus paused not on the edge ;  
Though the dark waves danced dizzily,  
Though reeled his sympathetic eye,  
He dashed amid the torrent's roar :

His right hand high the crosslet bore,  
His left the pole-ax grasped, to guide  
And stay his footing in the tide.

9. He stumbled twice ; — the foam splashed high,  
With hoarser swell the stream raced by ;  
But still, as if in parting life,  
Firmer he grasped the cross of strife ;  
Until the opposing bank he gained,  
And up the chapel pathway strained.
10. Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,  
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze,  
Rushing, in conflagration strong,  
Thy deep ravines and dells along,  
Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,  
And redd'ning the dark lakes below ;  
Nor faster speeds it, nor so far,  
As o'er thy heaths the voice of war.
11. From the gray sire, whose trembling hand  
Could hardly buckle on his brand,  
To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow  
Were yet scarce terror to the crow,  
Each valley, each sequestered glen,  
Mustered its little horde of men,  
That met as torrents from the height  
In Highland dales their streams unite,  
Still gathering, as they pour along,  
A voice more loud, a tide more strong ; —
12. Till at the rendezvous they stood,  
By hundreds, prompt for blows and blood ;

Each trained to arms since life began,  
 Owning no tie but to his clan,  
 No oath but by his chieftain's hand,  
 No law but Roderick Dhu's command.

**dun**, dark brown.

**braced**, made tense; strained.

**mo-rass'**, soft, wet bog.

**quest'ing**, searching.

**roe'buck**, a small, nimble deer with branched horns.

**scaur** (*skaur*), or **skar** (*skär*), a bare and broken place on the side of a hill or mountain.

**clam'or**, noisy talk.

**brand**, sword.

**cōpse**, or **coppice**, a wood of small growth.

**blithe** (*th* as in *this*), joyous.

**fal'con-er** (*faw'kn-er*), one who hunts birds with a falcon or hawk.

**heath'er-y** (*hēth'-*), abounding with the shrub called heath (*hēth*).

**braes** (*brāz*), slopes of a hill.

**ra-vine'** (*-veen'*), deep glen; gorge.

**se-ques'tered**, secluded.

**mus'tered**, brought together.

**dun deer's hide** (1). A kind of shoe was made of undressed deer's hide. — **son of Alpine** (4), **clausman**. — **midnight blaze** (10). The old, tough, dry heath is often set fire to, that young herbage may take its place.

**Explain**: false morass (1); fatal symbol (3); sympathetic eye (8).



## XII. — A YOUNG DESPERADO.

### ALDRICH.

**THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH**, born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, November 11, 1836, has been a frequent contributor to the journals and magazines. His poems and prose sketches have also been published in book form. The entertaining style in which they are written, and their healthful tone, have gained for them a wide circle of admiring readers. His fresh and delicate humor is very pleasing.

1. **WHEN** Johnny is all snugly curled up in bed, with his rosy cheek resting on one of his scratched and grimy little hands, forming altogether a faultless picture of peace and innocence, it is hard to realize what a busy, restive, pugnacious, badly ingenious little wretch he is!

2. There is something so comical in those pygmy shoes and stockings sprawling on the floor,—they look as if they could jump up and run off if they wanted to; there is something so laughable about those little trousers, which appear to be making futile attempts to climb up into the easy-chair,—the said trousers still retaining the shape of Johnny's active legs, and refusing to go to sleep;—there is something, I say, about these things, and about Johnny himself, which makes it difficult for me to remember that, when Johnny is awake, he possesses the cunning of Machiavel and the *sang-froid* of the Capitaine Fracasse.

3. I verily believe he was not more than eleven days old and twenty-two inches long, when he showed a degree of temper that would have been respectable in an aged giant. On that occasion he turned very red in the face,—he was superfluously red before,—doubled up his ridiculous hands in the most threatening manner, and finally, in the impotency of rage, punched himself in the eye.

4. By the time he was two years of age I had got the following bitter maxim by heart: "Whenever J. is particularly quiet, look out for squalls." He was sure to be in some mischief. I am not thinking so much of the time when he painted my writing-desk with raspberry jam, as of the occasion when he perpetrated an act of original cruelty on Mopsey, a favorite kitten in the household.

5. We were sitting in the library. Johnny was playing in the front hall. In view of the supernatural stillness that reigned, I remarked suspiciously, "Johnny is very quiet, my dear." At that moment a series of pathetic mewes was heard in the entry, followed by a vio-



lent scratching on the oil-cloth. Then Mopsey bounded into the room with three empty spools strung upon her tail. The spools were removed with great difficulty, especially the last one, which fitted remarkably tight. After that Mopsey never saw a work-basket without arching her tortoise-shell back and distending her tail to three times its natural thickness.

6. Sometimes the temptation to seize him and shake him was too strong for poor human nature. But I always regretted it afterwards. When I saw him asleep in his tiny bed, with one tear dried on his plump velvety cheek, and two little mice-teeth visible through the parted lips, I could not help thinking what a little bit of a fellow he was, with his funny little fingers and funny little nails, and it did not seem to me that he was the sort of person to be pitched into by a great strong man like me.

7. One day last week he was very near coming to grief. By my directions, kindling wood and coal are placed every morning in the library grate, in order that I may have a fire the moment I return at night. Master Johnny must needs apply a lighted match to this arrangement early in the forenoon. The fire was not discovered until the blower was one mass of incandescent iron, and the wooden mantel-shelf was smoking with the intense heat.

8. When I came home, Johnny was led from the store-room, where he had been imprisoned, and where he had employed himself in eating about two dollars' worth of preserved pears. "Johnny," said I, in as severe a tone as one could use in addressing a person whose forehead glistened with syrup, — "Johnny, don't you remember that I have always told you not to meddle with matches?"

9. It was something delicious to see Johnny trying to remember. He cast one eye meditatively up to the ceiling, then he fixed it abstractedly on the canary-bird, then he rubbed his ruffled brows with a sticky hand; but really, for the life of him, he could n't recall any injunctions concerning matches.

"I can't, papa, truly," said Johnny at length. "I guess I must have forgot it."

10. "Well, Johnny, in order that you may not forget it in future —"

Here Johnny was seized with an idea. He interrupted me. "I'll tell you what you do, papa, — *you just put it down in writin'.*"

With the air of a man who has settled a question definitely, but at the same time is willing to listen politely to any crude suggestions that you may have to throw out, Johnny crossed his legs, and thrust his hands into those wonderful trousers pockets.

11. I turned my face aside, for I felt a certain weakness creeping into the corners of my mouth. I was lost. In an instant the little head, covered all over with brown curls, was laid upon my knee, and Johnny was crying, "I'm so very, very sorry!"

12. I am thoroughly aware that, socially speaking, Johnny is a black sheep. I know that I have brought him up badly, and that there is not an unmarried man or woman in the United States who would n't have brought him up "very differently." It is a great pity that the only people who know how to manage children never have any.

13. At the same time, Johnny is not a black sheep all over. He has some white spots. His sins — if wiser folks had no greater! — are the result of too

much animal life. And I am confident that Johnny will be a great statesman, or a valorous soldier, or, at all events, a good citizen, after he has got over being A Young Desperado.

<b>des-pe-rá'do</b> , a reckless fellow; a daring and wicked person; here used in a <i>playful sense</i> .	words meaning <i>cold blood</i> ; coolness of manner.
<b>pug-na'cious</b> (-shus), inclined to fight; quarrelsome.	<b>su-pér'fui-ous-ly</b> , excessively.
<b>res'tive</b> (-tív), uneasy.	<b>max'im</b> , true saying.
<b>fu'tile</b> (-tíl), of no effect; useless.	<b>pér'pe-trát-ed</b> , did; committed.
<b>sang-froid'</b> (sánh-frwá'), two French	<b>in-can-des'cent</b> , white or glowing with heat.
	<b>in-junc'tions</b> , orders.

**Machiavel** (*mák'-*), an Italian writer who approved of craft and cunning in political affairs (2). — **Capitaine Fracasse** (*kap-e-tán' frä-käs'*), a character in a novel of the same name by the French writer Théophile Gautier (*ta-o-feel' gó-tyá'*). — **tortoise-shell back** (5). A cat spotted with black, yellow, and white is called a *tortoise-shell cat*. — **black sheep** (12), one who is unlike the rest in a family, and makes trouble. (Black sheep are not so common nor so valuable as white sheep.)

**Spell and pronounce**: innocence, trousers, mantel-shelf, syrup, ceiling, aged, tortoise (*tór'tis*), tiny.

**Explain**: impotency of rage (3); coming to grief (7). — Of what kind of acts is the word "perpetrate" used?

### REAL WORTH.

For 't is the mind that makes the body rich;  
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,  
 So honor peereth in the meanest habit.  
 What is the jay more precious than the lark,  
 Because his feathers are more beautiful?  
 Or is the adder better than the eel,  
 Because his painted skin contents the eye?

Shakespeare.

## XIII.—MY DOG BLANCO.

## HOLLAND.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND was born at Belchertown, Mass., in 1819, and died in 1881. He practiced medicine for a short time, and then became a journalist. During many years he was one of the editors of the Springfield Republican, and he wrote for its columns several of his popular works. His writings, both prose and verse, have that simplicity and directness which suit the popular comprehension and taste. Some of them have had a circulation rarely equaled in this country. They have been especially commended for their moral tone and teaching.

Holland wrote under the assumed name of Timothy Titcomb.

1. My dear dumb friend, low lying there,  
A willing vassal at my feet,  
Glad partner of my home and fare,  
My shadow in the street,
2. I look into your great brown eyes,  
Where love and loyal homage shine,  
And wonder where the difference lies  
Between your soul and mine !
3. For all of good that I have found  
Within myself or human kind  
Hath royally informed and crowned  
Your gentle heart and mind.
4. I scan the whole broad earth around  
For that one heart which, leal and true,  
Bears friendship without end or bound,  
And find the prize in you.
5. I trust you as I trust the stars ;  
*Nor cruel loss, nor scoff of j ride,*

Nor beggary, nor dungeon bars,  
Can move you from my side !

6. As patient under injury  
As any Christian saint of old,  
As gentle as a lamb with me,  
But with your brothers bold ;
7. More playful than a frolic boy,  
More watchful than a sentinel,  
By day and night your constant joy  
To guard and please me well.
8. I clasp your head upon my breast,  
The while you whine, and lick my hand,  
And thus our friendship is confessed,  
And thus we understand !
9. Ah, Blanco ! did I worship God  
As truly as you worship me,  
Or follow where my Master trod  
With your humility, —
10. Did I sit fondly at His feet,  
As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,  
And watch Him with a love as sweet,  
My life would grow divine !

**vas'sal**, a servant ; a follower.  
**leal** (*lēl*), loyal ; faithful.  
**roy'al-ly**, nobly.

**hom'age** (*hōm'ēj*), worship ; outward  
act of reverence or regard.  
**hu-mil'i-ty**, humbleness.

What is to be supplied after "understand," stanza 8, to bring out the meaning ?

*Write in your own words the leading idea of this poem.*

*Write out what you understand to be the full meaning of stanza 5.*

## XIV.—A LAPP CAMP.

1. In the evening we crossed some barren mountains; and our guide, the Lapp, desired us not to fire at a pack of ptarmigan which got up close to us, lest we should disturb the reindeer, as he said he expected every moment to find his countrymen. Soon after, as we were walking in single file and keeping perfect silence, he stopped suddenly, and, pointing with his finger, directed our attention to some smoke just seen through the twilight, curling up the side of the opposite hill. The man's manner and attitude were quite dramatic.

2. He now tied up his dog, and ran off, evidently much rejoiced at the idea of rejoining his wife and family. He was also anxious to inform his countrymen who we were, and what brought us here, as he had some fear lest they should take alarm, and move off with their herd. He soon returned, and at the same time we saw a large number of reindeer being driven up the valley to their quarters for the night, by a man and a boy, accompanied by a dog.

3. Upon our arrival we found the encampment consisted of two circular tents, built of poles joined together in the center, in the form of a cone, with cloth stretched over them. The door of the larger one was so low and small that we had some difficulty in crawling in.

4. The whole scene was highly picturesque. Each tent was occupied by a Lapp family, every member of which gave us a most kind reception, and, heartily shaking us by the hand, at once offered us a share of *their tent*. We thankfully accepted their hospi-

tality, and soon found ourselves lying on skins before a large and cheerful fire. The inmates of the tent comprised three generations; namely, a middle-aged man and his wife, with four children and an old grandmother.

5. The second family, which occupied the smaller tent, consisted of our late guide, Peter Johansen, his wife, and two children. They soon came to pay us a visit. His wife and daughter had light hair and fair complexion, and were pleasing in appearance. His son, a fine, intelligent boy, although under ten years of age, took his turn with the men in watching the reindeer during the night.

6. The little fellow was dressed in his best clothes, entirely made of skins, with a girdle round his waist, and had such a protuberance in front as to give him the appearance of being stuffed, and greatly to excite laughter. He wore his knife in its case behind, and several small ornaments by his side, thus forming a complete Lilliputian Lapp in full costume.

7. The head of the family, Johan Nielsen, was a grave, sedate-looking man. In reply to the questions I put to him through my interpreter, he said they were happy in the enjoyment of their wandering pastoral life; that they confined themselves to the mountainous ridge which separates Norway from Sweden; that they had been in their present encampment eight days, and intended to remain a fortnight longer, when they would move onwards for a change of pasture.

8. He told me that in summer they conduct these animals, which constitute their wealth, to the elevated parts of the mountains, and in the winter to the level country. His herd consisted of about three hundred,

and it appears that a family requires nearly that number for its support.

9. The Lapps have but few wants, and appear perfectly satisfied; having no bread, they subsist almost entirely on the produce of their herds, with the occasional assistance of fish and game. They have no candles. When we required additional light, one of the women took a firebrand in her hand and held it up for us.

10. The sun and stars are their only clock. They had no spirituous liquors of their own making, but it is well known that they are greatly addicted to inebriety when they go down into the valleys of Sweden or Norway. Both Nielsen and Johansen were great hunters, and were frequently absent from the encampment for many weeks together, in search of bears, seals, and other game.

11. It was nearly midnight before our interesting conference was brought to a close. At length Nielsen asked us in a civil, I might almost say in a polite manner, whether we felt disposed to sleep. To this we assented; and when all was quiet, I surveyed with no little interest the scene around me.

12. Our host lighted his pipe, by way of a soporific, laid down his head on his hard pillow, and comfortably puffed himself to sleep. One of the children coming in late, the old grandmother lifted up her large reindeer covering, and enclosed the young herdsman within its ample folds. It was a fine night, and we felt no inconvenience either from heat or cold.

13. We rose at five o'clock, and, after breakfasting on the flesh and milk of the reindeer, went up the hill to see the animals themselves. The whole herd



was brought together for our inspection; they had sleek skins, and were in the finest condition imaginable, many of their branching antlers being of immense size, and covered with the softest velvet. We were informed that they suffered more from heat than from cold.

14. Nielsen's eldest boy, a fine youth of sixteen, now threw a species of lasso round the horns of one of the deer, and the process of milking the herd began. They yield a very small quantity of milk, but this is made up for by the richness of its quality. They are remarkably quiet and gentle, and the Lapps are almost as fond of them as of their children.

<b>ptar'mi-gan</b> ( <i>tār'mi-</i> ), a bird of the grouse kind.	<b>con'fer-ence</b> , interchange of views; conversation.
<b>pic-túr-esque</b> ( <i>-esk'</i> ), beautiful like a picture.	<b>sop-o-rif'ic</b> , tending to cause sleep.
<b>pas'to-ral</b> , of or relating to shepherds or herdsmen.	<b>ant'ler</b> , a branch of a stag's horn.
<b>in-e-bri'e-ty</b> , drunkenness.	<b>las'so</b> , a long cord with a noose to catch animals.
	<b>sin'ew</b> , tendon; muscle.

**Lilliputian** (*-pu'shan*) (6), very small, like a native of Lilliput, an imaginary island described by Swift in his "Gulliver's Travels." The people of Lilliput were not six inches high.

**Explain:** in single file (1); to accept their hospitality (4); protuberance (6); costume (*kös'tüm*), (6); sedate-looking (7).

*Write an account of the mode of life of these Lapps, and describe the appearance of different members of the families.*



## XV.—STRINGING THE NERVES.

## AN ENGINE-DRIVER'S TALE.

1. OURS was a new line, running through miles of unsettled country, where it is no wonderful thing to make out in the far distance half a dozen Indians galloping along with hair and blanket streaming out behind. For years past I have driven on that line. I drove there when it ran only twenty miles; and I ran along that line as it stretched out farther and farther into the great region westward.

2. One of the settlers in that new country built himself a log-house close to the railway, where he had made a bit of a clearing. Perhaps he thought it would be company for his wife and little ones to see the trains go by with people in them, besides being some protection from the wandering tribes about.

3. I may say I got quite to know those people, and hard-working folks they were. Before they had been there six months, that bit of wilderness began to look like a little garden of Eden; and before long two more families came and built their log-houses in the neighborhood. I felt acquainted with those first folks, though we never spoke, for I always went by them at twelve miles an hour. But the little ones used to stand at the door and cheer, and, as time went on, I would wave my hat to the husband and wife too, so that they generally used to come out when they heard me coming up or down.

4. We got to be such friends at last, that I used to buy candy and cakes, and throw them into the door-

yard as I went by, for the children to scramble after; and that is what it was that caused it, and this is how it was.

We were going comfortably along one afternoon, till, as we got near the clearing where my friends (as I called them) were living, I began to feel in my pockets for a couple of papers of something that I'd got, when my fireman said, "Hollo! what's that on the line?"

5. "Cow?" said I.

"Cow? no," he said; "why — why — it's three children!"

"Sound —" I did not stop to finish, but opened the little valve myself, making the still afternoon air quiver with the shrill scream it sent far and wide.

6. "That's moved them," said my fireman, laughing to see the little distant figures scamper away.

"I thought it would," I said; and then, with my hand on the valve, I made the thing shriek again and again, for there was one of the children still just in the middle of the track.

7. In a moment I had forgotten all about the stuff in the papers, for a queer sort of feeling came over me, one that for a few moments took all the nerve from my limbs, so that I could not move; while, as if from the same feeling, my fireman stood staring with all his might straight at the poor child.

8. We were too near for it to have done any good even if we had reversed the engine; and with a groan, that seemed to force itself out of my breast, I told myself it was in consequence of encouraging the poor children with presents that this was going to happen. There, seeing no danger, was a bright-eyed, long-haired

little thing dancing about and waving its hands as we came swiftly on.

9. It takes me some time to tell it, but what happened took only a few moments: and there it all is now, like a picture that having once seen I can never forget. It was a sunshiny afternoon, with all looking bright: the log-house, with its patch of flowers; the children by the side of the line, and their mother running out wild and frantic, but only to drop down in the path, half-way between the door and where the child was dancing and waving its little hands as we glided on.

10. I felt as one sometimes does in a nightmare dream, when the will is there to do something, only a dreadful fear holds the dreamer back, and he can see danger coming nearer and nearer, and yet can do nothing to avoid it. We neither of us spoke, but stood there, one on each side, leaning forward as helpless as the poor little child in front, till, with almost a yell, I fought clear of the power that seemed to hold me, and, with the feeling that it was all in vain, crept along the side of the engine, and lay down with my arms extended in front of the cow-catcher.

11. Only moments, but moments that seemed like hours, as, with its strange, hurrying, jumping motion, the engine dashed on, as I told myself, to crush out the life of that poor little innocent. I wanted to shut my eyes to keep out the horrible sight, but I dared not; and though now I seemed to be doing what might save the child's life, I could not think it possible. There it was, just in front, and yet we appeared to come no nearer.

12. Twenty yards—ten yards! Were we never going to pass over the spot? or would some miraculous power stop the engine? I tried to shout, but only a strange

hoarse noise came from my throat; I wanted to wave my hands, but they remained stretched out obstinately towards the child.

Five yards — four — three! There was the child laughing in its innocent glee, for it was expecting some little present from me, its murderer as I was calling myself, who lay there motionless as a statue.

13. Two yards — one! At last all is over! There was a shock, — so I thought, — as we dashed down upon the little thing, who seemed to stretch out its hands to mine, and to leap, actually jump, into my arms, and then, with it tightly grasped, we were still going on and on; I with my eyes shut, but feeling that I had the child tightly held to my breast, and yet not able to look to see if it was hurt.

14. Then I don't know how it was, but I believe I must have got up, and crawled back to my place by the fireman; but I can't recollect doing so. I only recollect finding myself sitting down there, with the child in my arms, and feeling stunned and helpless as a child myself.

15. We dared not stop to take the little thing back, but we sent it from the next station; and you'll believe me when I tell you that we were better friends afterwards than ever, so that whenever I went by their place we used to make signals enough, I to the folks at the house, and they to me. But I shall never forget that little one getting out upon the track.

*Chambers's Journal.*

**Pronounce :** Indians, engine, cow-catcher, horrible, miraculous.



## XVI.—GOOD BY.

EMERSON.

1. Good BY, proud world ! I 'm going home ;  
    Thou 'rt not my friend, and I 'm not thine  
Long through the weary crowds I roam ;  
    A river-ark on the ocean brine,  
Long I 've been tossed like the driven foam ;  
But now, proud world, I 'm going home.
2. Good by to Flattery's fawning face ;  
To Grandeur, with his wise grimace ;  
To upstart Wealth's averted eye ;  
To supple Office, low and high ;  
To crowded halls, to court and street ;  
To frozen hearts and hasting feet ;  
To those who go, and those who come.  
Good by, proud world ! I 'm going home.
3. I am going to my own hearthstone,  
Bosomed in yon green hills alone, —  
A secret nook in a pleasant land,  
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned, —  
Where arches green, the livelong day,  
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,  
And vulgar feet have never trod, —  
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.
4. O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,  
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome ;  
And when I am stretched beneath the pines  
Where the evening star so holy shines,

I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,  
 At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;  
 For what are they all, in their high conceit,  
 When man in the bush with God may meet?

<b>roun/de-lay</b> , a simple, lively, rural strain.	<b>lore</b> , learning.
<b>syl'van</b> , forest-like; woody; rural.	<b>soph'ist</b> , one who reasons falsely but speciously.
<b>gri-mace'</b> ( <i>grī-mās'</i> ), distortion of the countenance to express some feeling.	<b>con-ceit'</b> ( <i>-seet'</i> ), vain opinion.
	<b>vul'gar</b> , common; public.

*In the bush with God* (4). See Exodus, chapter iii.

**Pronounce:** grandeur, hearthstone, nook, livelong, beneath.

Pronounce the unaccented syllable of 'grandeur' easily and naturally, and not with affected preciseness. The same caution applies to words ending in *ure*; as, nature, creature. (*gran'jūr* is better than *grand'yūr*, *nā'chūr* than *nāl'yūr*.)

Why is "Office" (2) called *supple*? What personifications are in stanza 2? Explain the first personification in stanza 2. (Since those who flatter are supposed to have the look of those who fawn, Flattery is said to have a "fawning face.") Explain the other cases of personification.

*Write out the leading sentiment of this poem.*



## XVII. — QUEEN ISABELLA'S RESOLVE.

*Queen Isabella of Spain, Don Gomez, and Columbus.*

*Isabella.* And so, Don Gomez, it is your conclusion that we ought to dismiss the proposition of this worthy Genoese.

*Don Gomez.* His scheme, your majesty, seems to me fanciful in the extreme; but I am a plain, matter-of-fact man, and do not see visions and dreams like some.

*Isa.* And yet Columbus has given us cogent reasons for believing that it is practicable to reach the eastern coast of India by sailing in a westerly direction.

*Don G.* Admitting that his theory is correct, namely, that the earth is a sphere, how would it be possible for him to return, if he once descended that sphere in the direction he proposes? Would not the coming back be all uphill? Could a ship accomplish it with even the most favorable wind?

*Columbus.* Will your majesty allow me to suggest that, if the earth is a sphere, the same laws of adhesion and motion must operate at every point on its surface; and the objection of Don Gomez would be quite as valid against our being able to return from crossing the Strait of Gibraltar.

*Don G.* This gentleman, then, would have us believe the monstrous absurdity, that there are people on the earth who are our antipodes, who walk with their heads down, like flies on the ceiling.

*Col.* But, your majesty, if there is a law of attraction which makes matter gravitate to the earth, and prevents it from flying off into space, may not this law operate at every point on the round earth's surface?

*Isa.* Truly, it so seems to me; and I perceive nothing absurd in the notion that this earth is a globe floating or revolving in space.

*Don G.* May it please your majesty, the ladies are privileged to give credence to many wild tales which we plain, matter-of-fact men cannot admit. Every step I take confutes this visionary idea of the earth's rotundity. Would not the blood run into my head if I were standing upside down? Were I not fearful of offending your majesty, I would quote what the great Lactantius says.

*Isa.* We are not vain of our science, Don Gomez; so let us have the quotation.

*Don G.* "Is there any one so foolish," he asks, "as to



believe that there are antipodes with their feet opposite to ours, — that there is a part of the world in which all things are topsy-turvy, where the trees grow with their branches downward, and where it rains and snows upward ?”

*Col.* I have already answered this objection. If there are people on the earth who are our antipodes, it should be remembered that we are theirs also.

*Don G.* Really, that is the very point wherein we matter-of-fact men abide by the assurance of our own senses. We know that we are not walking with our heads downwards.

*Isa.* To cut short the discussion, you think that the enterprise which the Genoese proposes is one unworthy of our serious consideration, and that his theory of an unknown shore to the westward of us is a fallacy ?

*Don G.* As a plain, matter-of-fact man, I must confess that I so regard it. Has your majesty ever seen an ambassador from this unknown coast ?

*Isa.* Don Gomez, do you believe in the existence of a world of spirits ? Have you ever seen an ambassador from that unknown world ?

*Don G.* Certainly not. By faith we look forward to it.

*Isa.* Even so by faith does the Genoese look forward, far over misty ocean, to an undiscovered shore.

*Col.* Your majesty is right ; but let it be added that I have reasons, oh ! most potent and resistless reasons, for the faith that is in me ; the testimony of many navigators who have picked up articles that must have drifted from this distant coast ; the nature of things admitting that the earth is round ; the reports current among the people of one of the Northern nations, that many years ago their mariners had sailed many leagues westward till

they reached a shore where the grape grew abundantly ; — these and other considerations have made it the fixed persuasion of my mind that there is a great discovery reserved for the man who will sail patiently westward, trusting in God's good providence, and turning not back till he has achieved his purpose.

*Don G.* Then truly we should never hear of him again. Speculation ! mere speculation, your majesty ! When this gentleman can bring forward some solid facts that will induce us practical men to risk money in forwarding his enterprise, it will then be time enough for royalty to give it heed. Why, your majesty the very boys in the streets point at their foreheads as he passes along.

*Isa.* And so you bring forward the frivolity of boys, jeering at what they do not comprehend, as an argument why Isabella should not give heed to this great and glorious scheme ? Ay, sir, though it should fail, still it has been urged in language so intelligent and convincing by this grave and earnest man, whom you think to undervalue by calling him an adventurer, that I am resolved to test the "absurdity," as you style it, and that forthwith.

*Don G.* Your majesty will excuse me if I remark, that I have from your royal consort himself the assurance, that the finances are so exhausted by the late wars that he cannot consent to advance the necessary funds for fitting out an expedition of the kind proposed.

*Isa.* Be *mine*, then, the privilege ! I have jewels by the pledging of which I can raise the amount required ; and I have resolved that they shall be pledged to this enterprise without any more delay.

*Col.* Your majesty shall not repent your heroic resolve. I will return, your majesty; be sure I will return, and lay at your feet such a jewel as never queen wore yet, an imperishable fame, — a fame that shall couple with your memory the benedictions of millions yet unborn, in climes yet unknown to civilized man. There is an uplifting presentiment in my mind, a conviction that your majesty will live to bless the hour you came to this decision.

*Don G.* A presentiment! A plain, matter-of-fact man, like myself, must take leave of your majesty, if his practical common sense is to be met and superseded by presentiment. An ounce of fact, your majesty, is worth a ton of presentiment.

*Isa.* That depends altogether upon the source of the presentiment, Don Gomez. If it comes from the Fountain of all truth, shall it not be good?

*Don G.* I humbly take my leave of your majesty.

**prop-o-si'tion** (*-zish'un*), something offered to be done.

**ad-he'sion** (*-zhun*), a sticking.

**con-futes'**, proves to be wrong.

**vis'ion-a-ry** (*vizh'un-*), fanciful, absurd.

**fal'la-cy**, that which misleads, from being apparently, but not really, well founded.

**am-bas'sa-dor**, an agent of the highest rank sent to represent a sovereign or government in a foreign country.

**spec-u-la'tion**, mental or fanciful view.

**fri-vol'i-ty**, trifling conduct.

**bon-e-dic'tion**, a blessing.

**pre-sent'i-ment**, feeling that something is to happen.

**Don Gomez** (*don go'meth*). — **Gen'o-ese** (*-éz*) (1), a native of Genoa (*jen'o-á*), a seaport of Northern Italy. Columbus was born in Genoa. — **Lactan'tius** (*-tan'sht-us*), an eloquent defender of Christianity. He died about 325 A. D.

**Spell and pronounce**: scheme, privileged, superseded, sphere, foreheads, presentiment, credence, finances.

**Explain**: achieved his purpose; your royal consort; solid facts; point at their foreheads.

XVIII.—THE SHIP OF STATE.

LONGFELLOW.

1. THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity, with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
2. We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
3. Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
'T is of the wave, and not the rock;  
'T is but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale!  
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
4. Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

What is meant by the Ship of State?

## XIX. — MIDSUMMER.

## TROWBRIDGE.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE, novelist and poet, was born in the town of Ogden, in Western New York, September 18, 1827. He received a common-school education, and studied French, Latin, and German at home.

At the age of twenty-one, he was in Boston writing stories and poems for the periodical press. These, being graphic and lively, were much admired, and gave the young author assurance of success as a man of letters. He is one of the most natural and amusing delineators of rustic character and rural scenes.

The reader is charmed with the rich fancy of Trowbridge's poems, and the liquid melody of his versification.

1. AROUND this lovely valley rise  
The purple hills of Paradise.  
O, softly on yon banks of haze  
Her rosy face the Summer lays !  
Becalmed along the azure sky,  
The argosies of cloudland lie,  
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,  
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.
2. Through all the long midsummer day  
The meadow sides are sweet with hay.  
I seek the coolest sheltered seat,  
Just where the field and forest meet, —  
Where grow the pine-trees tall and bland,  
The ancient oaks austere and grand,  
And fringy roots and pebbles fret  
The ripples of the rivulet.
3. I watch the mowers as they go  
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row ;



A SCENE IN MIDSUMMER.

With even stroke their scythes they swing  
In tune their merry whetstones ring.  
Behind, the nimble youngsters run,  
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.

4. The cattle graze, while warm and still  
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,  
And bright, where summer breezes break  
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.  
The butterfly and humblebee  
Come to the pleasant woods with me;  
Quickly before me runs the quail,  
Her chickens skulk behind the rail;  
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,  
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.
5. Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,  
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,  
The swarming insects drone and hum,  
The partridge beats his throbbing drum,  
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,  
And chatters in his leafy house.  
The oriole flashes by; and, look!  
Into the mirror of the brook,  
Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,  
Two tiny feathers fall and float.
6. As silently, as tenderly,  
The down of peace descends on me.  
Oh, this is peace! I have no need  
Of friend to talk, of book to read:  
A dear Companion here abides;  
*Close to my thrilling heart He hides;*

The holy silence is His voice ;  
I lie and listen and rejoice.

a'sure (ä'zhöör), of a delicate blue.	rift, opening; cleft.
ar'go-sies (är'go-siz), merchant ships richly laden.	aus-tere', severe in look. fret, rub against and wear away.

**throbbing drum** (6). The partridge is said to drum when it makes : noise by beating its breast with its wings.

**Explain:** the argosies of cloudland (1); white-sleeved row (3).

What is the difference between a *river* and a *rivulet*, a *brook* and a *brooklet*? Give other words in which the suffix *let* has this meaning.

Point out personification in stanza 1; a metaphor in stanza 1; a simile in stanza 4. See pages 431 and 432.



## XX. — A DROP OF WATER ON ITS TRAVELS.

MISS BUCKLEY.

MISS ARABELLA B. BUCKLEY was born at Brighton, England, in 1840. For some years she was secretary to the well-known geologist, Sir Charles Lyell.

The following extract is taken from her "Fairy-land of Science," an interesting and instructive book, in which well-known facts and aspects of nature are explained in pleasant language.

1. **ALTHOUGH** we never see any water traveling from our earth up into the skies, we know that it goes there, for it comes down again in rain, and so it must go up invisibly. But where does the heat come from which makes this water invisible? Not from below, as in the case of the kettle, but from above, pouring down from the sun. Wherever the sun-waves touch the rivers, ponds, lakes, seas, or fields of ice and snow upon our earth, they carry off invisible water-vapor.

2. It has been calculated that in the Indian Ocean *three quarters of an inch* of water is carried off from the



surface of the sea in one day and night; so that as much as twenty-two feet, or a depth of water about twice the height of an ordinary room, is silently and invisibly lifted up from the whole surface of the ocean in one year. It is true this is one of the hottest parts of the earth, where the sun-waves are most active; but even in our own country many feet of water are drawn up in the summer-time.

3. What, then, becomes of all this water? Let us follow it as it struggles upward to the sky. We see it in our imagination first carrying layer after layer of air up with it from the sea, till it rises far above our heads, and above the highest mountains. As this water-laden air rises, its particles, no longer so much pressed together, begin to separate; and, as all work requires an expenditure of heat, the air becomes colder, and then you know at once what must happen to the invisible vapor,—it will form into tiny water-drops, like the steam from the kettle.

4. And so, as the air rises and becomes colder, the vapor gathers into visible masses. We see it hanging in the sky, and call it *clouds*. When these clouds are highest, they are about ten miles from the earth; but when they are made of heavy drops, and hang low down, they sometimes come within a mile of the ground.

5. Look up at the clouds as you go home, and think that the water of which they are made has all been drawn up invisibly through the air. Not, however, necessarily here, where we live, for air travels as wind all over the world, and so these clouds may be made of vapor collected in the Atlantic Ocean, or in the Gulf of Mexico, or even, if the wind is from the north, of

chilly particles gathered from the surface of Greenland ice and snow, and brought here by the moving currents of air. Only, of one thing we may be sure, that they come from the water of our earth.

6. Sometimes, if the air is warm, these water particles may travel a long way without ever forming into clouds; and on a hot, cloudless day the air is often very full of invisible vapor. Then, if a cold wind comes sweeping along, high up in the sky, and chills this vapor, it forms into great bodies of water-dust clouds, and the sky is overcast.

7. At other times clouds hang lazily in a bright sky, and these show us that just where they are the air is cold, and turns the invisible vapor rising from the ground into visible water-dust, so that exactly in those spaces we see it as clouds. Such clouds form often on a warm, still summer's day, and they are shaped like masses of wool, ending in a straight line below. They are not merely hanging in the sky, they are really resting upon a tall column of invisible vapor, which stretches right up from the earth; and that straight line under the clouds marks the place where the air becomes cold enough to turn this invisible vapor into visible drops of water.

8. And now, suppose that, while these or any other kind of clouds are overhead, there comes along either a very cold wind, or a wind full of vapor. As it passes through the clouds, it makes them very full of water, for, if it chills them, it makes the water-dust draw more closely together; or, if it brings a new load of water-dust, the air is fuller than it can hold. In either case, water particles are set free, and our fairy force "cohesion" seizes upon them at once, and forms them into

large water-drops. Then they are much heavier than the air, and so they can float no longer, but down they come in a shower of rain.

9. There are other ways in which the air may be chilled, and rain made to fall, as, for example, when a wind laden with moisture strikes against the cold tops of mountains. Thus the Khasia Hills in India, which face the Bay of Bengal, chill the air which crosses them on its way from the Indian Ocean. The wet winds are driven up the sides of the hills, the air expands, and the vapor is chilled, and, forming into drops, falls in torrents of rain. You will not be surprised that the country on the other side of these hills gets hardly any rain, for all the water has been taken out of the air before it comes there.

10. In this way, from different causes, the water of which the sun has robbed our rivers and seas comes back to us, after it has traveled to various parts of the world, floating on the bosom of the air. But it does not always fall straight back into the rivers and seas again : a large part of it falls on the land, and must trickle down slopes, and into the earth, in order to get back to its natural home, and it is often caught on its way before it can reach the great waters.

11. Go to any piece of ground which is left wild and untouched, you will find it covered with grass, weeds, and other plants ; if you dig up a small plot, you will find innumerable tiny roots creeping through the ground in every direction. Each of these roots has a sponge-like mouth, by which the plant takes up water. Now, imagine raindrops falling on this plot of ground and sinking into the earth. On every side they will find rootlets thirsting to drink them in, and they will

be sucked up as if by tiny sponges, and drawn into the plants, and up the stems to the leaves.

<b>co-he'sion</b> (-zhun), that force by which particles of the same matter cohere or stick together. <b>wa'ter-dust</b> , a name given by Dr.	Tyndall to vapor chilled into tiny drops of water. <b>in-tol'er-a-ble</b> , unbearable; unendurable.
---	---

**Spell and pronounce** : separate, necessarily, currents, torrents, kettle, gathers.

Where is Greenland? the Gulf of Mexico? Find on the map the Khasia Hills (*kā'sht-ā*) ; Bay of Bengal (*ben-gaw'l*). What is the meaning of "in our imagination," in paragraph 3?



## XXI.—THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

GAY.

JOHN GAY, an English poet and a friend of Pope, was born in 1688 and died in 1732. He wrote plays and short poems. His drama of "The Beggar's Opera" and the ballad of "Black-eyed Susan" were once very popular. His "Fables" are admired for their sprightly style and ingenious fancy.

1. A fox, in life's extreme decay,  
 Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay ;  
 All appetite had left his maw,  
 And age disarmed his mumbling jaw.  
 His numerous race around him stand  
 To learn their dying sire's command ;  
 He raised his head with whining moan,  
 And thus was heard the feeble tone.
  
2. " Ah, sons, from evil ways depart !  
 My crimes lie heavy on my heart.  
 See, see, the murdered geese appear !  
 Why are those bleeding turkeys there ?

Why all around this cackling train,  
Who haunt my ears for chickens slain ?”

3. The hungry foxes round them stared,  
And for the promised feast prepared.  
“Where, sir, is all this dainty cheer ?  
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here.  
These are the phantoms of your brain,  
And your sons lick their lips in vain.”
4. “O gluttons !” says the drooping sire,  
“Restrain inordinate desire ;  
Your sensual taste you shall deplore,  
When peace of conscience is no more.  
Does not the hound betray our pace,  
And gins and guns destroy our race ?  
Thieves dread the searching eye of power  
And never feel the quiet hour.
5. “Old age (which few of us shall know)  
Now puts a period to my woe.  
Would you true happiness attain,  
Let honesty your passions rein ;  
So live in credit and esteem,  
And the good name you lost redeem.”
6. “The counsel ’s good,” a son replies,  
“Could we perform what you advise.  
Think what our ancestors have done :  
A line of thieves from son to son.  
To us descends the long disgrace,  
And infamy hath marked our race.

7. "Though we like harmless sheep should feed,  
Honest in thought, and word, and deed,  
Whatever hen-roost is decreased,  
We shall be thought to share the feast.  
The change shall never be believed,  
A lost good name is ne'er retrieved."
8. "Nay, then," replies the feeble fox —  
"But hark! I hear a hen that clocks!  
Go, but be moderate in your food;  
A chicken too might do me good."

**maw**, stomach.

**phan'tom**, a fancied vision.

**in-ôr'di-nate**, immoderate.

**sen'su-al** (*-shoo-al*), given to the indulgence of the appetites.

**gins** (*jinz*), engines, traps, and snares.

**Explain**: the searching eye of power (4); puts a period to my woe (5); let honesty your passions rein (5).

*Write in prose the advice of the old fox.*

## XXII.—THE FISH I DID N'T CATCH.

### WHITTIER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was born in Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807. His most advanced school instruction was obtained at the town academy, which he attended for two years.

He has written both prose and verse, but it is as a poet that he has won enduring fame. No poetry is more popular than his, and no poet is personally held in greater honor. Among his best known poems are "Snow-Bound," "Maud Muller," "The Barefoot Boy," and "Skipper Ireson's Ride." A noble moral purpose pervades all his writings. Many of his ringing lyrics have been written for the sake of freedom and human brotherhood. He is a member of the Society of Friends, and is sometimes called the "Quaker Poet." He has remained unmarried, and for many years has lived at Amesbury, Mass.

1. I REMEMBER my first fishing excursion as if it were but yesterday. I have been happy many times in my

life, but never more intensely so than when I received that first fishing-pole from my uncle's hand, and trudged off with him through the woods and meadows. It was a still, sweet day of early summer; the long afternoon shadows of the trees lay cool across our path; the leaves seemed greener, the flowers brighter, the birds merrier, than ever before.

2. My uncle, who knew by long experience where were the best haunts of pickerel, considerably placed me at the most favorable point. I threw out my line as I had so often seen others, and waited anxiously for a bite, moving the bait in rapid jerks on the surface of the water in imitation of the leap of a frog. Nothing came of it. "Try again," said my uncle.

3. Suddenly the bait sank out of sight. "Now for it," thought I; "here is a fish at last." I made a strong pull, and brought up a tangle of weeds. Again and again I cast out my line with aching arms, and drew it back empty. I looked at my uncle appealingly. "Try once more," he said; "we fishermen must have patience."

4. Suddenly something tugged at my line, and swept off with it into deep water. Jerking it up, I saw a fine pickerel wriggling in the sun. "Uncle!" I cried, looking back in uncontrollable excitement, "I've got a fish!" "Not yet," said my uncle. As he spoke, there was a splash in the water; I caught the arrowy gleam of a scared fish shooting into the middle of the stream; my hook hung empty from the line. I had lost my prize.

5. We are apt to speak of the sorrows of childhood as trifles in comparison with those of grown-up people; but we may depend upon it, the young folks don't agree *with us*. Our griefs, modified and restrained by reason,

experience, and self-respect, keep the proprieties, and, if possible, avoid a scene; but the sorrow of childhood, unreasoning and all-absorbing, is a complete abandonment to the passion. The doll's nose is broken, and the world breaks up with it; the marble rolls out of sight, and the solid globe rolls off with the marble.

6. So, overcome with my great and bitter disappointment, I sat down on the nearest hassock, and for a time refused to be comforted, even by my uncle's assurance that there were more fish in the brook. He refitted my bait, and, putting the pole again in my hands, told me to try my luck once more. "But remember, boy," he said, with his shrewd smile, "never brag of catching a fish until he is on dry ground. I've seen older folks doing that in more ways than one, and so making fools of themselves. It's of no use to boast of anything until it's done, nor then either, for it speaks for itself."

7. How often since I have been reminded of the fish that I did not catch! When I hear people boasting of a work as yet undone, and trying to anticipate the credit which belongs only to actual achievement, I call to mind that scene by the brookside, and the wise caution of my uncle in that particular instance takes the form of a proverb of universal application: "NEVER BRAG OF YOUR FISH BEFORE YOU CATCH HIM."

**haunts** (*hānts*), places often visited.  
**an-ti'q'i-pats**, take before the time.

**has'sock**, a piece of sod or turf which makes a good seat.

**Explain:** intensely happy (1); keep the proprieties (5); avoid a scene (5); the solid globe (5); refitted my bait (6).

**Write an account of a fishing excursion from the following heads:** (a) Getting ready to go; (b) where you fished; (c) while fishing; (d) the result.



## XXIII. — MANLY TENDERNESS.

GAIL HAMILTON.

MARY ABIGAIL DODGE is a miscellaneous writer, especially noted for the trenchant style in which she deals with all kinds of subjects, and for the boldness with which she attacks existing institutions. She has written much for the *Atlantic Monthly*, and for newspapers.

Miss Dodge is much better known by her pseudonym of Gail Hamilton.

1. If men, in their strength and courage and independence, are enviable, men in their gentleness are irresistible. You expect it in women. It is their attribute and characteristic. You do not admire its presence so much as you deplore or condemn its absence.

2. But manly tenderness has a peculiar charm. It is the wild ivy shooting over the battlements of some old feudal castle, lending grace to solidity, veiling strength with beauty. And you meet it everywhere, — in the house and by the wayside, in city and country, under broadcloth and homespun.

3. The best seat, the finest standpoint, the warmest corner, is not only offered a woman, but urged upon her. You may travel from one end of the country to the other, and meet, not only civility, but the most cordial and considerate kindness.

4. You may be as ugly as it is possible for virtue to be, and tired and travel-stained and stupid, and your neighbor of a day will show you all the little attentions you could claim from a father or a brother. He will place his valise for your footstool and his shawl for your pillow, open or close your window-blind at every turn of the road, point out every object of interest, explain

everything you don't understand, and do a thousand things to make your journey pleasant.

5. The roughest laborer will step out ankle-deep in the "slush" to give you a firm footing; and if you have the decency to thank him, his good-natured face will light up with as broad a smile as if you were doing him the greatest favor in the world.

6. When a carpenter drags the heavy old road-gate — which he has just unhinged to mend — half a dozen rods, to lay it across a mud-puddle, that a woman, to whom he never spoke before and probably never will again, may pass over dryshod, it is false to say that the age of chivalry is gone.

7. Talk of Sir Walter Raleigh's gallantry! Say rather his shrewdness. Surely his was the most economical use to which cloak was ever put. What wonderful politeness was there in risking a few yards of plush to win the smile of a sovereign whose smiles were "money and fame and troops of friends"?

**bat'tle-ment**, a wall whose top was pierced with notches from which archers could shoot.

**feu'dal cas'tle** (*kás'l*), a castle built in the middle-ages, when the vassals held land from lords on condition of military service.

**chiv'al-ry** (*shiv'-*), the custom of knights in olden times, characterized by bravery, courtesy, etc.

**va-lise'** (*-lees'*), a traveling-bag.

**sov'er-eign** (*suv'er-in*), the highest ruler, as a king, queen, etc.

**Sir Walter Raleigh** (*raw'le*) was an English soldier, sailor, courtier, and writer, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It is related that he spread his rich velvet cloak for the Queen to step upon, to save her from soiling her shoe in a muddy spot.



## XXIV. — LOCHINVAR.

SCOTT.

These stanzas are found in "*Marmion*."

1. OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west !  
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;  
And save his good broadsword he weapon had none, —  
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar !
2. He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,  
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;  
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented, — the gallant came late ;  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.
3. So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,  
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all !  
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword, —  
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word :  
" O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? "
4. " I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied :  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide.  
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar ! "

5. The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,  
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,—  
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar:  
“Now tread we a measure!” said young Lochinvar.
6. So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace!  
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and  
plume,  
And the bride-maidens whispered, “’T were better by  
far  
To have matched our fair cousin with young Loch-  
invar!”
7. One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reached the hall door, and the charger  
stood near;  
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!  
“She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and  
scaur;  
They ’ll have fleet steeds that follow!” quoth young  
Lochinvar.
8. There was mounting ’mong Græmes of the Netherby  
clan;  
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and  
they ran;  
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see!—

So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

**lag'gard**, a slow or tardy person.

**das'tard**, a cowardly fellow.

**cra'ven** (*kräv'n*), a coward; a weak-hearted fellow.

**gal'liard** (*-yard*), a lively dance.

**mëaz'ure**, *here* (4) dance.

**lea**, field or meadow.

**fôrd**, place where a river may be crossed by wading.

**croup** (*krōop*), the place behind the saddle on a horse.

**char'ger**, a war-horse; a steed.

**Neth'erby** (*th* as in *this*) (2). — **Solway** (4). The Solway Frith is an arm of the Irish Sea between England and Scotland. At flood tide the broad sand. are quickly covered, and at ebb tide quickly left dry.

The suffix *ard* means *one who*. It is used with words having a bad or opprobrious sense; as *sluggard*, one who *slugs* or is sluggish; *dastard*, literally, one *dazed* or stupefied by fear, hence a *coward*, or *cowed* person. The suffix *art* has the same meaning.

Give the meaning of *drunkard*, *laggard*, *dotard*, *dullard*, *braggart*.

## XXV. — EVERETT'S SPEECH OF WELCOME TO LAFAYETTE.

### QUINCY.

**JOSIAH QUINCY**, from whose book called "Figures of the Past" the following extract is taken, was an eminent citizen of Boston. He was born in 1802. The name of Josiah was also borne by his father and grandfather, the one distinguished as a statesman and a scholar, the other as a patriot in the Revolutionary period.

The Marquis de Lafayette was born in 1758, and died in 1834. After helping the Americans gain their independence, he returned to France and took a leading part in the great events which occurred in that country, and which at last involved most of the kingdoms of Europe. He was seized by the Austrians, and confined for five years in the dungeon of Olmütz (*ol'müts*). He paid a visit to the United States in 1824, after an absence of thirty years. His progress throughout the country was one continuous triumphal procession.

The speech of Mr. Everett's here so highly praised was delivered, August 26, 1824, at a meeting of a college society in Cambridge at which Lafayette was present. — For notes on Edward Everett see Lesson LXIII.

1. I HAVE heard the great orators of my day at their best; but it was never given to any one of them to lift up an audience as Everett did upon this occasion. I can conceive of nothing more magnificent in the way of oratory.

2. Many who have listened to Mr. Everett's polished periods, during the latter part of his life, may question the supreme effect he produced. They will say that he was by nature a conservative, seldom in sympathy with the heart of popular feeling, and that there was always the suspicion of a chill upon his matchless rhetoric.

3. I can only say that the words he spoke that day, in the venerable church in Cambridge, were as full of fire as of music. Robertson, the historian, calls the eloquence of Cicero "a splendid conflagration." To those to whom this term has any meaning, it will give all that language can suggest of the nature of the great oratorical triumph of Edward Everett.

4. It is just possible that there may be living some venerable man who was present when this oration was delivered. If so, I confidently appeal to him to say whether I have exaggerated — whether it is possible that I could exaggerate — the magnificent power with which the orator lifted that great assembly.

5. For such a possible reader I cannot resist quoting the language of Everett, to bring back the wonderful scene we witnessed together. Those to whom the following paragraph is only so many printed words, will at least gather from them the historical interest of the occasion which so unsealed the lips of the most cautious of orators.

6. "Welcome, friend of our fathers, to our shores! Happy are our eyes that behold those venerable fea-

tures! Enjoy a triumph such as never conqueror or monarch enjoyed, — the assurance that throughout America there is not a bosom which does not beat with joy and gratitude at the sound of your name.

7. "You have already met and saluted, or will soon meet, the few that remain of the ardent patriots, prudent counselors, and brave warriors with whom you were associated in achieving our liberty. But you have looked round in vain for the faces of many who would have lived years of pleasure on a day like this, with their old companion in arms and brother in peril.

8. "Lincoln and Greene, Knox and Hamilton, are gone; the heroes of Saratoga and Yorktown have fallen before the only foe they could not meet. Above all, the first of heroes and of men, the friend of your youth, the more than friend of his country, rests in the bosom of the soil he redeemed. On the banks of his Potomac he lies in glory and in peace.

9. "You will revisit the hospitable shades of Mount Vernon; but him whom you venerated as we did, you will not meet at its door. His voice of consolation, which reached you in the Austrian dungeons, cannot now break its silence to bid you welcome to his own roof. But the grateful children of America will bid you welcome in his name. Welcome! thrice welcome to our shores!

10. "And whithersoever throughout the limits of this continent your course shall take you, the ear that hears you shall bless you, the eye that sees you shall bear witness to you, and every tongue exclaim with heart-felt joy, Welcome! Welcome, Lafayette!"

The voice of the orator ceased, and there was perfect silence. It seemed as if it could never be broken. When

the applause came, at last, it was something never to be forgotten.

**pe'ri-ods**, sentences.

**con-serv'a-tive**, one slow to favor

change in existing institutions.

**war'ri-or** (*waw'r-i-ēr*), a soldier.

**ex-ag'ger-āt-ed** (*egz-aj'-*), exceeded  
what is true.

**as-so'ci-at-ed** (*as-so'she-āt-ed*), joined  
as a companion.

Who is referred to in the last part of paragraph 8, and in paragraph 9?

What can you tell of the Americans named in paragraph 8?



## XXVI.—A SUFFICIENT NAVAL FORCE.

### CALHOUN.

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN was born in South Carolina, March 18, 1782, and died in Washington, March 31, 1850. He graduated at Yale College in 1804, studied law, and took eminent rank in his profession. During a large part of his life he held high public office, being successively a member of Congress, a Senator, Cabinet officer, and Vice-President of the United States. His reasoning is marked by directness and logical force.

The war referred to in this speech is that known as "the War of 1812."

1. THE late war has given us a tone of feeling and thinking which forbids the acknowledgment of national inferiority,—that first of political evils. Had we not encountered Great Britain, we should not have had the brilliant points to rest on which we now have.

2. We too have now our heroes and illustrious actions. If Great Britain has her Wellington, we have our Jackson and Scott. If she has her naval heroes, we also have them, not less renowned,—for they have plucked the laurel from her brows. It is impossible that we can now be degraded by comparisons.

3. As to the kind of preparation which sound policy dictates, the navy, most certainly, in any point of view,



occupies the first place. It is the safest, most effectual, and cheapest mode of defense. If the force be the safest and most efficient which is at the same time the cheapest, on that should be our principal reliance.

4. We have heard much of the danger of standing armies to our liberties. The objection cannot be made to the navy. Generals, it must be acknowledged, have often advanced at the head of armies to imperial rank; but in what instance has an admiral usurped the liberties of his country?

5. Put our strength in the navy for foreign defense, and we shall certainly escape the whole catalogue of possible ills painted by gentlemen on the other side. A naval force attacks that country from whose hostilities alone we have anything to dread, where she is most assailable, and defends our own country where she is weakest.

6. Where is Great Britain most vulnerable? In what point is she most accessible to attack? In her commerce, in her navigation. There she is not only exposed, but the blow is fatal. There is her strength, there the secret of her power. There, then, if it ever shall become necessary, we ought to strike.

7. And where are we most exposed? On the Atlantic line,—a line so long and weak, that we are peculiarly liable to be assailed on it. How is it to be defended? By a navy, and by a navy only, can it be efficiently defended.

8. Look back to the time when the enemy was in possession of the whole line of the sea-coast, moored in our rivers, and ready to assault us at every point. A recurrence of this state of things, so oppressive to the country in the event of another war, can be pre-

vented only by the establishment and maintenance of a sufficient naval force.

9. If anything can preserve the country in its most imminent dangers from abroad, it is this species of armament. If we desire to be free from future wars, (as I hope we may be,) this is the only way to effect it. We shall have peace then, and, what is of still higher moment, peace with perfect security.

<b>pol'i-cy</b> , worldly wisdom; statecraft.	<b>vul'ner-a-ble</b> , liable to be wounded or injured.
<b>im-pe'ri-al</b> , of an emperor or king; supreme.	<b>im'mi-nent</b> , threatening; at hand.
<b>u-surped'</b> ( <i>-sērpt'</i> ), seized and held by force and without right.	<b>ār'ma-ment</b> , force fitted out for war; guns.

**Explain:** plucked the laurel from her brows (2).

**Give synonyms of:** illustrious, assailed, preserve, effect.

What can you tell of Jackson and Scott?



## XXVII. — HOHENLINDEN.

### CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born in Glasgow in 1777, and died in 1844. His life was chiefly devoted to literary work, including the writing of history and biography as well as poetry. But it is for his poetry only that he is remembered by most of his readers; and it is his shorter lyrical pieces, like "Hohenlinden," "Ye Mariners of England," and "The Battle of the Baltic," that please the present generation. rather than his longer poems, like "The Pleasures of Hope" and "Gertrude of Wyoming," although these contain passages of great beauty. Probably no poet except Shakespeare has been so frequently quoted as Campbell.

**Hohenlinden** (two German words meaning *high lime-trees*) is the name of a village in Upper Bavaria near which the Austrians, under the Archduke John, were defeated by the French and Bavarians, under General Moreau (*mo-ro'*), December 3, 1800. A snow-storm had fallen in the night before the battle, and had hardly ceased when its first movements began.

It is only by virtue of a poetical license that the river *Iser* (pronounced *ē'zer*) is made a part of the scenery of the contest, as, in point of fact, it is several miles distant. *Munich* (*mü'nik*) is the capital of Bavaria.

1. ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
2. But Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.
3. By torch and trumpet fast arrayed  
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
And furious every charger neighed  
To join the dreadful revelry.
4. Then shook the hills with thunder riven;  
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;  
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,  
Far flashed the red artillery.
5. But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow;  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
6. 'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

7. The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,  
 And charge with all thy chivalry!
8. Few, few shall part, where many meet!  
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
 And every turf beneath their feet  
 Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

<b>rev'el-ry</b> , noise and tumult, such as accompany a revel.	<b>Hun</b> , <i>here</i> Austrian.
<b>ar-til'ler-y</b> , cannon.	<b>can'o-py</b> , covering overhead.
<b>dun</b> , dark brown.	<b>chiv'al-ry</b> ( <i>shiv'-</i> ), cavalry.
<b>Frank</b> , Frenchman.	<b>wind'ing-sheet</b> , sheet in which a dead body is wrapped.

Explain the third line in stanza 4.

Write out these stanzas in prose.



## XXVIII.—BEETHOVEN AND THE BLIND GIRL.

1. It happened at Bonn. One moonlight evening in winter I called upon Beethoven, for I wanted him to take a walk, and afterward to sup with me. In passing through a dark, narrow street, he paused suddenly. "Hush!" he said, "what sound is that? It is from my Sonata in F!" he said eagerly. "Hark! how well it is played!"

2. It was a little, mean dwelling, and we paused outside and listened. The player went on; but in the midst of the *finale* there was a sudden break, then the sound of sobbing. "I cannot play any more. It is so beautiful, it is utterly beyond my power to do

it justice. Oh, what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne!"

"Ah, my sister," said her companion, "why create regrets, when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

3. "You are right; and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said.

"Go in!" I exclaimed. "What can we go in for?"

"I will play to her," he said, in an excited tone. "Here is feeling, — genius, — understanding. I will play to her, and she will understand it." And, before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door.

4. A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned piano, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned toward us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music, and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

5. The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave, — somewhat annoyed.

"I — I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear — that is, you would like — that is — Shall I play for you?"

6. There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comic and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily.

"Thank you!" said the shoemaker; "but our piano is so wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend. "How, then, does the young lady —"

7. He paused, and colored up, for as he looked in the girl's face he saw that she was blind.

"I—I entreat your pardon!" he stammered. "But I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear? But where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

"I used to hear a lady practicing near us, when we lived two years in another town. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

8. She seemed shy; so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano, and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord, than I knew what would follow,—how grand he would be that night. And I was not mistaken. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He was inspired; and from the instant when his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument began to grow sweeter.

9. The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the piano, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those sweet, magical sounds.

10. Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as

before, and the illumination fell strongest upon the piano and the player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in meditation. It was thus for some time.

11. At length the young shoemaker rose, and approached him eagerly, yet reverently. "Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone; "who and what are you?"

The composer smiled. "Listen!" he said; and he played the opening bars of the Sonata in F.

12. A cry of delight and recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties: "Play to us once more, — only once more!"

13. He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window, and lit up his glorious rugged head and massive figure. "I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight," said he, looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth.

14. This was followed by a wild, elfin passage, in triple time, — a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the sward. Then came a swift *finale*, — a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight and uncertainty, and vague, impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all in emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you!" said Beethoven, pushing back his chair and turning toward the door,— "farewell to you!"

"You will come again?" asked they, in one breath.

15. He paused, and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said hurriedly, "I will come again, and give the young lady some lessons. Farewell! I will soon come again!"

They followed us in silence more eloquent than words, and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing.

16. "Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it."

We did so, and he sat over it till long past day-dawn. And this was the origin of that Moonlight Sonata with which so many are fondly acquainted.

**in-spired'**, instructed by divine influence.

**com-pōg'er**, writer of music.

**fi-nā'le** (*fe-nā'lā*), the closing part.

**sprite**, a spirit; a lively, airy being.

**rec-og-nī'tion** (*-nīsh'un*), perception that any one is a person previously known.

**Bonn** (1), a city of Prussia, on the river Rhine, fifteen miles south-east of Cologne. — **Beethoven** (*bā'to-ven*) (1), one of the greatest of musicians. He was born in Bonn in 1770, and died in 1827. — **sonata** (*so-nā'tā*) (1), a musical composition performed wholly by instruments, and consisting of three or four distinct movements. Beethoven's sonatas are famous works. The Sonata in F is a work principally in the key of F. — **Cologne** (*ko-lōn'*) (2), a famous city of Prussia, on the Rhine. Its Gothic cathedral is one of the finest buildings in Europe. — **improvise a sonata** (13), compose it while playing it. — **elfin passage** (14), a fairy-like, or bright and sprightly passage. — **in triple time** (14), moving rapidly. — **grotesque interlude** (14), a whimsical passage coming between other passages.

What word in paragraph 9 means *extreme joy*? What in paragraph 10 means *deep thought*? What in paragraph 15 means *with pity*?

Can you tell any difference between "ask your pardon," and "entreat your pardon"? between "to go to concerts," and "to frequent concerts"? between "thinking," and "absorbed in meditation"?



## XXIX. — TIME.

## SUMNER.

CHARLES SUMNER was born in Boston, January 6, 1811, and died in Washington, March 11, 1874. He graduated at Harvard College in 1830, and chose the profession of law. In 1851 he succeeded Daniel Webster as United States Senator from Massachusetts. His long career in the Senate was distinguished by his uncompromising hostility to the system of slavery.

SUMNER was an accomplished scholar, as well as a bold and progressive statesman. He delivered many learned and eloquent addresses upon important topics.

1. THE value of time has passed into a proverb,— ‘Time is money.’ It is so because its employment brings money. But it is more. It is knowledge. Still more, it is virtue. Nor is it creditable to the character of the world that the proverb has taken this material and mercenary complexion, as if money were the highest good and the strongest recommendation.

2. Time is more than money. It brings what money cannot purchase. It has in its lap all the learning of the past, the spoils of antiquity, the priceless treasures of knowledge. Who would barter these for gold or silver? But knowledge is a means only, and not an end. It is valuable because it promotes the welfare, the development, and the progress of man. And the highest value of time is not even in knowledge, but in the opportunity of doing good.

3. Time is opportunity. Little or much, it may be the occasion of usefulness. It is the point desired by the philosopher where to plant the lever that shall move the world. It is the napkin in which are wrapped, not only the talent of silver, but the treasures of knowledge and the fruits of virtue. Saving time, we save all these.

4. Employing time to the best advantage, we exercise a true thrift. To each of us the passing day is of the same dimensions, nor can any one, by taking thought, add a moment to its hours. But, though unable to extend their duration, he may swell them with works.

5. It is customary to say, "Take care of the small sums, and the large will take care of themselves." With equal wisdom and more necessity may it be said, "Watch the minutes, and the hours and days will be safe." The moments are precious; they are gold filings, to be carefully preserved and melted into the rich ingot.

6. Time is the measure of life on earth. Its enjoyment is life itself. Its divisions, its days, its hours, its minutes, are fractions of this heavenly gift. Every moment that flies over our heads takes from the future and gives to the irrevocable past, shortening by so much the measure of our days, abridging by so much the means of usefulness committed to our hands.

7. The moments lost in listlessness, or squandered in unprofitable dissipation, gathered into aggregates, are hours, days, weeks, months, years. The daily sacrifice of a single hour during a year comes at its end to thirty-six working days, allowing ten hours to the day,—an amount of time, if devoted exclusively to one object, ample for the acquisition of important knowledge, and for the accomplishment of inconceivable good.

8. Imagine a solid month dedicated, without interruption, to a single purpose, and what visions must not rise of untold accumulations of knowledge, of unnumbered deeds of goodness! Who of us does not each day, in manifold ways, sacrifice these precious moments, these golden hours?

9. In the employment of time will be found the sure means of happiness. The laborer, living by the sweat of his brow, and the youth, toiling in perplexities of business or study, sighs for repose, and repines at the law which ordains the seeming hardship of his lot. He seeks happiness as the end and aim of life, but he does not open his mind to the important truth that occupation is indispensable to happiness. He shuns work, but he does not know the precious jewel hidden beneath its rude attire.

10. Others there are who wander over half the globe in pursuit of what is found under the humblest roof of virtuous industry, in the shadow of every tree planted by one's own hand. The poet has said,

"The best and sweetest far are toil-created gains."

But this does not disclose the whole truth. There is in useful labor its own exceeding great reward, without regard to gain.

11. Seek, then, occupation; seek labor; seek to employ all the faculties, whether in study or conduct, not in words only, but in deeds also, mindful that "words are the daughters of Earth, but deeds are the sons of Heaven." So shall your days be filled with usefulness, —

"And when old Time shall lead you to your end,  
Goodness and you fill up one monument."

**philosopher** (3). The allusion is to the Greek philosopher Archimedes (*är-ki-me'dēz*), who is reported to have said that he could move the world if he only had a support for his lever to turn upon. — **talent of silver** (3). See Matthew, chapter xxv.

Can you tell any difference between "barter" (2) and "sell"? Give the meaning of "squander." — Make two or three sentences, telling what people squander, and how. — Repeat some proverb.

## XXX. — SONG OF THE FORGE.

1. CLANG, clang! the massive anvils ring;  
Clang, clang! a hundred hammers swing;  
Like the thunder rattle of a tropic sky,  
The mighty blows still multiply;  
    Clang, clang!  
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,  
What are your strong arms forging now?
2. Clang, clang! We forge the colter now, —  
The colter of the kindly plow;  
Prosper it, Heaven, and bless our toil!  
    May its broad furrow still unbind  
    To genial rains, to sun and wind,  
The most benignant soil!
3. Clang, clang! Our colter's course shall be  
On many a sweet and sunny lea,  
    By many a streamlet's silver tide,  
Amid the song of morning birds,  
Amid the low of sauntering herds,  
Amid soft breezes which do stray  
Through woodbine hedges and sweet may,  
    Along the green hill's side.
4. When regal Autumn's bounteous hand  
With wide-spread glory clothes the land, —  
When to the valleys, from the brow  
    Of each resplendent slope, is rolled  
    A ruddy sea of living gold, —  
We bless — we bless the Plow.

5. Clang, clang! Again, my mates, what glows  
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?—  
Clink, clank! We forge the giant chain  
Which bears the gallant vessel's strain,  
'Mid stormy winds and adverse tides;  
    Secured by this, the good ship braves  
    The rocky roadstead, and the waves  
Which thunder on her sides.
6. Anxious no more, the merchant sees  
The mist drive dark before the breeze,  
The storm-cloud on the hill;  
    Calmly he rests, though far away  
    In boisterous climes his vessel lay,  
Reliant on our skill.
7. Say on what sands these links shall sleep,  
Fathoms beneath the solemn deep;  
By Afric's pestilential shore, —  
By many an iceberg, lone and hoar, —  
    By many a palmy Western isle,  
    Basking in Spring's perpetual smile, —  
By stormy Labrador.
8. Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,  
When to the battery's deadly peal  
The crashing broadside makes reply?  
    Or else, as at the glorious Nile,  
    Hold grappling ships, that strive the while  
For death or victory?
9. Hurrah! Cling, clang! Once more, what glows.  
    Dark brothers of the forge, beneath

The iron tempest of your blows,  
 The furnace's red breath?  
 Clang, clang! A burning torrent, clear  
 And brilliant, of bright sparks, is poured  
 Around and up in the dusky air,  
 As our hammers forge the sword.

10. The sword!—a name of dread; yet when  
 Upon the freeman's thigh 't is bound,  
 While for his altar and his hearth,  
 While for the land that gave him birth,  
 The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound,  
 How sacred is it then!

11 Whenever, for the truth and right,  
 It flashes in the van of fight,—  
 Whether in some wild mountain pass.  
 As that where fell Leonidas,—  
 Or on some sterile plain, and stern,  
 A Marston or a Bannockburn,—  
 Or 'mid fierce crags and bursting rills,  
 The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills,—  
 Or, as when sank the Armada's pride,  
 It gleams above the stormy tide,—  
 Still, still, whene'er the battle-word  
 Is Liberty, when men do stand  
 For justice and their native land,  
 Then Heaven bless the Sword!

*lea (lee)*, a meadow; a field.

*road'stead (-sted)*, a place where ships  
 may ride at anchor.

*may*, the flowers of the hawthorn.

*bat'ter-y*, cannons and mortars ranged  
 for firing.

*Nile* (8), a river in Egypt, near one of the mouths of which the English  
 fleet under Lord Nelson gained a complete victory over the French fleet

under Admiral Brueys (*brū-ā'*), August 1, 1798. — **Leonidas** (11), a king of Sparta who defended the pass of Thermopylæ with three hundred Spartans against the Persian army under Xerxes, and gained immortal glory by the heroic death of himself and his little band. — **Marston Moor**, a plain near York, England, where the Parliamentary forces gained a decisive victory over the Royalists, in 1644. — **Bannockburn**, a village near Stirling Castle, in Scotland, famous for a battle in which the Scots under Robert Bruce signally defeated the English army under King Edward II., in 1314. — **Tyrol** (*tī-rō'*; German pronunciation, *te-rō'*), an Austrian province north of Italy. — **The Armada**, a vast naval force sent by Spain against England in the reign of Elizabeth. The Armada was badly defeated by the English fleet.

**Explain:** thunder rattle, etc. (1); brothers of the dusky brow (1); ruddy sea of living gold (4), ("golden wavelets" which the wind drives over the wheat-field); his altar and his hearth (10).

---

### THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land?  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned  
From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well!  
For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, —  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentered all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
*Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.*

Sir W. Scott.

# XXXI.—RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOLAR ECLIPSE.

GOODRICH.

SAMUEL GRISWOLD GOODRICH, whose pen-name was Peter Parley, was born in Connecticut in 1793, and died in New York in 1860. In 1824, after traveling in Europe, he established himself as a book-publisher in Boston.

But it was as the author of books that Mr. Goodrich was destined to acquire fame. In his "Recollections of a Lifetime," he gives a catalogue of his books. Concerning it he says: "I thus stand before the public as the author and editor of about 170 volumes, — 116 bearing the name of Peter Parley. Of all these about 7,000,000 of volumes have been sold." This enormous number comprises works of many kinds, — school-books, histories, tales, and others.

Most of Peter Parley's books are intended for the young, or, for persons not highly educated, and they undoubtedly did great good in conveying useful instruction in an agreeable manner. All the boys and girls of the last generation knew Peter Parley.

1. WIT is not always wisdom. Keen as Mat Olmstead, the town wit, was as to things immediately before him, he was of narrow understanding. He seemed not to possess the faculty of reasoning beyond his senses. He never would admit that the sun was fixed, and that the world turned round. In an argument upon this point before an audience of his class, he would have floored Sir John Herschel, or Lord Rosse, by his homely but pointed ridicule.

2. I remember that, when the great solar eclipse of 1806 was approaching, he with two other men were at work in one of our fields, not far from the house. The eclipse was to begin at ten or eleven o'clock, and my father sent an invitation to the workmen to come up and observe it through pieces of smoked glass.

3. *They came*, though Mat ridiculed the idea of an



eclipse,—not but the thing might happen, but it was idle to suppose it could be foretold. While they were waiting and watching for the great event, my father explained that the light of the sun upon the earth was to be interrupted by the intrusion of the moon, and that this was to produce a transient night upon the scene around us.

4. Mat laughed, with that low, scoffing chuckle with which a woodchuck, safe in his rocky den, replies to the bark of a besieging dog. "So you don't believe this?" said my father. "No," said Mat, shaking his head, and bringing his lips obliquely together, like the blades of a pair of shears. "I don't believe a word of it. You say, Parson Goodrich, that the sun is fixed, and does n't move?"

5. "Yes," I say so. "Well, did n't you preach last Sunday out of the tenth chapter of Joshua?" "Yes." "And did n't you tell us that Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still?" "Yes." "Well, what was the use of telling the sun to stand still, if it never moved?"

6. This was a dead shot, especially at a parson, and in the presence of an audience inclined, from the fellowship of ignorance, to receive the argument. Being thus successful, Mat went on.

"Now, Parson Goodrich, let's try it again? If you turn a thing that has water in it bottom up, the water will run out, won't it?" "No doubt." "If the world turns round, then, your well will be turned bottom up, and the water'll run out!"

7. At this point my father applied his eye to the sun through a piece of smoked glass. The eclipse had begun; a small piece was evidently cut off from the rim.

My father stated the fact, and the company around looked through their pieces of glass, and saw that it was so. Mat Olmstead, however, sturdily refused to try it, and bore on his face an air of supreme contempt, as much as to say, "You don't humbug me."

8. But ignorance and denial of the works of God do not interrupt their march. By slow and invisible degrees a shade crept over the landscape. There was no cloud in the sky, but a chill stole through the atmosphere, and a strange dinness fell over the world. It was midday, yet it seemed like the approach of night. There was something fearful in this, as if the sun was about to be blotted out in the midst of his glory,—the light of the world to be extinguished at the moment of its noon.

9. All nature seemed chilled and awed by the strange phenomenon. The birds, with startled looks and ominous notes, left their busy cares and gathered in the thick branches of the trees, where they seemed to hold counsel one with another. The hens, with slow and hesitating steps, set their faces toward their roosts.

10. One old hen, with a brood of chickens, walked along with a tall, halting tread, and sought shelter upon the barn floor, where she gathered her young ones under her wings, continuing to make a low sound, as if saying, "Hush, my babes, lie still and slumber." At the same time, like many a mother before her, while seeking to bring peace to her offspring, her own heart was agitated with profound anxiety.

11. I well remember this phenomenon,—the first of the kind I had ever witnessed. Its sublimity absorbed my whole faculties; it seemed to me the veritable, visible work of the Almighty. The ordinary course

of nature was, indeed, equally stupendous; but this incident, from its mere novelty, was a startling and impressive display of the mighty mechanism of the skies.

12. Yet, though thus occupied by this seeming conflict of the heavenly bodies, I recollect to have paid some attention to the effect of the scene upon others. Mat Olmstead said not a word; the other workmen were overwhelmed with emotions of awe.

13. At length the eclipse began to pass away, and nature slowly returned to its equanimity. The birds came forth, and sang a jubilee, as if relieved from some impending calamity. The hum of life again filled the air; the old hen with her brood gayly resumed her rambles, and made the leaves and gravel fly with her invigorated scratchings. The workmen, too, returned thoughtfully to their labors.

14. "After all," said one of the men, as they passed along to the field, "I guess the parson was right about the sun and the moon." "Well, perhaps he was," said Mat; "but then Joshua was wrong."

**in-tru'sion** (*-trōō'zhun*), act of entering without right or welcome.

**ob-lique/ly** (*-leek'/li*), in slanting way.

**vēr'i-ta-ble**, real; actual.

**phe-nom'e-non**, an unusual appearance of nature.

**mech'an-ism** (*mek'/-*), structure of the parts of a machine.

**e-qua-nim'i-ty**, evenness of temper.

**Sir John Herschel** and **Lord Rosse** were celebrated English astronomers. — **Olmstead** is pronounced *ūm'sted*.

We say, "The sun *rises* in the morning"; does the sun really come up by its own motion, or only appear to do so? Would you regard the statement, "the sun stood still" (Joshua x. 13), as a mode of speech equally natural and proper, when the sun appeared to stand still?

Astronomers tell us that the sun has an absolute motion through space, carrying with it, of course, all the planets of the solar system.

# XXXII. — LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

MRS. HEMANS.

MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS, an English poetess, died in 1835, at the age of forty-one, leaving to the world a considerable mass of poetry, a part of which still continues to be read with much pleasure. The excellent religious character of the woman shows itself in her writings, and causes them to be especially attractive to persons of a serious and thoughtful turn of mind.

1. THE breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast ;  
And the woods, against a stormy sky,  
Their giant branches tossed ;  
And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er, —  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.
2. Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came ; —  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame ; —  
Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear ; —  
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.
3. Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea ;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
To the anthem of the free ;

The ocean eagle soared  
 From his nest by the white waves' foam,  
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared:—  
 This was their welcome home!

4. There were men with hoary hair  
 Amidst that pilgrim band;  
 Why had they come to wither there,  
 Away from their childhood's land?  
 There was woman's fearless eye,  
 Lit by her deep love's truth;  
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
 And the fiery heart of youth.
5. What sought they thus afar?  
 Bright jewels of the mine?  
 The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?—  
 They sought a faith's pure shrine!  
 Ay, call it holy ground,  
 The soil where first they trod!  
 They have left unstained what there they found,—  
 Freedom to worship God!

<b>ex'ile</b> , a person forced to live away from his native land.	<b>an'them</b> , a sacred song or hymn.
<b>aisles (ilz)</b> , the side passages of a church. The middle passage is called the <i>nave</i> .	<b>shrine</b> , a chest or place in which sacred things are kept; hence, a holy place.

**Explain:** against a stormy sky (as a background), (1); the trumpet that  
 sings of fame (2). (Is "sings" a good word to express a trumpet's sound?)  
 They shook the depths, etc. (2); a faith's pure shrine (5).

Who were the Pilgrim Fathers? Where and when did they land?



## XXXIII.—A RACE IN THE BAHAMAS.

THE British sloop of war *Nimrod* and the American sloop of war *Boston* meet in Southern waters. The British commander challenges the American commander to a trial of speed, the winner of the race to be the vessel which should arrive first in the harbor of Vera Cruz. What happened is vividly described by one of the officers on board of the *Boston*.

1. OUR captain was willing to accept the challenge of the commander of the *Nimrod*, especially as he added the boast, "Ours is the fastest sloop in the English navy." Then, as an additional incitement, he shouted, "We'll let them know, at Vera Cruz, that you are coming."

2. We threw out more sail, and soon our bending spars and creaking hull, as we leaped through the water, told us that the *Boston* was doing herself justice. The *Nimrod*, on the first start off, had gained slowly, but we gradually closed up, and finally passed her, her full band playing *Rule Britannia*, and our drum and fife answering the while with *Yankee Doodle*.

3. The wind was freshening, and both crafts were dragging a fearful press of sail. The night was not entirely clear, the sky being filled with light fleecy clouds, some of which, as they passed over the face of the moon, would throw dark shades upon the water, hiding the *Nimrod* completely from view.

4. When the clouds cleared away, she would again appear, close in our wake, her tall spars bending like reeds before the gale, her dark hull now rising on the foam-covered wave, as if to touch the sky, and then sinking out of sight in the trough between the huge rollers.

5. Thus during the night we drove madly on, heading out for the Gulf Stream, this being our course for Vera Cruz. In the space of three or four hours' sailing we completely lost sight of our competitor, he being left far in the wake in spite of his boast. The Boston was one of the last war models, and much faster than she looked to be.

6. When my watch hour was out, the excitement of the race caused me to stay on deck instead of seeking my berth, and I carelessly threw my sea cloak around me after we had lost sight of the corvette, and cast myself down on the forecastle. It lacked probably less than an hour of daylight, and I was half asleep, when my ear caught a sound like the distant rushing of a mighty storm.

7. I listened for an instant, started to my feet, and looked around and aloft, but saw nothing. The noise, however, increased, and then—O great Heaven!—I saw it all. We were bearing down, under full sail, with speed like the wind, upon boiling breakers!

“Hard down the helm! Back sheets and braces! Stand by to shorten sail!” I shouted with a voice that rang like thunder through the ship.

8. The helmsman obeyed; the ship came up on the wind; but the seamen were not quick enough at the braces, and the strain on the lighter spars was enormous. Studding-sail booms, royal and top-gallant masts, went with their sails by the board, and, hampered with broken spars and tangled rigging, we lay broadside to the sea, as helpless as a log upon the waters.

9. Daylight now began to streak the east, and fully disclosed to us the horrors of our situation. We were drifting down upon the rocks, which were now not more

than half a mile distant. We saw at once, by the huge black pillars of rock, which were enshrouded in foam, that we were near the spot known as Deadman's Reef. There seemed no way of escape.


10. Our men worked with the energy of despair to clear the wreck, that we might endeavor to beat up to windward. But all appeared to be in vain; each moment swept us nearer to the rock, from which, if struck, death was inevitable. The Nimrod saw us, but could give us no help.

11. During all the terrors of our situation, the captain had kept perfectly cool and collected; but to me it seemed the forced calmness of despair. I was mistaken. He was one who never permitted danger to daunt or palsy his judgment. His quick eye caught one possible chance of escape,—the only one on which hope for a moment might linger. We thought him crazy when he ordered the helmsman to "put the helm up," and square the yards to go off before the wind.

12. The rocks were right before us. The huge waves broke against them, throwing sheets of foam high in the air, and sounding like continued thunder in our ears. We were in the foam, and flying through the midst of it right down upon the rocks. As we neared them our captain sprang aloft upon the fore-yard. His voice could not be heard, yet he pointed to the helmsman their course with his hand. I then saw his plan.

13. Between the two high rocks was a space but little wider than our ship; one hand's-breadth from the course would dash us to atoms; yet through this terrible pass, our ears deafened with the breakers' roar and our eyes blinded with foam, were we to pass, or to die!

14. Our suspense was dreadful, but it was short.







**A RACE IN THE BAHAMAS**

Like an eagle amidst rushing storm-clouds, we dashed into the gorge; for one instant our yard-arms grazed the high, black rocks, the next we were in safety. There was no cheering then; no word was spoken as we glided from the boiling waters to the calm sea under the lee of the rocks; but I believe that every man on board our craft uttered a prayer, even if he never had prayed before. It was a silent, yet, oh, what a thankful moment!

15. We soon had new spars aloft, and new canvas bent. We laid our course for Vera Cruz under a press of sail, while the Nimrod had to beat up to windward, and work around the reef. After we had been some days at Vera Cruz, she made her appearance in the offing, and dropped anchor in the harbor.

<b>wake, track.</b>	<b>cor-vette</b> ( <i>-vet'</i> ), a sloop of war next below a frigate.
<b>spars</b> , a general term for yards, masts, booms, etc.	<b>a-loft'</b> , on high.
<b>Gulf Stream</b> , a great warm ocean current which flows from the Gulf of Mexico.	<b>break'ers</b> ( <i>brāk'-</i> ), waves broken on a rocky shore.
<b>sem-pet'i-tor</b> , one who strives with another for the same thing.	<b>in-ev'i-ta-ble</b> , unavoidable.
<b>fore/cas-tle</b> ( <i>-kās'tl</i> ), part of the deck before the foremast.	<b>pal'sy</b> ( <i>pawl'zī</i> ), deaden; stun.
	lee, shelter.
	<b>off'ing</b> , the deep sea just off from land.

**press of sail** (3), as much sail as the state of the wind and sea will permit a vessel to carry. — **the last war** (5) here means the war of 1812. — **sheets** and **braces** (7) are ropes connected with the sails and yards. — **studding-sail booms** (8). A boom is a spar or pole run out to extend the bottom of certain sails; a **studding-sail** is a sail outside of the square sails; **royal and top-gallant masts** are the highest sections of the mast; **by the board**, over the side of the ship. — **to beat up to windward** (10), to make progress in a direction towards the point whence the wind blows, by sailing in a zigzag line.

Find on the map the Bahā/ma Islands, and Vera Cruz (*vēr'ā krōōs*).

## XXXIV.—THE FIRMAMENT.

## BRYANT.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, one of the most illustrious of American poets, was born at Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794, and died in New York City, June 12, 1878.

Bryant was a precocious poet, one of his masterpieces, "Thanatopsis," having been written when he was but nineteen years old. His poems are marked especially by purity of thought and language, gravity of style, and warm love of nature. A monument of his industry, literary skill, and classical scholarship is his translation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer.

For the last fifty years of his life Bryant was editor of "The Evening Post."

1. AY! gloriously thou standest there,  
    Beautiful, boundless firmament!  
That, swelling wide o'er earth and air,  
    And round the horizon bent,  
With thy bright vault and sapphire wall  
Dost overhang and circle all.
2. Far, far below thee, tall gray trees  
    Arise, and piles built up of old,  
And hills, whose ancient summits freeze  
    In the fierce light and cold.  
The eagle soars his utmost height,  
Yet far thou stretchest o'er his flight.
3. Thou hast thy frowns: with thee on high  
    The storm has made his airy seat;  
Beyond that soft blue curtain lie  
    His stores of hail and sleet:  
Thence the consuming lightnings break,  
There the strong hurricanes awake.

4. Yet art thou prodigal of smiles, —  
Smiles sweeter than thy frowns are stern;  
Earth sends, from all her thousand isles,  
A shout at their return.  
The glory that comes down from thee  
Bathes in deep joy the land and sea.
5. The sun, the gorgeous sun, is thine,  
The pomp that brings and shuts the day,  
The clouds that round him change and shine,  
The airs that fan his way.  
Thence look the thoughtful stars, and there  
The meek moon walks the silent air.
6. The sunny Italy may boast  
The beauteous tints that flush her skies,  
And lovely round the Grecian coast  
May thy blue pillars rise:  
I only know how fair they stand  
Around my own belovéd land.
7. And they are fair, — a charm is theirs  
That earth, the proud green earth, has not.  
With all the forms, and hues, and airs,  
That haunt her sweetest spot.  
We gaze upon thy calm pure sphere,  
And read of Heaven's eternal year.
8. Oh, when, amid the throng of men,  
The heart grows sick of hollow mirth,  
How willingly we turn us then  
Away from this cold earth,

And look into thy azure breast  
For seats of innocence and rest!

**sapph**ire (*săf'f'ir*), a precious stone | **o**ir/ele, surround by a circle.  
of a blue color. | **gôr'geous** (*-jus*), showy; splendid.

Why are "light and cold" called "fierce," in stanza 2? Why are "lightnings" called "consuming," in stanza 3? Explain the metaphor in "curtain," stanza 3 (as a curtain conceals what is beyond it, so the sky hides from our sight, etc.). Explain the metaphor in "smiles," stanza 4; in "meek," stanza 5. Explain the second line in stanza 5.



### XXXV. — THE BURSTING OF THE BLOSSOMS.

#### FLAGG.

WILSON FLAGG was born in Beverly, Mass., in 1805. He is a lover of Nature, and describes her aspects and works with the feeling of a true artist and naturalist. His chief works are "Studies in the Field and Forest," "The Woods and Byways of New England," and "The Birds and Seasons of New England."

1. ONE of the most agreeable pursuits connected with the study of nature is to watch the progress of vegetation, from the earliest greenness of the landscape, and the first sprouting of the herbs, unfolding of the leaves, and opening of the buds, until every herb, tree, and flower has expanded and brightened into the full radiance of summer.

2. While the earth exhibits only a few occasional stripes of verdure, along the borders of the shallow pools and rivulets, and on the hillsides, where they are watered by the oozing fountains just beneath the surface, we may observe the beautiful drapery of the *tasseled trees* and shrubs, varying in color from a light *yellow* to a dark orange or brown, and robing the

swamps with a flowery splendor that forms a striking contrast with the general nakedness of the plain.

3. As the hues of this drapery fade by the withering of the catkins, the leaf-buds of the trees gradually put off their scaly coverings, in which the infant bud has been cradled during the winter; and the tender fan-shaped leaves, in plaited folds and of different hues, come forth in millions, and yield to the whole forest a golden and ruddy splendor, like the tints of the clouds that curtain the summer horizon.

4. Though there is an indefinable beauty in the infinitely varied hues of the foliage at this time, yet this is far from being the most attractive spectacle of the season. While the trees are expanding their leaves, the earth is daily becoming greener with every fall of dew, and thousands of flowers awake into life with every morning sun.

5. At first a few violets appear on the hillsides, increasing daily in numbers and brightness, until they are more numerous than the stars of heaven; then a single dandelion, that appears but as the harbinger of millions in less than a week, — all gradually multiply, and bring along in their rear a countless troop of anemones, saxifrages, geraniums, buttercups, columbines, and everlastings, until the landscape is gemmed with the universal wealth of spring.

**tas'seled** (*tăs'selĭd*) bearing tassels.  
**cat'kin**, flower-cluster of the willow,  
 birch, etc. It resembles a *cat's* tail.  
**hār'bin-ger**, forerunner.

**ho-ri'zon**, the circular line where the  
 earth and sky seem to meet.  
**dra'per-y**, clothes; *here*, the flowers,  
 considered as clothing the trees.



## XXXVI.—THE DAFFODILS.

## WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, called by Matthew Arnold "one of the very chief glories of English Poetry," was born in Cumberland, England, April 7, 1770, and died April 23, 1850. His long life was passed in seclusion and tranquillity, and was mostly devoted to the production of poetry.

Some of Wordsworth's poems are as beautiful as anything in English literature. In very simple language—"a nobly plain manner"—they express an elevated spiritual philosophy, and an ardent love of nature, which strongly attract thoughtful readers.

Wordsworth's best work is in his shorter poems. The Ode on "Intimations of Immortality" is perhaps his most famous production.

1. I WANDERED lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
2. Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the Milky Way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
3. The waves beside them danced; but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company.  
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought;

4. For oft when on my couch I lie,  
 In vacant or in pensive mood,  
 They flash upon that inward eye  
 Which is the bliss of solitude;  
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
 And dances with the daffodils.

**con-tin'u-ous**, in unbroken mass.  
**joc'und**, merry; lively.

**pen'sive (-sive)**, thoughtful.  
**va'cant**, unoccupied; thoughtless.

**daf'fodil** (1), a bright yellow flower on a tall stalk like that of a lily. It is a kind of narcissus. — **the Milky Way** (2), the Galaxy; a white track or band in the heavens, which seems to encircle the earth like a girdle. The early astronomers called it the *milky way*, from its whiteness. The telescope shows that it consists of innumerable stars, too remote to be separately distinguished by the naked eye. — **inward eye** (3), the memory.

*Write briefly in prose the principal ideas expressed in these stanzas.*

## XXXVIL — CONTENTMENT.

HOLMES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809. He graduated at Harvard University, and there, during thirty-five years, was Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the medical department.

Holmes is wonderfully clever as a writer both of prose and verse. He is bright and entertaining, never dull and tedious. As a poet he is master of every vein, whether lyrical, humorous, satirical, or pathetic. Many of his poems have been written for social or festive gatherings, where his intellectual efforts never fail to "Give truth a luster and make wisdom smile."

The best-known works of Holmes in prose are "The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," and "The Professor at the Breakfast Table."

*"Man wants but little here below."*

1. LITTLE I ask; my wants are few;  
 I only wish a hut of stone,  
 (A very plain brown stone will do,) —  
 That I may call my own. —



And close at hand is such a one,  
In yonder street that fronts the sun

2. Plain food is quite enough for me;  
    Three courses are as good as ten;—  
If Nature can subsist on three,  
    Thank Heaven for three. Amen!  
I always thought cold victual nice;—  
My choice would be vanilla-ice.
3. I care not much for gold or land;—  
    Give me a mortgage here and there, —  
Some good bank-stock, some note of hand  
    Or trifling railroad share, —  
I only ask that Fortune send  
A little more than I shall spend.
4. Honors are silly toys, I know,  
    And titles are but empty names;  
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo, —  
    But only near St. James;  
I'm very sure I should not care  
To fill our Gubernator's chair.
5. Jewels are baubles; 't is a sin  
    To care for such unfruitful things;  
One good-sized diamond in a pin, —  
    Some, not so large, in rings, —  
A ruby, and a pearl or so,  
Will do for me;—I laugh at show.
6. Of books but few,—some fifty score  
    For daily use. and bound for wear;

The rest upon an upper floor, —  
 Some little luxury there  
 Of red morocco's gilded gleam,  
 And vellum rich as country cream.

7. Busts, cameos, gems, — such things as these,  
 Which others often show for pride,  
 I value for their power to please,  
 And selfish churls deride; —  
 One Stradivarius, I confess,  
 Two meerschaums, I would fain possess.
8. Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,  
 Nor ape the glittering upstart fool; —  
 Shall not carved tables serve my turn,  
 But all must be of buhl?  
 Give grasping pomp its double share, —  
 I ask but one recumbent chair.
9. Thus humble let me live and die,  
 Nor long for Midas' golden touch;  
 If Heaven more generous gifts deny,  
 I shall not miss them much, —  
 Too grateful for the blessing lent  
 Of simple tastes and mind content!

**bank/-stock**, a share or shares in the capital of a bank.

**ru'by** (*rōō bī*), a precious stone or gem, of a carmine red color.

**vel'lum**, a fine parchment made of the skin of kids or lambs.

**cam'e-o**, a precious stone or shell, with raised engraving.

**meer'schaum** (*-shawm*), a costly kind of tobacco-pipe.

**buhl**, unburnished gold or mother-of-pearl inlaid in ebony or tortoise-shell, as an ornament.

**fain**, gladly.

**g'u-ber-na'tor**, a Latin word meaning *governor*.

**Plenipo** (4). A minister plenipotentiary is one clothed with full power. The Court of St. James is the British court. Ministers to England are said

to be "near the Court of St. James." — *Stradivarius* (7). Antonio Stradivarius was an Italian violin-maker. His famous violins are now very costly. — *Midas' golden touch* (9). Midas, according to a Grecian myth, was a king of Phrygia, whose request that all he touched might turn to gold was granted by the god Bacchus. But as even his food became gold, Midas was in danger of starvation. To escape the curse brought upon himself, he bathed in the river Pactolus, which ever after flowed with sands of gold.

---

### XXXVIII. — SUMMER RAIN.

BEECHER.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, a pulpit orator and lecturer of unrivaled popularity, was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24, 1813. He graduated at Amherst College and studied theology. Since 1847 he has been pastor of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, New York.

His discourses are marked by racy original thought, by earnestness, pathos, and humor, and in the higher flights of his oratory by rich and felicitous imagery. Over his audience he has the magnetic power of the great natural orator.

1. MEN begin to look at the signs of weather. It is long since much rain fell. The ground is a little dry, the road is a good deal dusty; the garden bakes; transplanted trees are thirsty; wheels are shrinking, and tires are looking dangerous. Men speculate on the clouds; they begin to calculate how long it will be, if no rain falls, before the potatoes will suffer, — the oats, the corn, the grass, — everything! To be sure, nothing is yet suffering; but then —

2. Rain, rain, rain! All day, all night, steady raining. Will it never stop? The hay is out, and spoiling; the rain washes the garden; the ground is full; all things have drunk their fill. The springs revive; the meadows are wet; the rivers run discolored with soil from every hill. Smoking cattle reek under the sheds.

Iens, and fowl in general, shelter and plume. The sky is leaden; the clouds are full yet; the long fleece covers the mountains; the hills are capped in white; the air is full of moisture.

3. Rain, rain, rain! The wind roars down the chimney. The birds are silent; no insects chirp. Closets smell moldy. The barometer is dogged: we thump it, but it will not get up; it seems to have an understanding with the weather. The trees drip; shoes are muddy; carriage and wagon are splashed with dirt; paths are soft.

4. So it is: when it is clear we want rain, and when it rains we wish it would shine. But after all, how lucky for grumblers that they are not allowed to meddle with the weather, and that it is put above their reach! What a scrambling, selfish, mischief-making time we should have, if men undertook to parcel out the seasons and the weather according to their several humors or interests!

5. But if one will but look for enjoyment, how much is in every change of weather! The formation of clouds, — the various signs and signals, the uncertain wheeling and marching of the fleecy cohorts, the shades of light and gray in the broken heavens, — all have their pleasure to an observant eye. Then come the wind-gust, the distant, dark cloud, the occasional fiery streak shot down through it, the run and hurry of men whose work may suffer!

6. Indeed, sir, even your humble servant was stirred up on the day after Fourth of July. The grass in the old orchard was not my best. Indeed, we grumbled at it considerably while it was yet standing. But being cut, and the rain threatening it, one would have

thought it gold by the nimble way in which we tried to save it!

7. Blessed be horse-rakes! Once half a dozen men, with half a dozen rakes, would have gone whisking up and down, thrusting out and pulling in the long-handled rake, with slow and laborious progress. But no more of that. See friend Turner, mounted on the wheeled horse-rake, riding about as if for pleasure. Up go the steel teeth and drop their collected load, down go his feet, and the teeth are at work again; and at every ten or fifteen feet, the windrow forms. It is easy times when men ride and horses rake!

8. Meanwhile, the clouds come bowling noiselessly through the air, and spit here and there a drop preliminary. But the hay is cocked, the sides dressed down, and all is ready—except the *hay-covers*! Alas for our negligence! The manufacturers had offered to send us some for trial, and we had forgotten to say, Send them along! And now, with our hay out and the rain coming, we mourned our carelessness. With good hay-covers, our two dozen little haystacks would have been as snug as if in the barn.

9. Well, if one thing suffers, another gains! See how the leaves are washed, the grass drinks, corn drinks, the garden drinks, everything drinks. It's our opinion that everything except man is laughing and rejoicing. Trees shake their leaves with a softer sound; rocks look moist and soft, at least where the moss grows. Even the solitary old pine-tree chords his harp, and sings soft and low melodies with plaintive undulations!

10. A good summer storm is a rain of riches. If gold and silver rattled down from the clouds, they would hardly enrich the land so much as soft, long

rains. Every drop is silver going to the mint. The roots are machinery, and, catching the willing drops, they assay them, refine them, roll them, stamp them, and turn them out coined berries, apples, grains, and grasses!

11. When the heavens send clouds, and they bank up the horizon, be sure they have hidden gold in them. All the mountains of California are not so rich as are the soft mines of Heaven, that send down treasures upon man without tasking him, and pour riches upon his field without spade or pickaxe, — without his search or notice. Well, let it rain, then! No matter if the journey is delayed, the picnic spoiled, the visit adjourned. Blessed be rain, — and rain in summer! And blessed be He who watereth the earth, and enricheth it for man and beast!

**spec'u-late**, form theories; conjecture.

**reek**, emit vapor; steam.

**dog'ged**, sullenly obstinate.

**co'hort**, a body of soldiers.

**wind'row**, a row of cut grass exposed to the wind.

**pre-lim'i-na-ry**, preceding the main business.

**un-du-la'tion**, a motion like that of the waves.

**as-say'**, determine the amount of gold or silver in an ore or alloy.

**Shelter and plume** (2), supply *themselves*.

Point out and explain metaphors in paragraph 2. Tell as much as you can of the construction and uses of a barometer.

---

IN the country, on every side,  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
How welcome is the rain!

*Longfellow.*

## XXXIX.—FATE OF THE INDIANS.

## SPRAGUE.

CHARLES SPRAGUE was born in Boston, in 1791, and died there in 1875. During nearly all his life he was employed as a bank officer in his native city. Much of his leisure, however, he devoted to literary pursuits, and he produced some poetry of great excellence.

The following extract is from an Oration delivered in Boston on the 4th of July, 1825, by invitation of the municipal authorities.

1. NOT many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscares. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over our heads the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

2. Here, the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and the helpless, the council-fire glared on the wise and the daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now, they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

3. Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of Nature knew not the God of Revelation, but the God of the Universe he acknowledged in everything around.

4. He beheld him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lowly dwelling, in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze, in the lofty pine that had defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove, in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his foot, and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light to whose mysterious source he bent in humble, though blind adoration.

5. And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you, the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole, peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

6. Here and there, a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors! The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil, where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

7. As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying away to the untrodden West. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom



in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

8. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

<b>gen-er-a'tion</b> , an age, or life-time.	<b>sedg'y</b> , overgrown with sedge or flag-plant.
Your grandfather belongs to one generation, your father to another, and you to still another.	<b>u'ni-verse</b> , all created things viewed as one whole.
<b>em-bel'lish-es</b> , adorns.	<b>pro-gen'i-tor</b> , forefather.
<b>rank</b> , coarse-growing.	<b>chron'i-cles</b> ( <i>kron'-i-kls</i> ), historical accounts.
<b>wig'wam</b> , an Indian's hut.	

Give the meaning of "tiger strife" (2); of "sacred orb" (4). Why "anointed children," etc. (5)? (From the Hebrew practice of anointing or smearing with oil in consecrating to a high office.) What do you understand by "walked in majesty"?

Notice the rhythm or harmonious flow of the sounds in paragraph 1.

---

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind  
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;  
 His soul proud science never taught to stray  
 Far as the solar walk, or Milky Way;  
 Yet simple nature to his hope has given,  
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, a humbler heaven;  
 Some safer world in depth of wood embraced.  
 Some happier island in the watery waste.

Pope.

## XL.—THE BUGLE SONG.

TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON (born 1810) has for many years enjoyed the undisputed distinction of being the greatest living English poet. In 1850, when Wordsworth died, at the age of eighty, Tennyson, then forty years old, succeeded him as Poet Laureate.

Such poems of his as "Enoch Arden," "Idylls of the King," "The May Queen," "The Princess," and, generally, the shorter lyrics, are favorites with poetry lovers of all ages and all stages of culture.

Tennyson's poetry is almost music, so melodious is its rhythm, and so choice are the words and phrases. He is undoubtedly the chief artist in the "rich-melodied and highly-colored style" of ornate poetic art.

1. THE splendor falls on castle walls  
     And snowy summits old in story;  
 The long light shakes across the lakes,  
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
2. O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,  
     And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
 O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,  
     The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:  
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying
3. O Love, they die in yon rich sky,  
     They faint on hill or field or river:  
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
     And grow forever and forever.  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

## XLI.—MY WIFE'S BIRD.

PHIL ROBINSON.

1. I HAD given my consent to a bird being bought; so, immediately after breakfast, my wife went out to choose one,—“a little one,” she said. But before she went out she confided her want to the landlady, who, going out herself soon after, also interested herself in the selection, and told a few bird-fanciers to send up some birds to look at,—little ones.

2. Moreover, before going out she told her son that my wife wanted a bird,—a little one; so when he went to the cage-maker's he mentioned the fact, and during the day the cage-maker told about twenty bird-fanciers, who came in on business, that he could put them in the way of a customer,—meaning my wife. “She wants a little bird,” he said.

3. Well, I woke next morning, a little earlier than usual, and with a vague general feeling that I was somewhere in the country,—probably at my uncle's. All the air outside seemed to be full of twittering, just as I remembered hearing in the early mornings at my uncle's place in the country, where sparrows were as thick as the leaves of the ivy on the house, and the robins and wrens and other birds used to swarm in the shrubbery.

4. All at once there came from below a very Babel of fowls' languages. In every tongue spoken by birds from China to Peru, we heard screams, squeaks, hootings, and crowings, while behind and through all we were aware of a multitudinous chattering, twittering,

and chirping, accompanied by a sober obligato of cooing. I stared at my wife, and she at me.

5. All the time I was dressing the clamor continued unabated, and when I came down stairs I was not surprised at the sight that awaited me. The passage was filled with bird-cages; and through the front door, which was open, I saw that the front "garden" was filled also, and that round the railings had collected a considerable mob of children, whitewashers' assistants, and errand-boys. I went to the dining-room window and looked out.

6. My appearance was the signal for every bird-man to seize at once two cages and hold them up for inspection. The contents of the cages screamed wildly; all their friends on the ground screamed in sympathy, and the mob outside cheered the birds on to further demonstrations, by ill-naturedly imitating various cries.

7. I kept away from the window, therefore, and waited till my wife came down. Her delight at the exhibition seemed to me a little misplaced, the more so as she insisted on holding a levee at once. I began my breakfast therefore alone, but I hope I may never have such a meal again. Every other bird, being warranted tame, was allowed to leave its cage, and very soon there was a parrot in the sugar basin, three macaws on the chandeliers, and a cockatoo on the back of each chair.

8. The food on the table attracted a jackdaw, who dragged a rasher of bacon into the jelly-glass before his designs were suspected, and one wretched bird, finding me out under the table, climbed up the leg of my trousers by his beak and claws. But my wife got bewildered at last, and appealed to me to settle matters

I did so summarily, by explaining that my wife wanted only *one* bird, and that *a little one*, — “a linnet, or something of that kind.”

9. The disgust of the bird-fanciers was instantly visible, and every man proceeded gloomily to repossess himself of his property. This was not so easy, however, as letting the birds go, and entailed an hour's hunting of parrots from corner to corner. Two cockatoos slipped down behind the sideboard, and proceeded to fight there. They were only got out after moving the sideboard (the contents being first taken out), and when they appeared were dirty beyond recognition, and covered with cobwebs and fluff. But we found a long missing salt-spoon.

10. At last, however, all seemed satisfactorily disposed of, when it was discovered that one of the cages was still empty, and a pensive voice from the chandelier drew all eyes upward. It was then discovered that a parrot had got its body inside one of the globes, and I volunteered to release it. So, standing up on a chair, I took hold of the protruding tail, and lifted the bird out. No sooner, however, did it find itself released, than it made one violent effort to escape, and succeeded, leaving the tail in my hands!

11. I hastened to apologize, and to offer the owner the tail, but the man would not accept either the apology or the feathers. On the contrary, he insisted that, as I had spoiled the bird for sale, I ought now to buy it.

12. And thus it was that we became possessed of a bird. At first it had a dog's life of it. I was very angry with it for foisting itself upon me; my wife disliked it for its tailless condition; while the parrot itself suspected both of us as having designs upon its remaining feathers. But my wife's heart warmed to it at last,

and the bird reciprocated the attachment. And when it died, we were really sorry; and so, I think, was the parrot.

**bird/-fan-ci-er**, one who keeps birds for sale in cages.

**ob-li-ga'to** (*ob-le-gā'to*), a necessary and expressive part of the music.

**lev'ee**, a reception of visitors; a party.

**rash'er**, a thin slice for frying.

**side/board**, a piece of furniture for holding dishes, etc.

**chan-de-lier'** (*shan-de-leer'*), a frame with branches for holding lights.

**sum'ma-ri-ly**, shortly; in few words.

**re-cip-ro-cate**, give and receive mutually, as favors.

## XLII. — THE CORAL GROVE.

### PERCIVAL.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL is remembered chiefly as a poet, though he held no mean rank as a linguist and geologist. He was born in Connecticut in 1795, and died in 1856. His best poetic conceptions are preserved in a few of his simpler poems, like the following.

1. DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,  
Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove,  
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue  
That never are wet with falling dew,  
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,  
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
2. The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,  
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow.  
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift  
Their boughs where the tides and billows flow:  
The water is calm and still below,  
For the winds and waves are absent there,  
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow  
In the motionless fields of upper air.

3. There, with its waving blade of green,  
     The sea-flag streams through the silent water,  
 And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen  
     To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter.  
 There, with a light and easy motion,  
     The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;  
 And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean  
     Are bending, like corn on the upland lea:  
 And life, in rare and beautiful forms,  
     Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,  
 And is safe when the wrathful Spirit of storms  
     Has made the top of the wave his own.
4. And when the ship from his fury flies,  
     Where the myriad voices of Ocean roar;  
 When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,  
     And demons are waiting the wreck on shore,—  
 Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,  
     The purple mullet and goldfish rove,  
 Where the waters murmur tranquilly  
     Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

**cor'al**, a hard, limy substance, found on the bottom of the ocean. It is the stony frame of small sea animals called polyps.

**myr'i-ad** (*mir'*), an immense number.

**dulse**, a sea-weed of a reddish brown color.

**span'gle**, adorn with spangles or small glittering bodies.

**murk'y**, gloomy.

Why is the sea called "glassy brine" (1)? What is meant by "mountain drift" (2)? What by "flinty snow" (2)? What by a "banner bathed in slaughter" (3)?

Point out similes in sections 2 and 3. See page 431.



## XLIII.—ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

DONALDSON.

W. J. DONALDSON was an eminent aeronaut, who perished in Lake Michigan, his balloon being caught in a storm, July 18, 1875.

1. Now came the most stirring incident of our trip. From the height of four thousand feet we steadily ascended, the country dwarfing into a panorama of toys below us. I had the barometer in my hand, and so marked our progress upward. At six thousand feet our breaths became visible, just as they would be on a frosty morning. We already began to feel cold in the body, but the rays of the sun beat in upon us with fierce intensity.

2. The index of the barometer steadily crept around the dial, marking off the thousands until it reached the fourteenth, then flying back again and starting from zero, whence it moved once more around the dial, until it halted on the verge of the two-thousandth, telling us that we were only about a hundred feet less than sixteen thousand feet above the earth.

3. At this height the world was an obscurity to us, a vapory haze shut it out from our view, and we could detect nothing of it but the lines that marked the great bays and rivers. The sun was intensely hot as its rays fell upon us; but for all that we might have been in an Arctic region, the air being extremely cold.

4. This is one of the most curious phenomena of life above the clouds. The rarefaction of the air hardly accounts for the chilling cold which penetrates you through and through, while the thermometer and the



heat of the solar rays are indicating a high summer temperature. At a height of fifteen thousand feet I was shivering, while my head seemed to be burning up, and all the blood in my body rushing towards it. I felt a very slight difficulty in breathing, but my ears were stopped up, and I could hardly hear what my companion was saying to me when he was standing by my side.

5. We did not remain long at this tremendous elevation. We slipped down through the atmosphere to between eleven and twelve thousand feet above the earth, and it was there that we had our grandest view. We had within our range of vision, at the same moment, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Harrisburg, the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays and all their upper tributaries. Annapolis and most of the smaller towns were also included within the range of this extended vision.

6. But the grandest feature of all was when, gazing eastwardly, we very plainly perceived the Atlantic Ocean. There was no mistake about it: the mist had lifted a little, and we could see plainly where the waters of the Delaware Bay mingled with those of the Atlantic.

7. The view at this time was above the possibilities of language to picture. The peninsula of land between the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays was but a thread of dark green upon the landscape; the Susquehanna River was hardly perceptible, except for the dark line which we knew to be the great bridge across it; the country below us was but a checkerboard of indistinct green and white squares; Baltimore and Philadelphia were only masses of shade upon the map; but the great ocean was a reality, and to a view of it we constantly

turned our eyes, with a feeling that here was something enduring, something everlasting.

8. The panorama that came within our scope of vision was probably more than twenty thousand square miles, but from our extreme height it seemed to be dwarfed to a space you might cover with your handkerchief. It seemed to us as if we were looking through the wrong end of a field-glass.

<b>pan-o-rá'má</b> , an extensive view of objects.	<b>ther-mom'e-ter</b> , an instrument for measuring the degree of heat.
<b>in-ten'si-ty</b> , strong degree; severity.	<b>trib'u-ta-ry</b> , something which yields supplies; <i>here</i> , "tributaries" are streams flowing into the bays.
<b>di'al</b> , face (as of a clock).	
<b>rar-e-fac'tion</b> , state of being rare or light; thinness.	<b>field'-glass</b> , a kind of spy-glass.

Find on the map the cities and bays named in this piece.

#### XLIV.—OVERBOARD.

##### BLACK.

WILLIAM BLACK is one of the youngest of English novelists of assured reputation. He was born in Scotland, in 1841.

The following spirited descriptive piece is from his "Macleod of Dare."

1. WHEN Sir Keith Macleod got down to the stone pier, John and Duncan Cameron were in the boat. Johnny Wickes was standing at the door of the storehouse.

"Would you like to go for a sail, Johnny?" Macleod said, curtly.

"O, yes, sir," said the boy eagerly; for he had long ago lost his dread of the sea.

"Get in, then, and get up to the bow."

2. So Johnny Wickes went cautiously down the few

slippery stone steps, half tumbled into the bottom of the great open boat, and then scrambled up to the bow.

"Where shall we go, sir?" said one of the men, when Macleod had jumped into the stern, and taken the tiller.

"Anywhere, — right out!" he answered carelessly.

3. But it was all very well to say "right out!" when there was a stiff breeze blowing right in. Scarcely had the boat put her nose beyond the pier — and while as yet there was but little way on her — when a big sea caught her, springing high over her bows and coming rattling down on her with a noise as of pistol-shots. The chief victim of this deluge was the luckless Johnny Wickes, who tumbled down into the bottom of the boat, vehemently blowing the salt water out of his mouth, and rubbing his knuckles into his eyes. Macleod burst out laughing.

4. "What's the good of you as a lookout?" he cried. "Did n't you see the water coming?"

"Yes, sir," said Johnny, ruefully laughing too. But he would not be beaten. He scrambled up again to his post, and clung there, despite the fierce wind and the clouds of spray.

"Keep her close up, sir," said the man who had the sheet of the huge lug-sail in both his hands, as he cast a glance out at the darkening sea.

5 But this great boat, rude and rough and dirty as she appeared, was a splendid specimen of her class; and they know how to build such boats up about that part of the world. No matter with how staggering a plunge she went down into the yawning green gulf, — the white foam hissing away from her sides, — before the next wave, high, awful, threatening, had come down on her with a crash as of mountains falling, she had glided

buoyantly upwards, and the heavy blow only made her bows spring the higher, as though she would shake herself free, like a bird, from the wet.

6. But it was a wild day to be out. So heavy and black was the sky in the west that the surface of the sea, out to the horizon, seemed to be a moving mass of white foam, with only streaks of green and purple in it. The various islands changed every minute as the wild clouds whirled past. Already the great cliffs about Dare had grown distant and faint as seen through the spray; and here were the rocks of Colonsay, black as jet as they reappeared through the successive deluges of white foam; and far over there, a still gloomier mass against the gloomy sky told where the huge Atlantic breakers were rolling in their awful thunder into the Staffa caves.

7. "I would keep off a bit, sir," said the sailor next Macleod. He did not like the look of the heavy breakers that were crashing on the Colonsay rocks.

And so they went plunging and staggering and bounding onwards, with the roar of the water all around them, and the foam at her bows, as it sprang high into the air, showing quite white against the black sky ahead.

8. The younger lad, Duncan, was clearly of opinion that his master was running too near the shores of Colonsay; but he would say no more, for he knew that Macleod had a better knowledge of the currents and rocks of this wild coast than any man on the mainland of Mull.

9. John Cameron, forward, kept his head down to the gunwale, his eyes looking far over that howling waste of sea; Duncan, his younger brother, had his gaze fixed mostly on the brown breadth of the sail, hammered at

by the gusts of wind ; while as for the boy at the bow, that enterprising youth had got a rope's end, and was endeavoring to strike at the crest of each huge wave as it came plowing along in its resistless strength.

10. But at one moment the boat gave a heavier lurch than usual, and the succeeding wave struck her badly. In the great rush of water that then ran by her side, Macleod's startled eye seemed to catch a glimpse of something red, — something blazing and burning red in the waste of green, and almost the same glance showed him that there was no boy at the bow ! Instantly, with just one cry to arrest the attention of the men, he had slipped over the side of the boat, just as an otter slips off a rock.

11. The two men were bewildered but for a second. One sprang to the hal yards, and down came the great lug-sail ; the other got out one of the long oars, and the mighty blade fell into the bulk of the next wave as if he would with one sweep tear her head round. Like two madmen the men pulled ; and the wind was with them, and the tide also ; but nevertheless, when they caught sight — just for a moment — of some object behind them, it was a terrible distance away.

12. Yet there was no time, they thought, or seemed to think, to hoist the sail again ; and the small dingey attached to the boat would have been swamped in a second ; and so there was nothing for it but the deadly struggle with those immense blades against the heavy resisting mass of the boat. John Cameron looked round again ; then, with a quick motion, he pulled his oar across the boat.

"Up with the sail, lad !" he shouted ; and again he sprang to the hal yards.

13. The seconds, few as they were, that were necessary to this operation, seemed ages ; but no sooner had the wind got a purchase on the breadth of the sail than the boat flew through the water, for she was now running free.

“He has got him ! I can see the two !” shouted the elder Cameron.

14. And as for the younger ? At this mad speed the boat would be close to Macleod in another second or two ; but in that brief space of time the younger Cameron had flung his clothes off, and stood there, in the cutting March wind, ready to spring overboard.

“This is foolishness !” his brother cried in Gaelic. “You will have to take an oar !”

15. “I will not take an oar !” the other cried, with both hands ready to let go the halyards. “And if it is foolishness, this is the foolishness of it : I will not let you or any man say that Sir Keith Macleod was in the water and Duncan Cameron went home with a dry skin !”

16. And Duncan Cameron was as good as his word ; for as the boat went plunging forward to the neighborhood in which they occasionally saw the head of Macleod appear on the side of a wave and then disappear again as soon as the wave broke, — and as soon as the lug-sail had been rattled down, — he sprang clear from the side of the boat.

17. For a second or two, John Cameron, left by himself in the boat, could not see any one of the three ; but at last he saw the black head of his brother, and then some few yards beyond, just as a wave rolled by, he saw his master and the boy. The boat had almost enough way on her to carry her to them ; he had but

to pull at the huge oar to bring her head round a bit. And he pulled, madly and blindly, until he was startled by a cry close by. He sprang to the side of the boat. There was his brother drifting by, holding the boy with one arm.

18. John Cameron rushed to the stern to fling a rope; but Duncan Cameron had been drifting by with a purpose; for as soon as he got clear of the bigger boat, he struck for the dingey, and got hold of that, and was safe. And here was the master, too, clinging to the side of the dingey, so as to recover his breath; but not attempting to board the cockle-shell in these plunging waters. There were tears running down John Cameron's rugged face as he drew the three up and over the side of the big boat.

**pier** (*peer*), stonework extending into the sea.

**buoy'ant** (*buo'ant*), floating easily.

**til'ler**, handle of the rudder.

**lug'-sail**, a kind of square sail.

**ve/he-ment-ly**, with great force.

**gun'wale** (*gun'el*), the upper timber of the boat's side.

**rue'ful-ly** (*roo'-*), mournfully.

**hal'yard**, a rope by which the yards and sails are hauled up and down.

**din'gey** (*gas in get*), a small boat.

**swamped** (*swōmt*), overset, or filled with water.

**Gaelic** (*gā'lik*), the language of the Highlanders of Scotland.

**Keith Macleod**, pronounced *keeth mā-klowd'*. — **running free** (13), sailing with the wind. — **got a purchase**, etc. (13), got a hold by which to exert force on the boat. — **cockle-shell** (18). Why is the small boat called a cockle-shell? — **Staffa**, **Col'onsay**, and **Mull** are islands of the Hebrides, off the west coast of Scotland. Mull is the largest. The coast of Staffa is indented with caves, the most remarkable one being Fingal's Cave.

---

O, it is excellent

To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous

To use it like a giant.

*Shakespeare.*

## XLV.—UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

## SHAKESPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE is universally conceded to be the greatest writer in English literature, and is often claimed by competent judges to be unsurpassed in the literature of any people whatever.

This great man was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in England, in 1564. He died there on April 23, 1616.

Of his life not much is certainly known. For twenty-six years he lived in London, connected with theaters in the capacity of actor and play-writer. He was thrifty and prosperous, and accumulated a respectable fortune.

Shakespeare seems to have written his plays solely to please his contemporaries; but these plays have continued to satisfy, to delight, and even to overawe, all subsequent generations. They have never been approached as dramatic masterpieces. No other writer depicts with such force the workings of the human heart, so skillfully lays bare the springs of human motives and actions. The habit of reading Shakespeare is sure to exalt the character by disciplining both the intellect and the affections.

1. UNDER the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither.  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.
2. Who doth ambition shun  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats  
And pleased with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.



## XLVI. — CHOICE QUOTATIONS.

## ADVERSITY.

SWEET are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;  
And this our life exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

*Shakespeare, As You Like It, ii. 1*

## REPUTATION.

GOOD name in man and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:  
Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is something;  
nothing;  
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he that filches from me my good name  
Robs me of that which not enriches him  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Shakespeare, Othello, iii. 3*

## FEAR OF DEATH.

COWARDS die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.

*Shakespeare, Julius Caesar, ii. 2.*

## XLVII.—THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

DICKENS.

CHARLES DICKENS, doubtless the most popular of modern English novelists, was born on February 7, 1812, and died on June 9, 1870. After a short experience as a writer for newspapers, he found his proper career when, in 1837, he published "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

"Pickwick" is still perhaps as much liked as any of the long list of novels that we associate with the name of Dickens. It stands with "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," and others, all of them forming a group of works of fiction unsurpassed in humor, vividness of description, and power of appealing to the universal sympathy of mankind.

1. THE Kettle began it! Don't tell me what Mrs. Peerybingle said. I know better. Mrs. Peerybingle may leave it on record to the end of time that she couldn't say which of them began it; but I say the Kettle did. I ought to know, I hope! The Kettle began it full five minutes, by the little waxy-faced Dutch clock in the corner, before the Cricket uttered a chirp.

2. Why, I am not naturally positive. Every one knows that. I wouldn't set my own opinion against the opinion of Mrs. Peerybingle, unless I were quite sure, on any account whatever. Nothing should induce me. But this is a question of fact. And the fact is, that the Kettle began it, at least five minutes before the Cricket gave any sign of being in existence. Contradict me, and I'll say ten.

3. Let me narrate exactly how it happened. I should have proceeded to do so in my very first word, but for this plain consideration,—if I am to tell a story I must begin at the beginning; and how is it

possible to begin at the beginning without beginning at the Kettle?

It appeared as if there were a sort of match, or trial of skill, you must understand, between the Kettle and the Cricket. And this is what led to it, and how it came about.

4. Mrs. Peerybingle, going out into the raw twilight, and clicking over the wet stones in a pair of pattens that worked innumerable rough impressions of the first proposition in Euclid all about the yard,— Mrs. Peerybingle filled the Kettle at the water butt. Presently returning, less the pattens (and a good deal less, for they were tall and Mrs. Peerybingle was but short), she set the Kettle on the fire.

5. In doing which she lost her temper, or mislaid it for an instant; for the water—being uncomfortably cold, and in that slippery, slushy, sleety sort of state wherein it seems to penetrate through every kind of substance, patten rings included—had laid hold of Mrs. Peerybingle's toes, and even splashed her stockings.

6. Besides, the Kettle was aggravating and obstinate. It would n't allow itself to be adjusted on the top bar; it would n't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal; it *would* lean forward with a drunken air, and dribble, a very Idiot of a Kettle, on the hearth. It was quarrelsome; and hissed and spluttered morosely at the fire.

7. To sum up all, the lid, resisting Mrs. Peerybingle's fingers, first of all turned topsy-turvy, and then, with an ingenious pertinacity deserving of a better cause, dived sideways in—down to the very bottom of the Kettle. And the hull of the Royal George has never made half

the monstrous resistance to coming out of the water, which the lid of that Kettle employed against Mrs. Peerybingle before she got it up again.

8. It looked sullen and pig-headed enough, even then; carrying its handle with an air of defiance, and cocking its spout pertly and mockingly at Mrs. Peerybingle, as if it said, "I won't boil. Nothing shall induce me!"

9. But Mrs. Peerybingle, with restored good humor, dusted her chubby little hands against each other, and sat down before the Kettle, laughing. Meantime, the jolly blaze uprose and fell, flashing and gleaming on the little Haymaker at the top of the Dutch clock.

10. Now it was, you observe, that the Kettle began to spend the evening. Now it was, that the Kettle, growing mellow and musical, began to have irrepressible gurglings in its throat, and to indulge in short vocal snorts, which it checked in the bud, as if it had n't quite made up its mind yet to be good company. Now it was, that, after two or three such vain attempts to stifle its convivial sentiments, it threw off all moroseness, all reserve, and burst into a stream of song so cozy and hilarious, as never maudlin nightingale yet formed the least idea of.

11. That this song of the Kettle's was a song of invitation and welcome to somebody out of doors,—to somebody at that moment coming on, towards the snug, small home, and the crisp fire,—there is no doubt whatever. Mrs. Peerybingle knew it, perfectly, as she sat musing before the hearth.

12. It's a dark night, sang the Kettle, and the rotten leaves are lying by the way; and above, all is mist and darkness, and below, all is mire and clay; and there's

only one relief in all the sad and murky air; and I don't know that it is one, for it's nothing but a glare of deep and angry crimson, where the sun and wind together set a brand upon the clouds for being guilty of such weather; and the widest open country is a long, dull streak of black; and there's hoar-frost on the finger-post, and thaw upon the track; and the ice it is n't water, and the water is n't free; and you could n't say that anything is what it ought to be; but he's coming, coming, coming!—

13. And here, if you like, the Cricket *DID* chime in! with a chirrup, chirrup, chirrup of such magnitude, by way of chorus,—with a voice so astoundingly disproportionate to its size as compared with the Kettle (size! you could n't see it!)—that if it had then and there burst itself like an overcharged gun, if it had fallen a victim on the spot, and chirruped its little body into fifty pieces, it would have seemed a natural and inevitable consequence, for which it had expressly labored.

14. They went very well together, the Cricket and the Kettle. The burden of the song was still the same; and louder, louder, louder still, they sang it in their emulation. There was all the excitement of a race about it. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket a mile ahead. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle making play in the distance, like a great top. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket round the corner. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle sticking to him; no idea of giving in.

15. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket fresher than ever. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle slow and steady. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket going in to finish him. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle not to be finished.

Until, at last, they got so jumbled together, in the hurry-skurry, helter-skelter of the match, that whether the Kettle chirped and the Cricket hummed, or the Cricket chirped and the Kettle hummed, or they both chirped and both hummed, it would have taken a clearer head than yours or mine to decide with anything like certainty.

16. But of this there is no doubt; that the Kettle and the Cricket, at one and the same moment, and by some power of amalgamation best known to themselves, sent each his fireside song of comfort streaming into a ray of the candle that shone out through the window, and a long way down the lane. And this light, bursting on a certain person who, on the instant, approached towards it through the gloom, expressed the whole thing to him, literally in a twinkling, and cried, "Welcome home, old fellow! Welcome home, my boy!"

---

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark  
 Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;  
 'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

*Byron.*

**pat'tens**, a wooden sole or clog, with an iron ring beneath, to keep the feet from getting wet.

**pēr-ti-naq'ī-ty** (*-nās'ī-tī*), firm adherence to a purpose; stubbornness.

**con-viv'ī-al**, social; lively.

**hi-la'ri-ous**, very merry.

**maud'lin**, sickly sentimental.

**a-mal-ga-ma'tion**, a mixing or blending.

**Euclid** (4), a Greek geometer whose system of demonstration has been used for two thousand years. — **Royal George** (7), a large English man-of-war, which sank in 1782. Read Cowper's poem, "The Loss of the Royal George."

## XLVIII. — NOT ONE TO SPARE.

MRS. E. L. BEERS.

1. "WHICH shall it be? Which shall it be?  
I looked at John, John looked at me  
(Dear patient John, who loves me yet,  
As well as when my locks were jet).  
And when I found that I must speak,  
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:  
"Tell me again what Robert said!"  
And then I listening bent my head.  
"This is his letter:—
2. "I will give  
A house and land while you shall live,  
If, in return, from out your seven,  
One child to me for aye be given.'"  
I looked at John's old garments worn,  
I thought of all that John had borne  
Of poverty, and work and care  
Which I, though willing, could not share:  
I thought of seven mouths to feed,  
Of seven little children's need,  
And then of this.
3. "Come, John," said I,  
"We'll choose among them as they lie  
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,  
Dear John and I surveyed our band.  
First to the cradle lightly stepped,  
Where Lilian the baby slept,

Her auburn curls, like gold alight,  
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.  
Softly the father stooped to lay  
His rough hand down, in loving way,  
When dream or whisper made her stir;  
Huskily he said, "Not her, not her."

4. We stooped beside the trundle-bed,  
And one long ray of lamplight shed  
Athwart the boyish faces there,  
In sleep so pitiful and fair.  
I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek  
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,  
"He's but a baby, too," said I,  
And kissed him as we hurried by.
5. Pale, patient Robbie's angel face  
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace:  
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"  
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.
6. Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,  
Turbulent, reckless, idle one, —  
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave  
Bids us befriend him to the grave;  
Only a mother's heart can be  
Patient enough for such as he.  
"And so," said John, "I would not dare  
To send him from her bedside prayer."
7. Then stole we softly up above  
And knelt by Mary, child of love:



"Perhaps for her 't would better be,"  
 I said to John. Quite silently  
 He lifted up a curl that lay  
 Across her cheek in willful way,  
 And shook his head: "Nay, love, not thee,"  
 The while my heart beat audibly.

8. Only one more, our eldest lad,  
 Trusty and truthful, good and glad, —  
 So like his father. "No, John, no, —  
 I cannot, will not let him go."

9. And so we wrote, in courteous way,  
 We could not give one child away.  
 And afterwards toil lighter seemed,  
 Thinking of that of which we dreamed  
 Happy, in truth, that not one face  
 We missed from its accustomed place;  
 Thankful to work for all the seven,  
 Trusting the rest to One in heaven!

**a-thwart'**, across.

**cour'te-ous** (*kēr'-*), polite.

**for aye**, always; forever.

**husk'i-ly**, with a broken voice.

**trun'dle-bed**, low bed on wheels.

**tur'bu-lent** (*tēr'-*), wild, disorderly.

**way'ward**, bent on having one's own way.

**shed athwart** (4), "shed" is the same construction as "stooped."

*Write in your own words the story told in these verses.*



# XLIX.—PHOEBE AND HEPZIBAH.

## HAWTHORNE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, a distinguished writer whose fame is still growing, was born in Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804, and died, May 19, 1864, at Plymouth, New Hampshire, while on a journey of recreation. He received his degree at Bowdoin College in 1825, being a classmate with Longfellow.

Among Hawthorne's fascinating stories we have only space to name "Twice-Told Tales," "Mosses from an Old Manse" (written while the author lived in the "old manse" at Concord, Mass.), "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," and "A Wonder Book for Boys and Girls."

Mr. Hillard, one of Hawthorne's most intimate friends, says: "Hawthorne was a man of peculiarly original genius. He combined a rare imaginative faculty with a vein of deep, often mournful reflection. He painted character with admirable discrimination and effect."

Hawthorne's style is remarkable for its purity and rare beauty.

The following selection is taken from "The House of the Seven Gables."

1. AFTER arranging matters to her satisfaction, Phœbe emerged from her chamber, with a purpose to descend into the garden. At the head of the stairs, however, she met Hepzibah, who, it being still early, invited her into a room which she would probably have called her boudoir, had her education embraced any such French phrase.

2. Hepzibah bade her young guest sit down, and, herself taking a chair near by, looked as earnestly at Phœbe's trim little figure as if she expected to see right into its springs and motive secrets.

"Cousin Phœbe," said she, at last, "I really can't see my way clear to keep you with me."

3. To Hepzibah's blunt observation, Phœbe replied, as frankly, and more cheerfully.

"Dear cousin, I cannot tell how it will be," said she. "But I really think we may suit one another much better than you suppose."

4. "You are a nice girl, — I see it plainly," continued Hepzibah, — "and it is not any question as to that point which makes me hesitate. But, Phœbe, this house of mine is but a melancholy place for a young person to be in. It lets in the wind and rain, and the snow, too, in the garret and upper chambers, in winter, but it never lets in the sunshine! And as for myself, you see what I am, — a dismal and lonesome old woman (for I begin to call myself old, Phœbe). I cannot make your life pleasant, Cousin Phœbe, neither can I so much as give you bread to eat."

5. "You will find me a cheerful little body," answered Phœbe, smiling, and yet with a kind of gentle dignity; "and I mean to earn my bread. You know I have not been brought up a Pyncheon. A girl learns many things in a New England village."

6. "Ah! Phœbe," said Hepzibah, sighing, "your knowledge would do but little for you here! And then it is a wretched thought that you should fling away your young days in a place like this. Those cheeks would not be so rosy after a month or two. Look at my face!" — and, indeed, the contrast was very striking, — "you see how pale I am! It is my idea that the dust and continual decay of these old houses are unwholesome for the lungs."

7. "There is the garden, — the flowers to be taken care of," observed Phœbe. "I should keep myself healthy with exercise in the open air."

8. "Well, well, Cousin Phœbe, since, after all that I have said, your courage does not fail you, we will not part so soon. You are welcome, my child, for the present, to such a home as your kinswoman can offer you."

9. With this measured, but not exactly cold assurance of a hospitable purpose, Hepzibah kissed her cheek. They now went below stairs, where Phœbe — ~~not so~~ much assuming the office as attaching it to herself by the magnetism of innate fitness — took the most active part in preparing breakfast.

10. Phœbe, and the fire that boiled the tea-kettle, were equally bright, cheerful, and efficient in their respective offices. Hepzibah gazed forth from her habitual sluggishness, the necessary result of long solitude, as from another sphere. She could not help being interested however, and even amused, at the readiness with which her new inmate adapted herself to the circumstances, and brought the house moreover, and all its rusty old appliances, into a suitableness for her purposes.

11. Whatever she did, too, was done without conscious effort, and with frequent outbreaks of song, which were exceedingly pleasant to the ear. This natural tunefulness made Phœbe seem like a bird in a shadowy tree; or conveyed the idea that the stream of life warbled through her heart as a brook sometimes warbles through a pleasant little dell. It betokened the cheeriness of an active temperament, finding joy in its activity, and therefore rendering it beautiful; it was a New England trait, — the stern old stuff of Puritanism with a gold thread in the web.

12. Hepzibah brought out some old silver spoons with the family crest upon them, and a china tea-set painted over with grotesque figures of man, bird, and beast, in as grotesque a landscape. "Your great-great-great-grandmother had these cups when she was married," said Hepzibah to Phœbe. "She was a Daven-

port, of a good family. They were almost the first teacups ever seen in the Colony."

13. The cups — not having been used, perhaps, since Hepzibah's youth — had contracted no small burden of dust, which Phœbe washed away with so much care and delicacy as to satisfy even the proprietor of this invaluable china.

"What a nice little housewife you are!" exclaimed the latter, smiling, and at the same time frowning so prodigiously that the smile was sunshine under a thunder-cloud. "Do you do other things as well? Are you as good at your book as you are at washing teacups?"

14. "Not quite, I am afraid," said Phœbe, laughing at the form of Hepzibah's question. "But I was school-mistress for the little children in our district last summer, and might have been so still."

"Ah! it is all very well!" observed the maiden lady, drawing herself up. "But these things must have come to you with your mother's blood. I never knew a Pyncheon that had any turn for them."

15. It is very queer, but not the less true, that people are generally quite as vain, or even more so, of their deficiencies as of their available gifts; as was Hepzibah of this native inapplicability, so to speak, of the Pyncheons to any useful purpose.

16. All proofs of Phœbe's ready mind and skillful handiwork were highly acceptable to the aristocratic old gentlewoman, so long as she could murmur to herself, with a grim smile, and a half-natural sigh, and a sentiment of mixed wonder, pity, and growing affection, "What a nice little body she is! If she could only be a lady too! — but that's impossible! Phœbe is no Pyncheon. She takes everything from her mother."



PHOEBE AND HEPTZIBAH.

17. As to Phœbe's not being a lady, or whether she were a lady or no, it was a point, perhaps, difficult to decide, but which could hardly have come up for judgment at all in any fair and healthy mind. She shocked no canon of taste; she was admirably in keeping with herself, and never jarred against surrounding circumstances. Her figure, to be sure, — so small as to be almost childlike, and so elastic that motion seemed as easy to it as rest, or easier, — would hardly have suited one's idea of a countess.

18. Neither did her face — with the brown ringlets on either side, and the slightly piquant nose, and the wholesome bloom, and the clear shade of tan, and the half a dozen freckles, friendly remembrances of the April sun and breeze — precisely give us a right to call her beautiful. But there was both luster and depth in her eyes. She was very pretty; as graceful as a bird, and graceful much in the same way; as pleasant about the house as a gleam of sunshine falling on the floor through a shadow of twinkling leaves, or as a ray of firelight that dances on the wall while evening is drawing nigh.

19. Instead of discussing her claim to rank among ladies, it would be preferable to regard Phœbe as the example of feminine grace and availability combined; in a state of society, if there were any such, where ladies did not exist. There it should be woman's office to move in the midst of practical affairs, and to gild them all, the very homeliest, — were it even the scouring of pots and kettles, — with an atmosphere of loveliness and joy.

20. Such was the sphere of Phœbe. To find the born and educated lady, on the other hand, we need look no farther than Hepzibah, our forlorn old maid, in her

rustling and rusty silks, with her deeply cherished and ridiculous consciousness of long descent, her shadowy claims to princely territory, and, in the way of accomplishment, her recollections, it may be, of having formerly thrummed on a harpsichord, and walked a minuet, and worked an antique tapestry stitch on her sampler. It was a fair parallel between new Plebeianism and old Gentility.

**bou'doir** (*bōō'dwōr*), a lady's dressing-room.

**mel'an-chol-y** (*-kōl'it*), gloomy; sad.

**mag'net-ism**, attractive power.

**in'nate**, inborn; natural.

**crest**, the figure or device which surmounts a family coat of arms.

**can'on**, law; rule.

**piqu'ant** (*pit'ant*), sharp; pointed.

**gro-tesque'** (*-tesk'*), extravagantly formed.

**harp'si-chord** (*-kōrd*), a harp-shaped musical instrument, now superseded by the piano.

**min'u-et**, a slow, stately dance.

**sam'pler**, a pattern for needlework.

Point out some of the figures of speech in paragraph 11; some in paragraph 18. Explain the last clause of paragraph 11, as applied to Phæbe. Explain "in keeping with herself" (17).

*Write a brief description of Phæbe.*

## L — THE CORN SONG.

WHITTIER.

1. HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard;  
     Heap high the golden corn!  
     No richer gift has Autumn poured  
     From out her lavish horn.
2. Let other lands, exulting, glean  
     The apple from the pine,  
     The orange from its glossy green,  
     The cluster from the vine;—



3. We better love the hardy gift  
Our rugged vales bestow  
To cheer us when the storm shall drift  
Our harvest fields with snow.
4. Through vales of grass and meads of flowers  
Our plows their furrows made,  
While on the hills the sun and showers  
Of changeful April played.
5. We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,  
Beneath the sun of May,  
And frightened from our sprouting grain  
The robber crows away.
6. All through the long, bright days of June  
Its leaves grew green and fair,  
And waved in hot midsummer's noon  
Its soft and yellow hair.
7. And now, with Autumn's moonlit eves,  
Its harvest time has come,  
We pluck away the frosted leaves,  
And bear the treasure home.
8. There, richer than the fabled gift  
Apollo showered of old,  
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift  
And knead its meal of gold.
9. Let vapid idlers loll in silk  
Around their costly board;  
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,  
By homespun beauty poured!

10. Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth  
Sends up its smoky curls,  
Who will not thank the kindly earth,  
And bless our farmer girls?
11. Then shame on all the proud and vain,  
Whose folly laughs to scorn  
The blessing of our hardy grain,  
Our wealth of golden corn.
12. Let Earth withhold her goodly root,  
Let mildew blight the rye,  
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,  
The wheat-field to the fly;—
13. But let the good old crop adorn  
The hills our fathers trod;  
Still let us, for his golden corn,  
Send up our thanks to God!

**samp**, grains of Indian corn broken | **hoard**, store or stock laid up for use.  
up for boiling in a pudding. | **vap'id**, spiritless; insipid.

**lavish horn** (1). The allusion is to the cornucopia, or horn of plenty. It is represented as a wreathed horn, filled with fruits and flowers, and is the symbol of plenty. — **Apollo** (8), one of the principal gods of Grecian and Roman mythology. He was the god of song and stringed instruments, of flocks and fruits, of the healing art, etc. — **And now** (7), that is, And now that its harvest time, etc.

**Explain**: apple from the pine (2); meads of flowers (4).

What figure in stanza 8? what two figures in stanza 9? See p. 432, III., IV.

*Describe in your own words the raising of corn* (referring to stanzas 4, 5, 6, and 7).

## LL—AN APPEAL TO ARMS.

## HENRY.

PATRICK HENRY, a great American orator, was born in Virginia in 1736, of Scotch parentage. Though not enjoying the advantages of what is called a liberal education, he developed in early life great oratorical powers, for the display of which he found a splendid opportunity in the debates that preceded the war of the Revolution. He continued to render important services to his country after the war had ended. He died in 1799.

The following speech is found in Wirt's *Life of Patrick Henry*. It was delivered at a Convention of Delegates of Virginia who met at Richmond in 1775.

1. It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that Siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

2. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house.

3. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to

be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. .

4. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, — the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it?

5. Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir; she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging.

6. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

7. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands

of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

8. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free,—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending,—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained,—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us!

9. They tell us, sir, that we are weak,—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

10. Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides

over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us.

11. The battle is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable, — and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

12. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

**il-lu'sion** (-zhun), false show.

**tem'po-ral**, worldly.

**in-sid'i-ous**, deceitful; sly.

**sol'ace**, console; cheer.

**com-pörts'**, agrees; suits.

**mär'tial** (-shal), warlike.

**förg'ing**, forming by heating and hammering.

**su-pine'ly**, flat on the back; lazily.

**in-vi'o-late**, uninjured.

**phan'tom**, a fancied vision.

**e-lec'tion**, choice.

**Siren** (1). The reference is to the enchantress Circe (*sēr'se*), who, as the Greek poet Homer relates, feasted the companions of Ulysses, and then transformed them into swine.

**British ministry** (2), the body of officers who manage certain state affairs for the British sovereign. It consists of the leading men of the party in power at the time.

Explain the figure of speech in paragraph 2. Point out a figure of climax in paragraph 7. What is Parliament (*pär'li-ment*)?

## LII — MAHMOOD THE IMAGE-BREAKER.

## LOWELL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was born in Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819. He graduated at Harvard College in 1838, and soon afterwards devoted himself to literature as a pursuit. Succeeding Mr. Longfellow, he was during a number of years Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres in the University at Cambridge.

Lowell has written much exquisite poetry, rich in imagination and thought, and felicitous in expression. No living writer has shown a choicer poetic genius. His "Biglow Papers," a political satire written in the Yankee dialect, contain an incomparable delineation of the traditional shrewdness, wit, and humor of the Yankee race. He has also written several volumes of bright and scholarly essays in prose.

In 1880, Mr. Lowell was sent as Minister from the United States to the Court of St. James (England), which position he still holds (1884).

## 1.

OLD events have modern meanings; only that survives  
Of past history which finds kindred in all hearts and lives.  
Mahmood once, the idol-breaker, spreader of the Faith,  
Was at Sumnat tempted sorely, as the legend saith.

## 2.

In the great pagoda's center, monstrous and abhorred,  
Granite on a throne of granite, sat the temple's lord.  
Mahmood paused a moment, silenced by the silent face,  
That, with eyes of stone unwavering, awed the ancient  
place.

## 3.

Then the Brahmins knelt before him, by his doubt made  
bold,  
Pledging for their idol's ransom countless gems and gold.  
Gold was yellow dirt to Mahmood, but of precious use,  
Since from it the roots of power suck a potent juice.

## 4.

"Were yon stone alone in question, this would please me well,"

Mahmood said; "but, with the block there, I my truth must sell.

Wealth and rule slip down with Fortune, as her wheel turns round,

He who keeps his faith, he only cannot be discrowned.

Little were a change of station, loss of life or crown,

But the wreck were past retrieving if the Man fell down."

## 5.

So his iron mace he lifted, smote with might and main,

And the idol, on the pavement tumbling, burst in twain.

Luck obeys the downright striker; from the hollow core,

Fifty times the Brahmins' offer deluged all the floor.

**leg'end** (*lej'*), a fabulous or romantic story.

**pa-go'dá**, a Hindoo temple containing an idol.

**re-triev'ing**, bringing back to a former state.

**mace**, a heavy staff.

**Brāh'min**, a Hindoo priest.

**The Faith** (1) here means the Mohammedan religion. — **Sumnat** (1), now usually written Somnauth (*som-nawt'*), is a town in India. Its famous Hindoo temple was sacked by the Mussulmans under Mahmood in 1024.

**Explain:** finds kindred, etc. (1); my truth must sell (4); in twain (5).

Explain the first figure in stanza 3, line 3. (As yellow dirt is in regard to its worth, so was gold to Mahmood.) Explain similarly the metaphor in line 4, "roots of power."

Put synonymous words in place of those italicized in the following sentences: —

The temple's lord was *monstrous* and *abhorred*.

Gold was of *precious* use to Mahmood.

Mahmood at Sumnat was once tempted *sorely*.



## LIII.—THE REVOLUTIONARY ALARM.

## BANCROFT.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian of the United States, was born in Worcester, Mass., October 3, 1800. After graduating at Harvard College (1817), he continued his studies for several years in German universities.

In 1834 he published the first volume of his History of the United States. Just forty years later he gave to the world the tenth volume, bringing the history to the close of the Revolutionary war. Two more volumes, on the Formation of the Constitution, have since appeared. His work is commonly regarded as the standard history of the United States.

Mr. Bancroft has ably filled many public offices at home, and twice has represented his country as Minister to the most important courts of Europe.

The "war message" was the news of the battle of Lexington, fought on April 19, 1775.

1. DARKNESS closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds on swift relays of horses transmitted the war message from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village, the sea to the backwoods, the plains to the highlands; and it was never suffered to droop till it had been borne north, and south, and east, and west, throughout the land.

2. It spread over the bays that receive the Saco and the Penobscot. Its loud reveille broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and, ringing like bugle-notes from peak to peak, overleaped the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal, and descended the ocean river, till the responses were echoed from the cliffs of Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale.

3. As the summons hurried to the south, it was one day at New York; in one more at Philadelphia; the next, it lighted a watchfire at Baltimore; thence it waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the Poto-

mac near Mount Vernon, it was sent forward without a halt to Williamsburg. It traversed the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond, along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina. It moved onwards, and still onwards, through boundless groves of evergreen, to Newbern and to Wilmington.

4. "For God's sake, forward it by night and by day," wrote Cornelius Harnett, by the express which sped for Brunswick. Patriots of South Carolina caught up its tones at the border, and dispatched it to Charleston, and through pines and palmettos and moss-clad live-oaks, still farther to the South, till it resounded among the New England settlements beyond the Savannah.

5. The Blue Ridge took up the voice, and made it heard from one end to the other of the valley of Virginia. The Alleghanies, as they listened, opened their barriers that the "loud call" might pass through to the hardy riflemen on the Holston, the Watauga, and the French Broad. Ever renewing its strength, powerful enough even to create a commonwealth, it breathed its inspiring word to the first settlers of Kentucky; so that hunters who made their halt in the matchless valley of the Elkhorn, commemorated the nineteenth day of April by naming their encampment *Lexington*.

6. With one impulse the Colonies sprung to arms; with one spirit they pledged themselves to each other "to be ready for the extreme event." With one heart the continent cried, "LIBERTY OR DEATH!"

<b>re-lay'</b> , a supply of fresh horses to relieve others. <b>re-veil'</b> le (-vål'yå), beat of drum or sound of trumpet at daybreak to awaken soldiers.	<b>route</b> (rōōt), way; road. <b>live'-oak</b> , a kind of oak much used in shipbuilding. <b>bår'ri-er</b> , something which bars the way or passage.
---	---

**Saco**, pronounced *saw'ko*. — **Holston**, *höl'stun*. — **Watauga** (*wå-taw'gå*).

## LIV.—THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

TENNYSON.

THE following spirited poem commemorates a gallant and desperate charge made by a brigade of English light-horse on a Russian battery, at the battle of Balaklava (*bal-à-klà'vâ*), October 25, 1854. Six hundred and thirty started on the charge, and only a hundred and fifty returned. It has been supposed that the order to charge was given under a mistake.

Notice the *galloping* measure of the first two lines.

1. HALF a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.  
"Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns!" he said  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.
2. "Forward, the Light Brigade "  
Was there a man dismayed?  
Not though the soldier knew  
Some one had blundered!  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.
3. Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them,  
Volleyed and thundered;

Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well;  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell,  
Rode the six hundred.

4. Flashed all their sabers bare,  
Flashed as they turned in air,  
Sabering the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wondered:  
Plunged in the battery smoke,  
Right through the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reeled from the saber stroke,  
Shattered and sundered.  
Then they rode back, — but not —  
Not the six hundred.

5. Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them,  
Volleyed and thundered;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came through the jaws of Death,  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them, —  
Left of six hundred.

6. When can their glory fade?  
O the wild charge they made!  
All the world wondered.

Honor the charge they made!  
Honor the Light Brigade,  
Noble six hundred!

**dis-mayed'**, deprived of strength and firmness through fear. | **vol'leyed** (-léd), discharged with an outburst as of many guns firing.

**Cossack** (4). The Cossacks are tribes on the southern and eastern frontiers of the Russian empire. They are very skillful horsemen.

What nations were engaged in the Crime'an war? How many miles in half a league?

*Write a brief account of the charge of the Light Brigade.*



## LV. — WEBSTER ON A MEMORABLE OCCASION.

S. G. GOODRICH.

[For a notice of Mr. Goodrich, see page 151. A sketch of Mr. Webster's life introduces the next Lesson.]

1. THE first time I ever saw Mr. Webster was on the 17th of June, 1825, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument. I shall never forget his appearance as he strode across the open area, encircled by some fifty thousand persons,—men and women,—waiting for the “Orator of the Day,” nor the shout that simultaneously burst forth, as he was recognized, carrying up to the skies the name of “Webster!” “Webster!” “Webster!”

2. It was one of those lovely days in June, when the sun is bright, the air clear, and the breath of nature so sweet and pure as to fill every bosom with a grateful joy in the mere consciousness of existence.

3. There were present long files of soldiers, in their holiday attire; there were many associations, with their

mottoed banners; there were lodges and grand lodges, in white aprons and blue scarfs; there were miles of citizens from the towns and the country round about; there were two hundred gray-haired men, remnants of the days of the Revolution; there was among them a stranger, of great mildness and dignity of appearance, on whom all eyes rested, and when his name was known the air echoed with the cry, "Welccme, welcome, La-fayette!"

4. I have seen many public festivities and ceremonies, but never one, taken all together, of more general interest than this. Everything was fortunate: all were gratified; but the address was that which seemed uppermost in all minds and hearts. Mr. Webster was in the very zenith of his fame and of his powers.

5. There was a grandeur in his form, an intelligence in his deep dark eye, a loftiness in his expansive brow, a significance in his arched lip, altogether beyond those of any other human being I ever saw. And these, on the occasion to which I refer, had their full expression and interpretation.

6. In general, the oration was serious, full of weighty thought and deep reflection. Occasionally there were flashes of fine imagination, and several passages of deep, overwhelming emotion.

7. I was near the speaker, and not only heard every word, but I saw every movement of his countenance. When he came to address the few scarred and time-worn veterans — some forty in number — who had shared in the bloody scene which all had now gathered to commemorate, he paused a moment, and, as he uttered the words, "Venerable men!" his voice trembled, and I could

see a cloud pass over the sea of faces that turned upon the speaker.

8. When at last, alluding to the death of Warren, he said:—

“But ah, Him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him, the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit! Him! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood, like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage!—how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name!”

9. Here the eyes of the veterans around, little accustomed to tears, were filled to the brim, and some of them “sobbed aloud in their fullness of heart.” The orator went on:—

“Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure: this monument may molder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea, but thy memory shall not fail! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit!”

10. I have never seen such an effect from a single passage; a moment before, every bosom bent, every brow was clouded, every eye was dim. Lifted as by inspiration, every breast seemed now to expand, every gaze to turn above, every face to beam with a holy yet exulting enthusiasm. It was the omnipotence of elo-

quence, which, like the agitated sea, carries a host upon its waves, sinking and swelling with its irresistible undulations.

**â're-â**, a space.

**lodge**, secret club or association.

**an'nals**, series of historical events.

**com-mem'o-rate**, celebrate by a public act.

**vet'er-ans**, old and experienced soldiers.

**om-nip'o-tence**, unlimited power.

**un-du-la'tions**, wave-like movements.

**se'nith**, height.

Notice the want of grammatical correspondence in paragraph 8. The orator's warmth of emotion causes him to close with the direct address, "*thy* name," instead of "his name."



## LVI. — THE SURVIVORS OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

### WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782, and died at Marshfield, Mass., October 24, 1852. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1801. He studied law, and, after practicing in Portsmouth for some years, in 1816 removed to Boston. In a short time he stood at the head of American advocates and orators.

During many years Webster held high public offices and was a chief leader in national affairs. He was chosen again and again to represent Massachusetts in the Senate of the United States and was twice Secretary of State. In the Senate he was distinguished as the ablest expounder of the Constitution, and as a parliamentary debater.

On great occasions Webster had no superior as an orator. His best efforts are characterized by a massive and weighty eloquence, sound in thought and noble in diction. His delivery approached the majestic. "In person Webster was imposing, his head of great size, his eyes deep-seated and lustrous, his voice powerful, sonorous, and flexible."

1. VENERABLE men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago,



this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country.

2. Behold, how altered ! The same heavens are, indeed, over your heads ; the same ocean rolls at your feet ; but all else how changed ! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon ; you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewn with the dead and the dying ; the impetuous charge ; the steady and successful repulse ; the loud call to repeated assault ; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance ; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death ; — all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more.

3. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee.

4. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense.

5. All is peace ; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness ere you slumber in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils ; and He has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and, in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you !

6. But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Reed, Pomeroy, Bridge, — our eyes seek for you in vain amid this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example.

7. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

"another morn,  
Risen on mid-noon";

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.\*

**boun'te-ous-ly**, liberally.

**im-pet'u-ous**, furious.

**strewed** (*strowd*), scattered over.

**me-trop'o-lis**, chief city of a country;

*here*, the allusion is to Boston as the chief city of Massachusetts.

**ju'bi-lee**, season of great public joy.

**is'sue** (*ish'oo*), result.

**Yonder proud ships** (4). The United States Navy Yard at Charlestown is situated at the base of Bunker Hill. Ships of war of the United States lie at anchor there. — **Prescott, Putnam**, etc. (6). Give some account of these men. (Ebenezer Bridge and James Reed were colonels; John Brooks was a major. Seth Pomeroy (*pum'*) fought bravely at Bunker Hill as a private, but afterwards became a general.)

**Explain**: felicity of position (4); gathered to your fathers (6).

Where is Charlestown? Who fought against the Americans at Bunker Hill? Can you tell anything about the battle?

\* The extract in paragraphs 8 and 9 of the preceding lesson immediately follows, in Webster's oration, this paragraph.

## LVII.—EXTRACT FROM "SNOW-BOUND"

WHITTIER.

1. THE moon above the eastern wood  
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood  
Transfigured in the silver flood,  
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen.  
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine  
Took shadow, or the somber green  
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black  
Against the whiteness at their back.  
For such a world and such a night  
Most fitting that unwarming light,  
Which only seemed where'er it fell  
To make the coldness visible.
2. Shut in from all the world without,  
We sat the clean-winged hearth about.  
Content to let the north wind roar  
In baffled rage at pane and door,  
While the red logs before us beat  
The frost-line back with tropic heat;  
And ever, when a louder blast  
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,  
The merrier up its roaring draught  
The great throat of the chimney laughed
3. The house-dog on his paws outspread  
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,  
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall  
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall:

And, for the winter fireside meet,  
Between the andirons' straddling feet,  
The mug of cider simmered slow,  
The apples sputtered in a row,  
And close at hand the basket stood  
With nuts from brown October's wood.

4. What matter how the night behaved?  
What matter how the north wind raved?  
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow  
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.  
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray  
As was my sire's that winter day,  
How strange it seems, with so much gone  
Of life and love, to still live on!  
Ah, brother! only I and thou  
Are left of all that circle now,—  
The dear home faces whereupon  
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
5. Henceforward, listen as we will,  
The voices of that hearth are still;  
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,  
Those lighted faces smile no more.  
We tread the paths their feet have worn,  
We sit beneath their orchard trees,  
We hear, like them, the hum of bees,  
And rustle of the bladed corn;  
We turn the pages that they read,  
Their written words we linger o'er,  
But in the sun they cast no shade,  
No voice is heard, no sign is made,  
No step is on the conscious floor!

6. Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,  
 (Since He who knows our need is just,)
 That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.  
 Alas for him who never sees  
 The stars shine through his cypress trees!  
 Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
 Nor looks to see the breaking day  
 Across the mournful marbles play!  
 Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
 That Life is ever lord of Death,  
 And Love can never lose its own!

**trans-fig'ured**, changed in outward form; made glorious.

**pitch'y**, like pitch or tar in color.

**and'i-rons** (-i-urnz), a pair of iron bars on legs. Andirons are used in an open fireplace to support the fuel.

**sil'hon-ette** (sil'wō-et), the outline of a figure, filled in with a dark color.

**couch'ant** (kōuch'-), lying down with the head raised.

**draught** (drāft), passage up which the hot air and smoke are drawn.

**Explain:** clean-winged hearth (2); The stars shine, etc. (6). — What is the thought in stanza 6, lines 7 and 8? Explain the metaphor in the last line of section 2.

*Describe in your own words the fireside scene (stanzas 2 and 3).*

## HOPE.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
 And robes the mountain in its azure hue.  
 Thus with delight we linger to survey  
 The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;  
 Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene  
 More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;  
 And every form, that Fancy can repair  
 From dark oblivion, glows divinely there

*Campbell.*

## LVIII. — GIANT DESPAIR AND DOUBTING CASTLE.

BUNYAN.

JOHN BUNYAN, a tinker and preacher, was born near Bedford in England, in 1628, and died in 1688. The following extract is taken from his immortal work, "The Pilgrim's Progress," which was written in Bedford jail, where he was imprisoned twelve years for preaching. Speaking of the Pilgrim's Progress, Mr. J. R. Green says: "It is probably the most popular and most widely known of all English books. Its English is the simplest and homeliest English which has ever been used by any great English writer. Bunyan tells his tale with such a perfect naturalness that allegories become living things, that the Slough of Despond and Doubting Castle are as real to us as places we see every day, that we know Mr. Legality and Mr. Worldly Wiseman as if we had met them in the street."

Notice, in this piece, with what clearness and force Bunyan expresses his thoughts by means of short, easy words.

Christian and Hopeful, leaving the king's highway, get over a stile, and come into the grounds of Giant Despair.

1. THEY could not, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night. Wherefore at last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there till daybreak; but being weary they fell asleep. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice he bade them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way.

2. Then said the giant, "You have this night trespassed on me by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me." So they

were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant therefore drove them before him, and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did.

3. Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence; so when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her what he had best do further to them. She counseled him that, when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy.

4. So when he arose he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating them as if they were dogs. Then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress; so all that day they spent the time in nothing but sighs and lamentations.

5. The next night, she, talking with her husband further about them, and understanding that they were yet alive, advised him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So, when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that, since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves.

6. But they desired him to let them go ; with that he looked ugly upon them, and, rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits, and lost for a time the use of his hands. Wherefore he withdrew, and left them.

7. Well, towards evening the giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel ; but when he came there, he found them alive, and, truly, alive was all ; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive ; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

8. Now when night came, the giant's wife asked him if the prisoners had taken his counsel ; to which he replied, "They are sturdy rogues ; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves." "Then," said she, "take them into the castle yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already dispatched, and make them believe ere a week comes to an end thou wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them."

9. So, when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. "These," said he, "were pilgrims as you are ; they trespassed on my grounds as you have done, and I tore them in pieces ; and so within ten days I will do for you. Go, get you down to your den again." And with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay therefore all day on Saturday in a lamentable case.



10. On Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day. Now a little before it was day, Christian, as one half amazed, broke out in this passionate speech: "What a fool am I to lie in a dungeon when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle." Then said Hopeful, "That's good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try."

11. Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outer door that leads into the castle yard, and with this key opened that door also. After that he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went desperately hard, yet the key did open it.

12. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail; for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the king's highway again, and so were safe.

**Explain:** trespassed on me (2); falls to rating them (4).

In paragraph 8 what words mean "to kill"? what word "killed"? what word "before"?

*Write a brief account of the chief things told in this lesson.*

The Pilgrim's Progress is a kind of writing called an *allegory* (a description of one thing under the image of another). "The spiritual life or progress of the Christian is represented in detail by the story of a pilgrim in search of a distant country, which he reaches after many struggles and difficulties." A fable is a short allegory.

LIX.—LINES ON A SKELETON.

“THE manuscript of this poem was found near a skeleton in the London Royal College of Surgeons, about 1820. The author has never been found, though a reward of fifty guineas was offered for his discovery.”

1. BEHOLD this ruin! 'T was a skull  
Once of ethereal spirit full.  
This narrow cell was life's retreat;  
This space was thought's mysterious seat.  
What beauteous visions filled this spot!  
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!  
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,  
Has left one trace of record here.
  
2. Beneath this moldering canopy  
Once shone the bright and busy eye;  
But start not at that dismal void:  
If social love that eye employed,  
If with no lawless fire it gleaned,  
But through the dews of kindness beamed,  
That eye shall be forever bright  
When stars and suns have lost their light.
  
3. Within this silent cavern hung  
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;  
If falsehood's honey it disdained,  
And when it could not praise was chained, —  
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,  
Yet gentle concord never broke, —  
That silent tongue shall plead for thee  
When death unveils eternity!

4. Say, did these fingers delve the mine?  
Or with its envied rubies shine?  
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,  
Can nothing now avail to them.  
But if the page of truth they sought,  
And comfort to the mourner brought,  
These hands a richer meed shall claim  
Than all that wait on wealth and fame
5. Avails it whether bare or shod  
These feet the paths of duty trod?  
If from the bowers of ease they fled,  
To seek affliction's humble bed;  
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,  
And home to virtue's lap returned, —  
These feet with angels' wings shall vie,  
And tread the palace of the sky.

page of truth (4), the Bible.

---

#### TRUE GROWTH.

It is not growing like a tree,  
In bulk, doth make man better be;  
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:  
A lily of a day  
Is fairer far in May,  
Although it fall and die that night, —  
It was the plant and flower of light.  
In small proportions we just beauty see;  
And in short measures life may perfect be.

*Ben Jonson.*

## LX.—THE PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF GREECE.

## HILLARD.

GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD was born in Machias, Maine, September 22, 1808, and died, January 21, 1879, at Longwood, in the suburbs of Boston.

After graduating at Harvard College (1828) he engaged in the practice of the law, and became a distinguished member of the bar in Boston.

He was an eloquent speaker and a polished writer. All his public discourses and other writings show the results of high culture and a refined taste. His "*Six Months in Italy*" is an interesting and instructive book of travels.

1. THE peninsula of Greece is remarkable, among the countries of Europe, for those peculiarities which distinguish Europe itself from the other quarters of the globe,—for the number of its natural divisions, and its extent of seacoast compared with its surface. Though not so large as Portugal, its extent of seacoast is greater than that of Italy, and twice as great as that of France. Peloponnesus is so embayed and indented by the sea that it has been aptly likened to the human hand stretched out, with the fingers apart.

2. Thus the voice of the sea was ever sounding in the ears of the Greek, and from every mountain height its blue waters were seen sparkling in the clear distance. It essentially contributed to the formation of that bold, active, and enterprising spirit which characterized the people. The murmur of its waves is constantly heard in the literature of Greece, as in that of England.

3. The poetry of Homer is full of ocean influences. Its author must have been familiar with the sea in all its moods, and from childhood "laid his hand upon its mane," like that strong swimmer of our own age, from

whom these words are taken, but who, unlike the old Greek bard, drew from the ocean, not the spirit of its central repose, but its bitterness, its turbulence, and its foam.

4. The attachment of the Greeks to the sea is illustrated by an anecdote which has come down to us, of a Greek islander, who, when he was carried to see the beautiful Vale of Tempe, coldly remarked, "This is well; but where is the sea?"

5. Greece, too, was as much a land of the mountain as of the flood. It is a region of plains and hollows, lying in the laps of steep mountain ranges, which can in many places be traversed only by narrow passes, where the footing is difficult and dangerous. States lying near each other were completely isolated by mountain barriers. Hence it came that Greece was occupied by many distinct communities, differing in dialect and in civil and religious institutions, whose struggles and rivalries afforded a constant excitement to the minds of the inhabitants.

6. This explains the fact why the history of Greece is so crowded with events, is so fruitful in political instruction, and is also one reason of the beauty and variety of its literature. Of the various dialects of Greece, no one degenerated into a vulgar or provincial *patois*, but each was a refined language, used to express the conceptions best suited to its peculiar character.

7. There were other elements, common in various degrees to the whole of the Grecian peninsula, which aided in the wonderful development of the human mind which there took place. The air was remarkable for its clearness and purity, as is shown by the excellent preservation in which those monuments of art are still

found which have been so fortunate as to escape the destroying hand of man. The climate was admirably suited to develop both body and mind.

8. The winters were severe in some places, but generally there was warmth without heat, and coolness without cold. The cold of winter was tempered by the genial sea breezes, and the heats of summer mitigated by the bracing winds from the mountains, many of whose peaks were covered with snow during the whole year. The soil, with very few exceptions, was of that kind which stimulates and rewards labor; not of tropical luxuriance, but richly repaying the husbandman's toil.

9. Thus all the influences that were around the ancient Greek were adapted to quicken, animate, and inspire; to give muscular power and nervous sensibility; to create active minds and vigorous bodies; and there is the same analogy between the energetic and practical character of the Greek intellect and the forms and expressions of nature in Greece, as that which we observe between the dreamy and speculative cast of the Oriental mind and the exhausting heats and monotonous plains of the East.

<b>em-bayed'</b> ( <i>-bād'</i> ), inclosed in a bay,	<b>is'o-lāt-ed</b> ( <i>is'-</i> ), placed by itself, as
or by bays.	an <i>island</i> is; detached.
<b>pat'-ois'</b> ( <i>pat'-wā'</i> ), dialect or speech	<b>mo-not'o-nous</b> , marked by dull uni-
of the lower classes in any country.	formity.

**Peloponne'sus** (1), called also *More'a*, is the peninsula which forms the southern part of Greece.

**Homer** (3), the Greek poet who wrote the great epics, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. He is supposed to have lived about 1000 B. C. — **Vale of Tem'pe** (4), a valley in the northeast of Thessaly noted for its beautiful scenery. — **laid his hand . . . mane** (3). See Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, canto iv. st. 184.

## LXI. — WATERLOO.

## BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, though he lived but thirty-six years, achieved a brilliant reputation as a poet. He was born in London, January 22, 1788. He was but twenty-four years old when he suddenly attained great fame by publishing a portion of "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*." During the remaining twelve years of his life Byron was constantly in the public eye. From time to time he gave the world poems of startling power on new and original themes. The principles inculcated in some of these shocked his countrymen, and still offend the moral sense of readers.

"As a man, Byron could not manage himself, could not guide his ways aright, but was all astray." He died, April 19, 1824, in Greece, whither he had gone to aid the Greeks in their struggle for independence.

Passionate eloquence and powerful description are leading characteristics of Byron's poetry.

On the night of June 15, 1815, a grand ball was given by the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels, "*Belgium's capital*," and was attended by many officers of the allied forces, that is, the English, Belgians, Germans, and others, under the Duke of Wellington. During the evening news arrived that Napoleon was marching on Brussels. Engagements took place the next day, but Waterloo was not fought till Sunday, the 18th. At this great battle the Prussians, near the close of day, joined the forces under Wellington, and the French army was totally routed.

The following verses are from "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*," Canto iii.

1. THERE was a sound of revelry by night,  
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry; and bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.  
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
 And all went merry as a marriage bell:  
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising  
 knell!

2. Did ye not hear it? — No; 't was but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet!  
But hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier, than before!  
Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!
  
3. Within a windowed niche of that high hall  
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain: he did hear  
That sound the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;  
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:  
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.
  
4. Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!
  
5. And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,



Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;  
While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,  
Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe! They come!  
they come!"

6. And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose,  
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
Have heard, and heard too have her Saxon foes:—  
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills  
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
With the fierce native daring which instills  
The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's  
ears!

7. And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valor, rolling on the foe  
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

8. Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,

The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
 The morn the marshaling in arms, the day  
 Battle's magnificently stern array !  
 The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent,  
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
 Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial  
 blent !

**rev'el-ry**, noisy mirth.

**vo-lup'tu-ous**, delightful.

**niche** (*nitch*), small recess.

**squad'ron** (*skwôd'-*), a body of troops  
 on horse.

**car**, carriage.

**pent**, literally, penned; packed to-  
 gether.

**blent**, mingled.

**pi'broch** (*pe'brôk*), the wild martial  
 music of the Scottish bagpipe.

**Brunswick's fated chieftain** (3). The Duke of Brunswick fell in the engagement at Quatre Bras (*kât'r brâ'*) the next day (the 16th). His father fell at the battle of Auerstädt (*ow'er-stet*), in 1806, in which the French defeated the Prussians. — **mutual eyes** (4), eyes exchanging looks of love or regard. — "**Cameron's gathering**" (6), the "war-note" of the Cameron Highlanders. — **Lochiel** (*lo-keel'*). The title of the chief of the Cameron clan. — **Albyn** (6), the poetic name for Scotland, — hence "Albyn's hills," the Highlands of Scotland. — **Saxon foes** (6), the Lowland Scotch and the English. — **Evan's, Donald's fame** (6), Sir Evan Cameron and his grandson Donald were conspicuous in the rebellions of 1689 and 1715. Donald was the Lochiel of Campbell's "Lochiel's Warning." — **Ardennes** (*âr-dên'*, but here pronounced *âr'dên*). The woods of Soignies (*swä'nye'*), through which the troops had to pass, — supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes, which in Cæsar's time traversed this part of Belgium, and extended far into Germany. — **which when rent** (8), equivalent to "which being rent."

**Explain:** Death's prophetic ear (3); noon of night (6); Nature's tears (7); living valor (7); other clay (8).

What is the figure of speech in the third line of the first stanza? See page 432, IV. (the abstract, *beauty*, put for the concrete, *beautiful persons*). Find another example of this figure. By what forces was the battle of Waterloo fought? What can you tell of Napoleon after this battle?

## LXII.—THE BLACK SNAKE AND CATBIRDS.

## BURROUGHS.

1. I HARDLY know whether I am more pleased or annoyed with the catbird. Perhaps she is a little too common, and her part in the general chorus a little too conspicuous. If you are listening for the note of another bird, she is sure to be prompted to the most loud and protracted singing, drowning all other sounds; if you sit quietly down to observe a favorite or study a new-comer, her curiosity knows no bounds, and you are scanned and ridiculed from every point of observation. Yet I would not miss her; I would only subordinate her a little, make her less conspicuous.

2. She is the parodist of the woods, and there is ever a mischievous, bantering, half-ironical undertone in her lay, as if she were conscious of mimicking and disconcerting some envied songster. Ambitious of song, practicing and rehearsing in private, she yet seems the least sincere and genuine of the sylvan minstrels, as if she had taken up music only to be in the fashion, or not to be outdone by the robins and thrushes. In other words, she seems to sing from some outward motive, and not from inward joyousness. She is a good versifier, but not a great poet. Vigorous, rapid, copious, not without fine touches, but destitute of any high, serene melody, her performance, like that of Thoreau's squirrel, always implies a spectator.

3. There is a certain air and polish about her strain, however, like that in the vivacious conversation of a well-bred lady of the world, that commands respect.

Her maternal instinct, also, is very strong, and that simple structure of dead twigs and dry grass is the center of much anxious solicitude.

4. Not long since, while strolling through the woods, my attention was attracted to a small densely grown swamp, hedged in with eglantine, brambles, and the everlasting smilax, from which proceeded loud cries of distress and alarm, indicating that some terrible calamity was threatening my somber-colored minstrel. On effecting an entrance, and looking around me from a square yard of terra firma, I found myself the spectator of a loathsome, yet fascinating scene.

5. Three or four yards from me was the nest, beneath which, in long festoons, rested a huge black snake; a bird two thirds grown was slowly disappearing between his expanded jaws. As he seemed unconscious of my presence, I quietly observed the proceedings. By slow degrees he compassed the bird about with his elastic mouth; his head flattened, his neck writhed and swelled, and two or three undulatory movements of his glistening body finished the work.

6. Then he cautiously raised himself, his tongue flaming from his mouth the while, curved over the nest, and, with wavy, subtle motions, explored the interior. I can conceive of nothing more overpoweringly terrible to an unsuspecting family of birds than the sudden appearance above their domicile of the head and neck of this arch enemy. It is enough to petrify the blood in their veins.

7. Not finding the object of his search, he came streaming down from the nest to a lower limb, and commenced extending his researches in other directions, sliding stealthily through the branches, bent on captur-

ing one of the parent birds. That a legless, wingless creature should move with such ease and rapidity where only birds and squirrels are considered at home, lifting himself up, letting himself down, running out on the yielding boughs, and traversing with marvelous celerity the whole length and breadth of the thicket, was truly surprising.

8. I could but admire his terrible beauty ; his black, shining folds, his easy, gliding movement, head erect, eyes glistening, tongue playing like subtle flame, and the invisible means of his almost winged locomotion.

9. The parent birds, in the mean while, kept up the most agonizing cry, — at times fluttering furiously about their pursuer, and actually laying hold of his tail with their beaks and claws. On being thus attacked, the snake would suddenly double upon himself and follow his own body back, thus executing a strategic movement that at first seemed almost to paralyze his victim and place her within his grasp.

10. Not quite, however. Before his jaws could close upon the coveted prize the bird would tear herself away, and, apparently faint and sobbing, retire to a higher branch. His reputed powers of fascination availed him little, though it is possible that a frailer and less combative bird might have been held by the fatal spell.

11. Presently, as he came gliding down the slender body of a leaning alder, his attention was attracted by a slight movement of my arm ; eyeing me an instant, with that crouching, utterly motionless gaze which I believe only snakes and devils can assume, he turned quickly, — a feat which necessitated something like crawling over his own body, — and glided off through the branches, evidently recognizing in me a repre-

sentative of the ancient parties he once so cunningly ruined.

12. A few moments after, as he lay carelessly disposed in the top of a rank alder, trying to look as much like a crooked branch as his supple, shining form would admit, the old vengeance overtook him. I exercised my prerogative, and a well-directed missile, in the shape of a stone, brought him looping and writhing to the ground.

13. After I had completed his downfall and quiet had been restored, a half-fledged member of the bereaved household came out from his hiding-place, and, jumping upon a decayed branch, chirped vigorously, no doubt in celebration of the victory.

**pär'o-dist**, one who turns a serious ode or song into burlesque.

**eg'lan-tine** (-tine), the sweet-brier.

**smi'lax**, a common climbing plant.

**tēr'ra fir'mā**, Latin words meaning *firm land*.

**un'du-la-to-ry**, wavy.

**sub'tle** (sut'l), sly; artful.

**dom'i-cile** (-sil), house; abode.

**pet'ri-fy**, turn to stone.

**lo-co-mo'tion**, act of moving.

**com'ba-tive** (-tive), disposed to fight.

**pre-rog'a-tive** (-tive), peculiar right or privilege.

**Henry D. Thoreau** (thō'ro) (?) was an eccentric man and well-known author, who built himself a small house on the shore of Walden Pond, near Concord, Mass., and lived there a hermit life for two years, — an observer of Nature and her little creatures, the squirrels, fishes, and birds.

**Pronounce:** squirrel, mischievousness, genuine, strategic.

**Explain:** half-ironical undertone (2); *everlasting* smilax (4); arch enemy (6), (*arch*, chief); strategic movement (9), (*strategy*, skill in military operations); the old vengeance (12), see Genesis, chap. iii.

Can you tell the difference between "versifier" and "poet"? Explain the allusion at the close of paragraph 11?



## LXIII. — THE SOLITARY REAPER

WORDSWORTH.

1. BEHOLD her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland Lass!  
Reaping and singing by herself;  
Stop here, or gently pass!  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain;  
O listen! for the vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.
2. No nightingale did ever chant  
So sweetly to reposing bands  
Of travelers in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian sands;  
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.
3. Will no one tell me what she sings?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago:  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again?



THE SOLITARY REAPER.



4. Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang  
 As if her song could have no ending;  
 I saw her singing at her work,  
 And o'er the sickle bending;—  
 I listened till I had my fill,  
 And, as I mounted up the hill,  
 The music in my heart I bore,  
 Long after it was heard no more.

plain'tive, sad; mournful.  
 theme, subject.

sic'kle, a hooked instrument for cutting grain.

farthest Hebrides (2). The Hebrides, or Western Islands, are off the west coast of Scotland. They consist of two groups, the Outer and the Inner Hebrides.

#### LXIV.—A BEE HUNT.

IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING was born in the city of New York, April 3, 1783, and died at Sunnyside, on the Hudson River, November 28, 1859.

Irving is regarded as the earliest classic American writer. His works are read with equal admiration in his native land and in England. One of his best-known productions is "A History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," which is a good-natured burlesque of the customs and peculiarities of the old Dutch colonists. Another celebrated work is "The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.," which contains "Rip Van Winkle," "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and other sketches. Irving also wrote a number of valuable historical works, among which are "The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus," and "The Life of George Washington."

In the purity of his English, and the quiet grace and picturesque beauty of his style, Irving may be compared with Goldsmith. His humor is as genial and amiable as that of Addison. His writings also contain passages which move the feelings by their pathetic tenderness.

For many years Irving resided in Europe. He was never married.

1. WE had not been long in the camp when a party set out in quest of a bee-tree; and, being curious to witness the sport, I gladly accepted an invitation to

accompany them. The party was headed by a veteran bee-hunter, a tall, lank fellow, in homespun garb that hung loosely about his limbs, and a straw hat shaped not unlike a beehive. A comrade, equally uncouth in garb, and without a hat, straddled along at his heels, with a long rifle on his shoulder. To these succeeded half a dozen others, some with axes and some with rifles; for no one stirs far from the camp without his fire-arms, so as to be ready either for wild deer or wild Indian.

2. After proceeding some distance, we came to an open glade on the skirts of the forest. Here our leader halted, and then advanced quietly to a low bush, on the top of which I perceived a piece of honeycomb. This I found was the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several were humming about it, and diving into its cells. When they had laden themselves with honey they would rise into the air, and dart off in a straight line almost with the velocity of a bullet.

3. The hunters watched attentively the course they took, and then set off in the same direction, stumbling along over twisted roots and fallen trees, with their eyes turned up to the sky. In this way they traced the honey-laden bees to their hive, in the hollow trunk of a blasted oak, where, after buzzing about for a moment, they entered a hole about sixty feet from the ground.

4. Two of the bee-hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree, to level it with the ground. The mere spectators and amateurs in the mean time drew off to a cautious distance, to be out of the way of the falling of the tree and the vengeance of its inmates.

5. The jarring blows of the axe seemed to have no effect in alarming or disturbing this most industrious community. They continued to ply at their usual occupations, some arriving full freighted into port, others sallying forth on new expeditions, like so many merchantmen in a money-making metropolis, little suspicious of impending bankruptcy and downfall. Even a loud crack, which announced the disrapture of the trunk, failed to divert their attention from the intense pursuit of gain. At length down came the tree with a tremendous crash, bursting open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the commonwealth.

6. One of the hunters immediately ran up with a wisp of lighted hay as a defense against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack, and sought no revenge: they seemed stupefied by the catastrophe, and unsuspecting of its cause, and remained crawling and buzzing about the ruins without offering us any molestation.

7. Every one of the party now fell to with spoon and hunting-knife to scoop out the flakes of honeycomb with which the hollow trunk was stored. Some of them were of old date, and a deep-brown color; others were beautifully white, and the honey in their cells was almost limpid. Such of the combs as were entire were placed in camp kettles to be conveyed to the encampment; those which had been shivered in the fall were devoured upon the spot. Every bee-hunter was to be seen with a rich morsel in his hand, dripping about his fingers, and disappearing as rapidly as a cream tart before the holiday appetite of a schoolboy.

8. Nor was it the bee-hunters alone that profited by the downfall of this industrious community. As if the

bees would carry through the similitude of their habits with those of laborious and gainful man, I beheld numbers from rival hives arriving on eager wing to enrich themselves with the ruins of their neighbors. These busied themselves as eagerly and cheerfully as so many wreckers on an Indiaman that has been driven on shore, — plunging into the cells of the broken honeycombs, banqueting greedily on the spoil, and then winging their way full freighted to their homes.

9. As to the poor proprietors of the ruin, they seemed to have no heart to do anything, not even to taste the nectar that flowed around them, but crawled backwards and forwards, in vacant desolation, as I have seen a poor fellow, with his hands in his pockets, whistling vacantly and despondingly about the ruins of his house that had been burnt.

10. It is difficult to describe the bewilderment and confusion of the bees of the bankrupt hive who had been absent at the time of the catastrophe, and who arrived from time to time with full cargoes from abroad. At first they wheeled about in the air in the place where the fallen tree had once reared its head, astonished at finding it all a vacuum. At length, as if comprehending their disaster, they settled down in clusters on a dry branch of a neighboring tree, whence they seemed to contemplate the prostrate ruin, and to buzz forth doleful lamentations over the downfall of their republic.

**wreck'er**, one who plunders wrecks.

**un-couth'**, awkward; ungainly.

**am-a-teur'** (*-tēr*), one who pursues some occupation for the love of it, and not for gain.

**vac'u-um**, an empty space.

**com'mon-wealth**, the whole body of the people, or community (literally, common or public *well-being*).

**lim'pid**, clear.

## LXV. — A RHYMED LESSON.

HOLMES.

1. SOME words on Language may be well applied,  
 And take them kindly, though they touch your  
     pride;  
 Words lead to things; a scale is more precise, —  
 Coarse speech, bad grammar, swearing, drinking, vice
  
2. Our cold Northeaster's icy fetter clips  
 The native freedom of the Saxon lips;  
 See the brown peasant of the plastic South,  
 How all his passions play about his mouth!  
 With us, the feature that transmits the soul,  
 A frozen, passive, palsied breathing-hole.  
     .      .      .      .      .
  
3. It can't be helped, though, if we're taken young,  
 We gain some freedom of the lips and tongue;  
 But school and college often try in vain  
 To break the padlock of our boyhood's chain:  
 One stubborn word will prove this axiom true, —  
 No quondam rustic can enunciate *view*.
  
4. A few brief stanzas may be well employed  
 To speak of errors we can all avoid.  
 Learning condemns beyond the reach of hope  
 The careless lips that speak of soap for sōap;  
 Her edict exiles from her fair abode  
 The clownish voice that utters road for rōad.

5. Less stern to him who calls his cōat a cōat,  
 And steers his bōat believing it a bōat,  
 She pardoned one, our classic city's boast,  
 Who said at Cambridge mōst instead of mōst,  
 But knit her brows and stamped her angry foot  
 To hear a teacher call a rōot a rōot.
6. Once more: speak clearly if you speak at all;  
 Carve every word before you let it fall;  
 Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,  
 Try over hard to roll the British R;  
 Do put your accents in the proper spot;  
 Don't — let me beg you — don't say "How?" for  
 "What?"  
 And, when you stick on conversation's burrs,  
 Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs*.

peas/ant (*pēs'*), a rustic.

ax/i-om, a self-evident truth.

quon/dam, former.

e/dict, a king's order or decree.

enunciate "view" (3). The poet refers to the pure sound of long *u*, which is the same as *you*. — soap, road, coat, boat, most (5, 6). The error consists in dropping the final part of long *o*, giving only the first part of the compound sound. To avoid it, lengthen the sound. The last part of long *o* is a slight form of *oo*. — root (6). The proper sound is that of long *oo*, as in *moor*.

### BEAUTY.

A THING of beauty is a joy forever:  
 Its loveliness increases; it will never  
 Pass into nothingness, but still will keep  
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet  
 breathing.

*Keats.*

## LXVI. — WORDS.

## RUSKIN.

JOHN RUSKIN was born in London in 1819. He is generally recognized as the foremost writer in the language on art matters. His writings contain much useful advice and many brilliant descriptive passages.

1. I TELL you earnestly, you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable, nay, letter by letter. You might read all the books in the British Museum, if you could live long enough, and remain an utterly "illiterate," uneducated person; but if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter, — that is to say, with real accuracy, — you are forevermore, in some measure, an educated person.

2. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it), consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages, may not be able to speak any but his own, may have read very few books; but whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly.

3. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports; yet he has only to speak a sentence to be known for an illiterate person: so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence, will at once mark a scholar.

4. Let the accent of words be watched, and closely; let their meaning be watched more closely still. A few words, well chosen and distinguished, will do the work that a thousand cannot, when every one is *acting*, equivocally, in the function of another.

## LXVII.—THE SAXON TONGUE

LYONS.

JAMES GILBORNE LYONS was an accomplished scholar, who had a select school for boys, at Haverford, near Philadelphia. He died in 1868.

1. Now gather all our Saxon bards, let harps and hearts  
    be strung,  
    To celebrate the triumphs of our own good Saxon  
    tongue;  
    For, stronger far than hosts that march with battle-  
    flags unfurled,  
    It goes with Freedom, Thought, and Truth, to rouse  
    and rule the world.
2. Stout Albion learns its household lays on every  
    surf-worn shore,  
    And Scotland hears its echoing far as Orkney's  
    breakers roar;  
    From Jura's crags and Mona's hills it floats on every  
    gale,  
    And warms with eloquence and song the homes of  
    Innisfail.
3. On many a wide and swarming deck it scales the  
    rough wave's crest,  
    Seeking its peerless heritage, — the fresh and fruitful  
    West.  
    It climbs New England's rocky steeps, as victor  
    mounts a throne;  
    Niagara knows and greets the voice still mightier  
    *than its own,*



4. It spreads where winter piles deep snows on bleak  
Canadian plains;  
And where, on Essequibo's banks, eternal summer  
reigns.  
It glads Acadia's misty coasts, Jamaica's glowing  
isle;  
And bides where, gay with early flowers, green  
Texan prairies smile.
5. It tracks the loud, swift Oregon, through sunset val-  
leys rolled;  
And soars where Californian brooks wash down their  
sands of gold.  
It sounds in Borneo's camphor groves, on seas of  
fierce Malay,  
In fields that curb old Ganges' flood, and towers of  
proud Bombay.
6. It wakes up Aden's flashing eyes, dusk brows, and  
swarthy limbs;  
The dark Liberian soothes her child with English  
cradle hymns;  
Tasmania's maids are wooed and won in gentle Saxon  
speech;  
Australian boys read Crusoe's life by Sydney's shel-  
tered beach.
7. It dwells where Afric's southmost cape meets oceans  
broad and blue,  
And Nieuwveld's rugged mountains gird the wide  
and waste Karroo.

It kindles realms so far apart, that, while its praise  
you sing,

*These* may be clad with autumn's fruits, and *those*  
with flowers of spring.

8. It quickens lands whose meteor lights flame in an  
Arctic sky,

And lands for which the Southern Cross hangs its  
orbed fires on high.

It goes with all that prophets told, and righteous  
men desired ;

With all that great apostles taught, and glorious  
Greeks admired ;

9. With Shakespeare's deep and wondrous verse, and  
Milton's lofty mind ;

With Alfred's laws, and Newton's lore, — to cheer  
and bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom, and error  
flies away,

As vanishes the mist of night before the star of  
day !

10. But grand as are the victories whose monuments  
we see,

These are but as the dawn which speaks of noontide  
yet to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame ! take heed !  
nor once disgrace,

With deadly pen or spoiling sword, our noble tongue  
and race.

11. Go forth, prepared in every clime to love and help  
each other;  
And judge that they who counsel strife would bid  
you smite — a brother.  
Go forth, and jointly speed the time, by good men  
prayed for long,  
When Christian states, grown just and wise, will  
scorn revenge and wrong;  
When earth's oppressed and savage tribes shall cease  
to pine or roam,  
All taught to prize these English words, — Faith,  
Freedom, Heaven, and Home!

**Al'bion** (2), the old and now poetic name of Great Britain. — **Ork'ney's** (2). The Orkney Islands are a group of islands lying off the north coast of Scotland. — **Ju'ra** (2), an island, one of the Inner Hebrides, off the west coast of Scotland. — **Mo'na** (2), the Isle of Man, in the Irish Sea. — **In'nisfail** (2), ancient name of Ireland. — **Essequi'bo** (*es-sā-kē'bo*) (4), the principal river of British Guiana, in South America. — **Aca'dia** (4), the former name of Nova Scotia. — **A'den** (*ā'den*) (6), a town and seaport on the southwest coast of Arabia. — **Libe'rian** (6). Liberia is a republic on the west coast of Africa. — **Tasma'nia** (*taz-*) (6), a large island south of Australia. It was formerly called Van Diemen's Land. — **Sydney** (6), the capital city of New South Wales, in Australia. — **Nieuwveld** (*nyēv'ēlt*), (7), a mountain range of Cape Colony in South Africa. — **Karoo** (7). The arid plains or table lands occupying the terraces between the lofty mountains in South Africa are called *karroos*. The largest of these is called the Great Karroo. — **Southern Cross** (8), a brilliant constellation in the Southern hemisphere, its bright stars forming the figure of a cross.

Find on the map Jamaica, the Oregon River, Borneo, Malay or Malacca, the Gan'ges (*-jēz*), Bom-bay'. Can you tell who Milton was? Shakespeare? Alfred? Newton?

**Explain:** kindles realms (7); meteor lights (8); star of day (9). (Do you think the word "day-star" a good poetic name for the sun?)



## LXVIII. — MORNING.

## EVERETT.

EDWARD EVERETT was one of the most illustrious citizens of the United States. He was born in Dorchester, Mass., April 11, 1794, and died on January 15, 1865. He graduated at Harvard College with the highest honors when seventeen years of age.

After an extensive course of study and travel in Europe, he returned home to enter upon a distinguished career. He was Professor of Greek at Harvard University, a member of Congress for ten years, repeatedly Governor of his native State, Minister to England, President of Harvard University, Secretary of State, and a member of the national Senate.

Everett is equally renowned as an orator, a scholar, and a statesman. He left many addresses and essays, all marked by consummate elegance and grace.

The following brilliant description is taken from an address on the "Uses of Astronomy," delivered at the inauguration of the Dudley Observatory in Albany, on the 28th of August, 1856.

1. I HAD occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapped in darkness, and hushed in silence broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night; the sky was without a cloud; the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral luster but little affected by her presence.

2. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye in the south: the steady Pointers,

far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

3. Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged.

4. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle.

5. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance: till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

6. I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who in the morning of the world went up to the hilltops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement when I am told that in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily

manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."

**whist**, still; noiseless.

**Ple'ia-des** (-ya-déz), a well-known cluster of seven small stars.

**Point'ers**, two bright stars in the bowl of the "Dipper." A line connecting them *points* nearly to the north star.

**pole**, the place in the heavens where

the axis of the earth would touch if extended.

**trans-fig-u-ra'tion**, change of form.

**Ju'pi-ter**, the largest planet, and next to Venus the brightest.

**Ma'gi-ans**, priests among the Persians.

**con-stel-la'tions**, groups of stars.

**Lyra** and **Androm'eda** are northern constellations (2). — The **Blue Hills** are a few miles south of Boston (5).

Where is Providence? Boston? Asia (pronounced *d'shê-â*)?

**Explain**: the moon in the last quarter (1); spectral luster (1); celestial concave (5).

## LXIX. — ANIMAL TELEGRAPHY.

### WILSON.

**DR. GEORGE WILSON**, a Scottish writer on scientific subjects, was born in 1818 and died in 1859. During the later years of his life he was Professor in the University of Edinburgh.

1. **THERE** are other and older telegraphs than those which are formed by electric wires. Even the lower animals, or at least such of them as are social and gregarious, have carried the art of telegraphy to wondrous perfection ages ago; and one has only to watch them attentively, to be amazed at their telegraphic doings.

2. I watch a troop of crows who have learned that Farmer Blyth will hold a plowing-match on his grounds, and have in consequence summoned their brethren to a Diet of Worms. How unconcerned they look, as if worms were nothing to them! How grave, as if they

were an ecclesiastical convocation, and had no thoughts of the earth, earthy! Yet point a gun or anything like it towards them, and in a moment the very birds whose backs seem turned to you will give a flutter of their wings, which appears an involuntary struggle, but is in reality as significant a danger signal as a red flag on a railway, and is sufficient to clear the field.

3. Nor are those wise crows exceptionally wise. The sparrows are not so idle that they do not pass the word to each other when crumbs are falling thick from some rich man's table. The doves, though they look so innocent, do not spend all their time in cooing love-songs, or in pruning their rainbow feathers: they have their own Dove Express, and by a peck, or a ruffle of their feathers, can direct each other to the fields where the autumn wheat is germinating best, or to the gardens where the green peas are fullest and sweetest.

4. Mark, too, the swallows who have recently been holding their annual autumn reviews, before marching into winter quarters,—or rather new summer quarters. I have seen some of them, as you may have done, perched in long rows on the telegraph wires, and have fancied them saying, as they swayed their graceful bodies up and down, and wagged their pretty heads, "These poor, foolish men, with their nonsensical wires, a clumsy imitation of the spider's webs,—what would they not give to know *our* telegraphic system!"

5. But this wondrous telegraphy is not confined to the feathered tribes. If you plot murder against but a colony of mice that have entered your house, and eaten up, besides much else, your very title-deeds, see what it comes to! So long as the toasted cheese and baked meats are innocent of poison all are bidden to the

feast; but the moment one of the colony feels poorly from a taste of arsenic or strychnia, the supper table is deserted, and the mouse telegraph signals danger.

6. Is it otherwise with larger animals? The deer-stalker, the elephant-hunter, the chamois-shooter, the lion-slayer, have all a similar tale to tell us of their mightier prey. There is not a single tribe of gregarious animals, great or small, which has not some swift, subtle, perfect system of signals, by which the wants of the community are expressed and its woes cured.

7. And even among solitary creatures, who that has seen the geometric spider sitting at his central bureau, and receiving signal after signal along his spoke-like lines, has not thought he heard him reading off the symbols, "Fly market tight," "Blue-bottles looking up," "Midges easy," "Thunder in the air"?

**te-le-graphy**, the art of communicating by telegraph.

**gro-ga-ri-ous**, living in flocks or herds.

**gër-mi-nat-ing**, sprouting.

**deer'-stalk-er** (*-stawk'er*), one who hunts deer by approaching them stealthily.

**bu'reau** (*-ro*), office. — **central bureau**, the principal officer's desk or office, as in a department of government.

**är'se-nic**, a strong mineral poison.

**strych'ni-ä** (*strik'-*), a deadly poison got from certain plants.

**Diet of Worms** (2). "Diet" has two meanings: (1.) food, and (2.) a deliberative assembly or council. A famous council, which summoned Martin Luther to appear before it, met at the German city of Worms, in 1521, and is known as "the Diet of Worms." — **ecclesiastical convocation** (2), an assembly of the clergy. — **geometric spider** (7). The garden spider spins a geometric net, — one constructed on geometrical principles, with curves and straight lines.

Find in the 3d paragraph an allusion to something related in the New Testament. Give the meaning of "title-deeds" (5).





## LXX.—KING SOLOMON AND THE BEES.

SAXE.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE deserves, perhaps, to rank among American humorists as inferior only to Lowell and Holmes. He was born in Vermont in 1816.

Saxe's bright wit, his keen and playful satire, and his ready command of happy expressions, lend his verse a quite original charm.

1. WHEN Solomon was reigning in his glory,  
Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came,  
(So in the Talmud you may read the story,)  
Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,  
To see the splendors of his court, and bring  
Some fitting tribute to the mighty king.
2. Nor this alone: much had her Highness heard  
What flowers of learning graced the royal speech:  
What gems of wisdom dropped with every word;  
What wholesome lessons he was wont to teach  
In pleasing proverbs; and she wished, in sooth,  
To know if Rumor spoke the simple truth.
3. And straight she held before the monarch's view,  
In either hand, a radiant wreath of flowers;  
The one, bedecked with every charming hue,  
Was newly culled from Nature's choicest bowers;  
The other, no less fair in every part,  
Was the rare product of divinest Art.
4. "Which is the true, and which the false?" she said.  
Great Solomon was silent. All amazed,  
Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head,  
While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,  
As one who sees a miracle, and fain.  
For very rapture, ne'er would speak again.

5. "Which is the true?" once more the woman asked,  
     Pleased at the fond amazement of the king;  
     " So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,  
         Most learned liege, with such a trivial thing."  
     But still the sage was silent, — it was plain  
     A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.
6. While thus he pondered, presently he sees,  
     Hard by the casement, — so the story goes, —  
     A little band of busy, bustling bees,  
     Hunting for honey in a withered rose.  
     The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head:  
     " Open the window!" — that was all he said.
7. The window opened at the king's command;  
     Within the room the eager insects flew,  
     And sought the flowers in Sheba's dexter hand!  
     And so the king and all the courtiers knew  
     That wreath was Nature's; and the baffled queen  
     Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.
8. My story teaches (every tale should bear  
     A fitting moral) that the wise may find  
     In trifles light as atoms in the air  
     Some useful lesson to enrich the mind,  
     Some truth designed to profit or to please, —  
     As Israel's king learned wisdom from the bees!

**l'al'mud**, the book of Hebrew laws  
 and traditions.  
**in sooth**, in truth; truly.  
**fain**, gladly.  
**ne'er** (*nār*), never.

**liege** (*leej*), sovereign.  
**hard by**, near.  
**dexter hand**, right hand.  
**cōurt'ier** (*-yēr*), one who frequents  
 the court of a prince.

**fond amazement** (5). "Fond" originally meant *foolish*. It is used here to denote that the king was thoroughly mystified.

*Write briefly in prose the story of King Solomon and the Bees.*

## LXXI. — MR. WINKLE PUTS ON SKATES.

DICKENS.

THIS extract is from the *Pickwick Papers*. Mr. Pickwick, the founder of the Pickwick Club, is a simple-minded, benevolent, plump old gentleman, who wears circular glasses and black gaiters. He and his admiring followers, Mr. Winkle and Mr. Tupman, are traveling in the interest of the club. They are made to appear in many comical situations. Sam Weller is Pickwick's trusty and sharp-witted servant. Bob Sawyer is a medical student, as is also his devoted friend, Benjamin Allen.

1. "Now," said Wardle, after a substantial lunch, "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

2. "You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye-yes; O yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I—am *rather* out of practice."

"O, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"O, it is *so* graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swanlike."

3. "I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pairs, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more down-stairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

4. Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shoveled

and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions which they called a reel.

5. All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

6. "Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone, "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arm with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

7. This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These — these — are very awkward skates," said Mr. Winkle, staggering.

8. "Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just going to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

9. "Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

10. "Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You need n't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it to you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're very good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

11. "Just hold me at first, Sam, will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There,—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam,—not too fast!"

Mr. Winkle stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller in a very singular and un-swanlike manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank,— "Sam!"

"Sir!" shouted back Mr. Weller.

"Here! I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor calling? Let go, sir."

12. With a violent effort Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian, and in so doing administered a considerable impetus to the un-

happy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the center of the reel at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty.

13. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

14. "Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

15. "I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle, hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle; "I'd rather not."

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

16. Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said, in a stern voice, "Take his skates off!"

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off!" repeated Mr. Pickwick, firmly.

17. The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it, in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

18. Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:—

“You’re a humbug, sir!”

“A what?” said Mr. Winkle, starting.

“A humbug, sir! I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir!”

With these words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

<b>ex’qui-site</b> ( <i>-kwí-zít</i> ), very choice or excellent; extreme.	<b>ghâst’ly</b> , ghostlike; pale and dismal.
<b>ev-o-lu’tion</b> , act of unfolding; a winding and twisting motion.	<b>im’pe-tus</b> , force of motion.
<b>lin’e-a-ment</b> , feature.	<b>spas-mod’ic</b> ( <i>spâz’-</i> ), sudden and violent, as if caused by spasms.

**Explain:** the objection was overruled (3); a Christmas-box (10).

Point out one or more **exaggerations** in this piece. Is it likely that the Hindoos know anything about skates? Point out the most ludicrous situations of Mr. Winkle. Find an ironical expression in paragraph 7.



## LXXII. — THE MILKY WAY.

PROCTOR.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR, an English astronomer of reputation, was born on March 23, 1837. He has written a great deal with the view of extending a knowledge of astronomy among unscientific readers. Such persons find his books intensely interesting, and even men of science cannot deny their merits.

1. It is when the Milky Way is studied with the telescope that the true glories of this wonderful zone are seen. A large instrument is not needed. Galileo saw the wonders of the galaxy with his small and im-

perfect optic tube, — a telescope which, in our day, though invaluable as a relic of the great astronomer, would be worth but a few shillings, so far as its optical performance is concerned.

2. The smallest telescope which opticians sell for star-gazing, when turned upon certain parts of the galaxy, will reveal a scene of wonder which is calculated to fill the least thoughtful mind with a sense of the infinite power and wisdom of the Almighty. Countless stars pass into view, as the telescope is swayed by the earth's rotation athwart the rich regions of the galaxy.

3. There are stars of all orders of brightness, from those which (seen with the telescope) resemble in luster the leading glories of the firmament, down to tiny points of light only caught by momentary twinklings. Every variety of arrangement is seen.

4. Here the stars are scattered as over the skies at night; there they cluster in groups, as though drawn together by some irresistible power; in one region they seem to form sprays of stars, like diamonds sprinkled over fern leaves; elsewhere they lie in streams and rows, in coronets and loops and festoons.

5. Nor are varieties of color wanting to render the display more wonderful and more beautiful. Many of the stars which crowd upon the view are red, orange, and yellow. Among them are groups of two and three and four (multiple stars, as they are called), amongst which blue, and green, and lilac, and purple stars appear, forming the most charming contrast to the ruddy and yellow orbs near which they are commonly seen.

6. But it is when we consider what it is that we are really contemplating that the true meaning of the scene is discerned, that the true lesson taught by the star



depths is understood. The least of the stars seen in the galactic depths—even though the telescope which reveals it be the mightiest yet made by man, so that with all other telescopes that star would be unseen—is a sun like our own.

7. It is a mighty mass, capable of swaying by its attraction the motion of worlds like our earth and her fellow-planets, circling in their stately courses around it. It is an orb instinct with life, (if one may so speak,) aglow with fiery energy, pouring out each moment supplies of life and power to these worlds. It is a mighty engine, working out the purpose of its great Creator: it is a giant heart, whose pulsations are the source whence myriad forms of life derive support.

8. What, then, must be our thoughts when we see thousands and thousands of stars, all suns like our own, and many probably far surpassing him in splendor, passing in stately progress across the telescopic field of view? The mind sinks appalled before the amazing meaning of the display. As we gaze at the wondrous scene an infinite significance is found in the words of the inspired Psalmist: "When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy hands, the sun and stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him? or the son of man that Thou regardest him?"

9. It has been said that with the telescopes with which the Herschels have surveyed the depths of heaven, twenty millions of stars are visible. But these telescopes do not penetrate to the limits of the star system.

10. In certain parts of the Milky Way, Sir William Herschel not only failed to penetrate the star depths with his gauging telescope, though the mirror was eigh-

teen inches in width; but even when he brought into action his great forty-foot telescope, with its mirror four feet across, he still saw that cloudy light which speaks of star depths as yet unfathomed. Nay, the giant telescope of Lord Rosse has utterly failed to penetrate the ocean of space which surrounds us on all sides.

11. And even this is not all. These efforts to resolve the galaxy into its component stars have been applied to portions of the Milky Way which, there is now reason to believe, are relatively near to us. But in the survey of the heavens with powerful telescopes, streams of cloudy light have been seen, so faint as to convey the idea of infinite distance, and no telescope yet made by man has shown the separate stars which doubtless constitute these almost evanescent star regions.

12. We are thus brought into the presence of star clouds as mysterious to ourselves as the star clouds of the galaxy were to the astronomers of old times. After penetrating, by means of the telescope, to depths exceeding millions of times the distance of the sun, inconceivable though that distance is, we find ourselves still surrounded by the same mysteries as when we first started. Around us and before us there are still the infinite star depths, and the only certain lesson we can be said to have learned is, that those depths are and must ever remain unfathomable.

<b>gal'ax-y</b> , the Milky Way, or belt of light visible in the heavens on a clear night.	<b>ro-ta'tion</b> , the turning of a body on its axis.
<b>op-ti'cian</b> ( <i>-tish'an</i> ), one who makes or sells instruments or glasses to aid the sight.	<b>fes-toon'</b> , a garland or wreath hanging in a curve.
	<b>gaug'ing</b> ( <i>gāj'ing</i> ), measuring.
	<b>ev-a-nes'cent</b> , vanishing.

**Galileo Galilei** (Italian pronunciation, *gā-le-lā'o gā-le-lā'e*), a famous Italian astronomer, born in 1564, and died in 1612. He made a telescope

with which he discovered the starry nature of the Milky Way. — The **Herschels** (9), Sir William and his son Sir J. F. W. Herschel, distinguished English astronomers. — **Lord Rosse** (*róss*) (10), a British astronomer, who possessed an enormous reflecting telescope. It has an aperture or mirror six feet across.

**Explain:** galactic depths (6); telescopic field of view (8); component stars (11), (*component*, composing, forming).

Of what is the Milky Way composed? What is said of the distance of some stars? What is the distance of the sun from us?



## LXXIII. — AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

ALICE CARY.

ALICE CARY, an American writer of poetry and prose that have pleased many readers, was born at Mount Healthy, near Cincinnati, Ohio, April 26, 1820, and died on February 12, 1871. Her poems and those of her sister Phæbe have been brought together in a single volume.

1. O GOOD painter, tell me true,  
     Has your hand the cunning to draw  
     Shapes of things that you never saw?  
 Ay? Well, here is an order for you.  
 Woods and cornfields, a little brown, —  
     The picture must not be over-bright, —  
     Yet all in the golden and gracious light  
 Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.
  
2.     Alway and alway, night and morn,  
     Woods upon woods, with fields of corn  
     Lying between them, not quite sere,  
 And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,  
 When the wind can hardly find breathing-room  
     Under their tassels, — cattle near.

Biting shorter the short green grass,  
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,  
With bluebirds twittering all around, —  
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!) —

3. These, and the house where I was born,  
Low and little, and black and old,  
With children, many as it can hold,  
All at the windows, open wide, —  
Heads and shoulders clear outside,  
And fair young faces all ablush :  
    Perhaps you may have seen, some day,  
    Roses crowding the selfsame way,  
Out of a wilding wayside bush.

4. Listen closer. When you have done  
    With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,  
    A lady, the loveliest ever the sun  
Looked down upon, you must paint for me :  
Oh ! if I only could make you see  
    The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,  
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,  
The woman's soul and the angel's face  
    That are beaming on me all the while,  
    I need not speak these foolish words :  
    Yet one word tells you all I would say, —  
She is my mother : you will agree  
    That all the rest may be thrown away.

5. Two little urchins at her knee  
You must paint, sir : one like me, —  
    The other with a clearer brow,

And the light of his adventurous eyes  
Flashing with boldest enterprise :  
At ten years old he went to sea, —  
God knoweth if he be living now, —  
He sailed in the good ship *Commodore* ;  
Nobody ever crossed her track  
To bring us news, and she never came back.

6. Ah ! 't is twenty long years and more  
Since that old ship went out of the bay,  
With my great-hearted brother on her deck ;  
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,  
And his face was toward me all the way.  
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,  
The time we stood at our mother's knee ;  
That beauteous head, if it did go down,  
Carried sunshine into the sea !
7. Out in the fields one summer night  
We were together, half afraid  
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade  
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far, —  
Loitering till after the low little light  
Of the candle shone through the open door,  
And over the haystack's pointed top,  
All of a tremble and ready to drop,  
The first half-hour, the great yellow star,  
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,  
Had often and often watched to see  
Propped and held in its place in the skies  
By the fork of a tall red mulberry-tree  
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew, —

Dead at the top, — just one branch full  
Of leaves notched round and lined with wool,  
    From which it tenderly shook the dew  
Over our heads, when we came to play  
In its handbreadth of shadow, day after day : —

8.     Afraid to go home, sir ; for one of us bore  
    A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs, —  
    The other, a bird held fast by the legs,  
    Not so big as a straw of wheat.  
    The berries we gave her she would n't eat,  
    But cried and cried, till we held her bill,  
    So slim and shining, to keep her still.
9.     At last we stood at our mother's knee.  
    Do you think, sir, if you try,  
    You can paint the look of a lie ?  
    If you can, pray have the grace  
    To put it solely in the face  
    Of the urchin that is likest me :  
        I think 't was solely mine, indeed ;  
    But that 's no matter, — paint it so ; —
10.     The eyes of our mother (take good heed)  
    Looking not on the nestful of eggs,  
    Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,  
    But straight through our faces down to our lies, —  
    And, oh ! with such injured, reproachful surprise !  
        I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as  
        though  
    A sharp blade struck through it.

11. You, sir, know,  
 That you on the canvas are to repeat  
 Things that are fairest, things most sweet, —  
 Woods, and cornfields, and mulberry-tree, —  
 The mother, — the lads, with their bird, at her knee;  
 But, oh! that look of reproachful woe!  
 High as the heavens your name I'll shout,  
 If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

<b>tas'sel</b> , the flowers growing at the top of a cornstalk.	<b>wild'ing</b> , wild, straggling.
<b>a-blush'</b> , covered with blushes, rosy.	<b>sov'er-eign</b> ( <i>sū'ēr-in</i> ), very highest; superior.
<b>su'mach</b> ( <i>sū'mak</i> or <i>shū'mak</i> ), a well-known shrub.	<b>ur'chin</b> , a child [a sportive word].
	<b>loi'ter-ing</b> , delaying.

**the great yellow star** (7), supply "shone" from the third line preceding. — **Not so big** (8) relates to "legs."

Point out a simile in section 3.

*Write out a brief description of the house and its surroundings.*



## LXXIV.—RURAL LIFE IN SWEDEN.

LONGFELLOW.

1. **THERE** is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over this Northern land, — almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang the long fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot

is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy.

2. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream. Anon, you come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates which are opened for you by troops of flaxen-haired children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry, "God bless you."

3. The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and, for the most part, painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travelers.

4. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible,—and brings you her heavy silver spoons—an heirloom—to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes, baked some months before, or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, and perhaps a little pine bark.

5. Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plow, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travelers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and, hanging round their necks in front, a leathern wallet, wherein they carry tobacco, and the great bank-notes of the country, as large as your two hands.

6. You meet, also, groups of Dalecarlian peasant-women, traveling homeward, or cityward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark.



11. You, sir, know,  
 That you on the canvas are to repeat  
 Things that are fairest, things most sweet, —  
 Woods, and cornfields, and mulberry-tree, —  
 The mother, — the lads, with their bird, at her knee;  
     But, oh! that look of reproachful woe!  
 High as the heavens your name I'll shout,  
 If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

<b>tas'sel</b> , the flowers growing at the top of a cornstalk. <b>a-blush'</b> , covered with blushes, rosy. <b>su'mach</b> ( <i>sōō'mak</i> or <i>shōō'mak</i> ), a well-known shrub.	<b>wild'ing</b> , wild, straggling. <b>sov'er-aign</b> ( <i>sōō'ēr-in</i> ), very highest; superior. <b>ur'chin</b> , a child [a sportive word]. <b>loi'ter-ing</b> , delaying.
---	--

the great yellow star (7), supply "shone" from the third line preceding. — Not so big (8) relates to "legs."

Point out a simile in section 8.

*Write out a brief description of the house and its surroundings.*



## LXXIV. — RURAL LIFE IN SWEDEN.

### LONGFELLOW.

1. THERE is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over this Northern land, — almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang the long fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot

is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy.

2. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream. Anon, you come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates which are opened for you by troops of flaxen-haired children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry, "God bless you."

3. The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and, for the most part, painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travelers.

4. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible,—and brings you her heavy silver spoons—an heirloom—to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes, baked some months before, or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, and perhaps a little pine bark.

5. Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plow, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travelers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and, hanging round their necks in front, a leathern wallet, wherein they carry tobacco, and the great bank-notes of the country, as large as your two hands.

6. You meet, also, groups of Dalecarlian peasant-women, traveling homeward, or cityward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark.

7. Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the roadsides, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. In the churchyard are a few flowers and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long, tapering finger, counts the tombs, thus representing an index of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men.

8. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings; on others, only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey.

9. Nor must we forget the sudden changing seasons of the Northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers; but winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter, from the folds of trailing clouds, sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail.

10. The days wane apace. Erelong, the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only at noon they are pale and wan; and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

11. And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, — faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go, and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold, from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens like a summer sunset. Soft, purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver.

12. With such pomp as this is Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. In memory of that day, the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsmen come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed!

13. And now the glad, leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come! The sun does not set till ten o'clock, and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle.

14. O, how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless, yet unclouded day descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight!

15. From the church tower in the public square the

bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his horn for each stroke of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice, he chants:—

“Ho! watchman, ho!  
Twelve is the clock!  
God keep our town  
From fire and brand  
And hostile hand!  
Twelve is the clock!”

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long; and, farther north, the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning-glass.

<b>pa-tri-arch'al</b> , like the customs of	<b>pri-me'val</b> , first; original.
the patriarchs, or heads of families,	<b>in-i'tial</b> ( <i>-ish'al</i> ), the first letter of
in ancient times.	a name.
<b>ru'ral</b> ( <i>roo'-</i> ), relating to the country.	<b>grooms'man</b> , an attendant of a
<b>heir'loom</b> , any personal property	bridegroom at his wedding.
handed down to the heir.	<b>so-no'rous</b> , clear-sounding.

**Dalecar'lian** (6). Dalecarlia (*dā-le-kār'-le-ā*), the old name of a province of Sweden situated on the river Dal. — **Gethsem'ane** (*geth-sem'a-ne*), a garden in the suburbs of Jerusalem, oftentimes resorted to by our Saviour. (See Matt. xxvi. 36.) — **armorial bearings** (8), figures or pictured devices, as a badge of honor; coats of arms. They were depicted on banners, shields, and coats of leaders and noblemen. — **Indian summer** (9), a short season of warm, pleasant weather, late in autumn.

Explain “days wane apace” (10). Point out a beautiful simile in paragraph 14. What other figure of speech can you point out in par. 14?



## LXXV.—CARCASSONNE.

TRANSL. FROM GUSTAVE NADAUD, BY MRS. J. SHERWOOD.

1. How old I am! I'm eighty years!  
I've worked both hard and long;  
Yet, patient as my life has been,  
One dearest sight I have not seen,—  
It almost seems a wrong,—  
A dream I had when life was new.  
Alas our dreams! they come not true;  
I thought to see fair Carcassonne,  
That lovely city, Carcassonne!
2. One sees it dimly from the height  
Beyond the mountains blue;  
Fain would I walk five weary leagues—  
I do not mind the road's fatigues—  
Through morn and evening's dew.  
But bitter frosts would fall at night,  
And on the grapes that yellow blight!  
I could not go to Carcassonne,  
I never went to Carcassonne!
3. They say it is as gay all times  
As holidays at home!  
The gentles ride in gay attire,  
And in the sun each gilded spire  
Shoots up like those of Rome!  
The bishop the procession leads,  
The generals curb their prancing steeds!  
Alas! I know not Carcassonne!  
Alas! I saw not Carcassonne!

4. Our vicar's right! he preaches loud,  
And bids us to beware;  
He says, "O, guard the weakest part,  
And most the traitor in the heart  
Against ambition's snare!"  
Perhaps in autumn I can find  
Two sunny days with gentle wind;  
I then could go to Carcassonne,  
I still could go to Carcassonne!
  
5. My God and Father! pardon me  
If this, my wish, offends!  
One sees some hope more high than he.  
In age, as in his infancy,  
To which his heart ascends!  
My wife, my son, have seen Narbonne,  
My grandson went to Perpignan;  
But I have not seen Carcassonne,  
But I have not seen Carcassonne.
  
6. Thus sighed a peasant bent with age,  
Half dreaming in his chair;  
I said, "My friend, come go with me;  
To-morrow then thine eyes shall see  
Those streets that seem so fair."  
That night there came for passing soul  
The church bell's low and solemn toll.  
He never saw gay Carcassonne.  
Who has not known a Carcassonne?

**Carcassonne** (*kär'käs-sön'*), **Narbonne** (*när-bön'*), and **Perpignan** (*pér'pe-nyänh'*), are cities in the south of France. — **Gustave Nadaud** (*gus-täv' ná-dó'*). — **passing soul** (*ö*), the soul departing from the body.

## LXXVI.—THE STORM.—PART I.

DICKENS.

ACCORDING to the great art-critic, Mr. Ruskin, the following is the best description in the language of a storm and shipwreck. It is taken from "David Copperfield."

1. "DON'T you think that a very remarkable sky?" I asked the coachman in the first stage out of London. "I don't remember to have seen one like it."

"Nor I,—not equal to it," he replied. "That's wind, sir. There'll be mischief done at sea, I expect, before long."

2. It was a murky confusion—here and there blotted with a color like the color of smoke from damp fuel—of flying clouds tossed up into most remarkable heaps, suggesting greater heights in the clouds than there were depths below them to the bottom of the deepest hollows in the earth,—through which the wild moon seemed to plunge headlong, as if she had lost her way and were frightened.

3. There had been a wind all day, and it was rising then, with an extraordinary great sound. In another hour it had much increased, and the sky was more overcast. As the night advanced, the clouds closing in and densely overspreading the whole sky, it came on to blow harder and harder, until our horses could scarcely face the wind. Many times the leaders turned about, or came to a dead stop; and we were often in serious apprehension that the coach would be blown over.

4. At last we got into Yarmouth. I put up at the



old inn, and went down to look at the sea; staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and seaweed and with flying blotches of sea-foam; afraid of falling slates and tiles; and holding by people I met at angry corners. Coming near the beach, I saw not only the boatmen, but half the people of the town, lurking behind buildings; some, now and then, braving the fury of the storm, to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zigzag back.

5. Joining these groups, I found bewailing women, whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered before they could run in anywhere for safety. Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking their heads as they looked from water to sky, and muttering to one another; shipowners, excited and uneasy; children huddling together, and peering into older faces; even stout mariners, disturbed and anxious, leveling their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy.

6. The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out deep caves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth.

7. When some white-headed billows thundered on, and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be

gathered to the composition of another monster. Masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound; every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and buildings, rose and fell; the clouds flew fast and thick. I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature.

8. I went back to the inn; and when I had washed and dressed, and tried to sleep, but in vain, it was five o'clock in the afternoon. I had not sat five minutes by the coffee-room fire, when the waiter coming to stir it, as an excuse for talking, told me that two colliers had gone down, with all hands, a few miles away; and that some other ships had been seen laboring hard in the Roads, and trying, in great distress, to keep off shore.

9. If such a wind could rise, I think it was rising. The howl and roar, the rattling of the doors and windows, the rumbling in the chimneys, the apparent rocking of the very house that sheltered me, and the prodigious tumult of the sea, were more fearful than in the morning. But there was now a great darkness besides; and that invested the storm with new terrors, real and fanciful.

10. I could not eat, I could not sit still, I could not continue steadfast to anything. I walked to and fro, tried to read an old gazetteer, listened to the awful noises, looked at faces, scenes, and figures in the fire. At length, the steady ticking of the undisturbed clock on the wall tormented me to such a degree that I resolved to go to bed. I went to bed, exceedingly weary and heavy; but on my lying down all such sen-

sations vanished as if by magic, and I was broad awake, with every sense refined.

11. For hours I lay there, listening to the wind and water; imagining now, that I heard shrieks out at sea; now, that I distinctly heard the firing of signal guns; and now, the fall of houses in the town. I got up several times and looked out; but could see nothing, except the reflection in the window-panes of the faint candle I had left burning, and of my own haggard face looking in at me from the black void.

12. At length my restlessness attained to such a pitch, that I hurried on my clothes, and went down stairs. In a large kitchen, where I dimly saw bacon and ropes of onions hanging from the beams, the watchers were clustered together about a table.

13. I remained there, I dare say, two hours. Once, I opened the yard gate, and looked into the empty street. The sand, the seaweed, and the flakes of foam, were driving by, and I was obliged to call for assistance before I could shut the gate again, and make it fast against the wind.

14. There was a dark gloom in my solitary chamber, when I at length returned to it; but I was tired now, and getting into bed again, fell — off a tower and down a precipice — into the depths of sleep.

*i de'al*, existing only in imagination.

*gaz-et-teer'*, newspaper.

*tile*, a flat plate of burnt clay, used for roofing.

*col'liers (kól'yěrz)*, ships for carrying coal.

*the Roads*, the channel off shore where ships may safely *ride* at anchor.

**apprehension, fear, fright, terror.** Which of these words is the strongest? Write sentences containing these words.

**Explain:** angry corners (4); grizzled sailors (5).

## LXXVII.—THE WRECK.—PART II.

DICKENS.

1. WHEN I awoke it was broad day,—eight or nine o'clock; the storm raging; and some one knocking and calling at my door.

“What is the matter?” I cried.

“A wreck! close by!”

I sprang out of bed, and asked what wreck?

“A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with wine and fruit. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It’s thought, down on the beach, she’ll go to pieces every moment.”

2. The excited voice went clamoring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street. Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction, to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

3. The wind might by this time have lulled a little; but the sea, having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last; and the height to which the breakers rose, and, looking over one another, bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

4. In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of

the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm to the left. Then I saw it, close in upon us !

5. One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging ; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat, — which she did without a moment's pause, with a violence quite inconceivable, — beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were making to cut this portion of the wreck away ; for, as the ship turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment ; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

6. The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach ; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast ; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

7. There was a bell on board ; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned

on her beam-ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprang wildly over and turned towards the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind.

8. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned and clasped their hands; women shrieked and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help, where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors, whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

9. They were making out to me, in an agitated way, — I don't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand, — that the life-boat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

10. I ran to him, to repeat my appeal for help. But the determination in his face, and his look, out to sea, awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms; and implored the men with whom I had been speaking not to listen to him, not to let him stir from off that sand!

11. Another cry rose on shore; and, looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

12. Against such a sight, and against such d mi-

nation as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said, cheerily grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 't is come. If 't an't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you and bless all! Mates, make me ready!"

13. I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay, urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I don't know what I answered, or what they rejoined; but I saw him standing alone, a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist; another round his body, and several men holding, at a little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack, upon the shore at his feet.

14. The wreck, even to my unpracticed eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still he clung to it.

15. Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

16. He was hurt. I saw blood on his face from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He

seemed to give hurriedly some directions for leaving him more free,—or so I judged from the motion of his arm,—and was gone as before.

17. And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in towards the shore, borne on towards the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near that with one of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it,—when a high, green, vast hillside of water, moving on shoreward from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

18. Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken. Consternation was in every face. They 'drew him to my very feet—insensible—dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration were tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

**con-stēr-na'tion**, dismay.

**in-tēr'mi-na-ble**, endless.

**a-mid/ships**, in the middle of the ship.

**keel**, the principal timber in a ship, extending from stem (fore part) to stern at the bottom.

**re-joined'**, answered to a reply.





## LXXVIII.—THE LOVE OF HOME.

WEBSTER.

1. It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition.

2. It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.

3. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents, which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode.

4. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven

years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind !

**Give synonyms of :** shallow-minded, distinguished, evidence, habitation, inhabited, annual, endured, domestic.

---

## LXXIX.—THE THRUSH'S NEST.

CLARE.

JOHN CLARE, an English poet, commonly called the Northamptonshire Peasant Poet, was born in 1793, and died in 1864. Some of his simple poems please as do the notes of wild-birds and the sweetness of spring flowers.

1. WITHIN a thick and spreading hawthorn bush,  
That overhung a mole-hill large and round,  
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush  
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound  
With joy ; and oft, an unintruding guest,  
I watched her secret toils from day to day,—  
How true she warped the moss to form her nest,  
And modeled it within with wool and clay.
2. And by and by, like heathbells gilt with dew,  
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,  
Ink-spotted over, shells of green and blue ;  
And there I witnessed, in the summer hours,  
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,  
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

## LXXX. — THE LIGHTHOUSE.

LONGFELLOW.

1. THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea,  
And on its outer point, some miles away,  
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,  
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.
2. Even at this distance I can see the tides,  
Upheaving, break unheard along its base,  
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides  
In the white lip and tremor of the face.
3. And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,  
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,  
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light,  
With strange, unearthly splendor in its glare!
4. Not one alone; from each projecting cape  
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge  
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,  
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.
5. Like the great giant Christopher it stands  
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,  
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,  
The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.
6. And the great ships sail outward and return,  
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,



THE LIGHTHOUSE.

And ever joyful, as they see it burn,  
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells

7. They come forth from the darkness, and their sails  
Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,  
And eager faces, as the light unveils,  
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.
8. The mariner remembers when a child,  
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink;  
And when, returning from adventures wild,  
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.
9. Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same  
Year after year, through all the silent night  
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,  
Shines on that inextinguishable light!
10. The startled waves leap over it; the storm  
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,  
And steadily against its solid form  
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.
11. The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din  
Of wings and winds and solitary cries,  
Blinded and maddened by the light within,  
Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.
12. A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,  
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,  
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,  
But hails the mariner with words of love.

13. "Sail on!" it says, "sail on, ye stately ships!  
 And with your floating bridge the ocean span;  
 Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,  
 Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!"

reef, a chain of rocks at or near the | mǎr'i-ner, a sailor.  
 surface of the water. | stǎd'fast, fast in its place.

**giant Christopher** (5), St. Christopher. He is represented as gigantic in stature, and usually as crossing a river with the child Jesus on his shoulders. — **Prome'theus** (-thūs) (12), in Greek mythology, is fabled to have stolen fire from heaven. Jove, in punishment, chained him to Mount Caucasus, and sent a vulture to eat of his liver daily.

Explain the metaphor in stanza 2 (the upheaving tides, a speechless wrath).

Point out a simile in stanza 5; metaphors in stanzas 10 and 12.



## LXXXI.—THE TENT SCENE OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

SHAKESPEARE.

**THIS** extract is from the tragedy of Julius Cæsar (Act iv. Scene 3). After Brutus and Cassius had assassinated Cæsar, they collected an army and endeavored to make head against Mark Antony and young Octavius. They were defeated in the battle of Philippi, in Macedonia, fought in the autumn of B. C. 42.

The student should read the matchless oration of Mark Antony to the Roman mob, delivered over the dead body of Cæsar. (Julius Cæsar, Act iii. Scene 2.)

*Cassius.* That you have wronged me doth appear in this:

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,  
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
 Wherein my letters, praying on his side  
 Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Brutus.* You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this it is not meet  
That every nice offense should bear his comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemned to have an itching palm ;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm !  
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honors this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cas.* Chastisement !

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remember :  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?  
What villain touched his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world  
But for supporting robbers, — shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honors  
For so much trash as may be graspéd thus ?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bait not me ;  
I'll not endure it You forget yourself,  
To hedge me in : I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to ! you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!

*Cas.* Is 't possible?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares? 40

*Cas.* Must I endure all this?

*Bru.* All this! Ay, more: fret till your proud heart  
break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humor?

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this? 50

*Bru.* You say you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way; you wrong me,  
Brutus;

I said an elder soldier, not a better.

Did I say "better"?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have  
moved me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted  
him.

*Cas.* I durst not? 60



*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What, durst not tempt him !

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love :  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;

For I am armed so strong in honesty

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me : 79

For I can raise no money by vile means :

I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius ?

Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 80

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;

Dash him to pieces !

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not : he was but a fool  
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my  
heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities ;

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practice them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults. 90

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is aweary of the world;  
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;  
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,  
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger, 100  
And here my naked breast; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:  
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:  
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better  
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheathe your dagger:  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.  
O Cassius, you are yokéd with a lamb 110  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,  
Who, much enforcéd, shows a hasty spark  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius lived  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart, too.

*Cas.* O Brutus!

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Cas.* Have not you love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humor which my mother gave me 12  
Makes me forgetful ?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius ; and from henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

NOTES chiefly from Wright's edition of *Julius Cæsar*. The numerals refer to the lines.

2. **noted**, branded with disgrace. — 5. **slighted off**, contemptuously disregarded. — 8. **nice**, trifling. — 8. **his**, its. — 10. **condemned to have**, condemned for having. — 11. **mart**, traffic with. — 18. **the ides of March**. Cæsar was assassinated on the ides (15th) of March. — 19. **great Julius**, Julius Cæsar, the conqueror of Gaul, famous as a general, orator, and statesman. — 20. **What villain**, etc., who was such a villain of those who touched his body, that he stabbed for any other motive than justice? — 28. **bait**, attack as a wild beast is attacked by dogs. — 30. **To hedge me in**, to put me under restraint. — 32. **Go to, here**, an exclamation of impatience. — 37. **slight**, insignificant. — 44. **budge**, flinch. — 45. **observe you**, watch your caprices. — 47. **the venom of your spleen**. Formerly the spleen was regarded as the seat of the emotions. — 73. **drachmas**. The drachma was worth about twenty cents. — 75. **indirection**, any crooked or dishonorable method. — 80. **To lock**, as to lock. — 80. **rascal counters**, that is, pieces of money ("vile trash"). — 92. **Olympus**, a lofty mountain on the borders of Macedonia and Thessaly, regarded as the seat of the gods. — 93. **Antony**. Mark Antony delivered the artful and eloquent oration over the dead body of Cæsar, which so roused the Romans that Brutus and Cassius were obliged to quit Rome. — 93. **young Octavius**, better known under the title of Augustus, the first Roman Emperor. — 102. **Plutus**, the god of riches. — 108. **scope**, free play. — 112. **who**, used for "which." — 113. **straight**, straightway.



## LXXXII. — MIRIAM'S SONG.

MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE, an Irish poet, was born in 1779, and died in 1852. He received his education at Trinity College, Dublin.

The best of Moore's works are the songs known as "Irish Melodies," and the well-known long poem "Lalla Rookh." The most distinguishing characteristics of his poetry are melodious versification and rich imagery.

## 1.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !  
 Jehovah has triumphed, — his people are free !  
 Sing ! — for the pride of the tyrant is broken :

His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave, —  
 How vain was their boasting ! — the Lord hath but  
 spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave !  
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !  
 Jehovah has triumphed, — his people are free !

## 2.

Praise to the Conqueror ! praise to the Lord !  
 His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword !  
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story

Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?  
 For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,

And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.  
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !  
 Jehovah has triumphed, — his people are free !

**Miriam's song.** See Exodus xv. 20, 21. — **the tyrant** (1), Pharaoh, the king of Egypt. — **pillar of glory** (2), the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. See Exodus xiii. 21, 22.

To what event does this poem relate ? What is meant by "Egypt's dark sea" ?

## LXXXIII.—ON HIS BLINDNESS.

MILTON.

JOHN MILTON, the author of "Paradise Lost," was born in London, December 9, 1608, and died there, November 8, 1674.

Unlike Shakespeare, Milton enjoyed the advantages of a thorough classical education. In his early life he composed a number of poems of wonderful beauty. Among these are "Comus," "Lycidas," and the "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity." The poetic art shown in these minor works has perhaps never been surpassed since Milton's day.

Milton was unlike Shakespeare also in the fact that he took a zealous part in the political and religious questions of his time. During several years he held a public office under Cromwell, and wrote in defense of the revolutionary measures of the Puritan government.

Later in life, when he was living in poverty and neglect, and when, in consequence of excessive devotion to work, he had become totally blind, he composed his immortal epic, "Paradise Lost." This is the great English religious poem. It commands the homage of all English-speaking persons of education for the nobility and beauty of its language, and for its sustained interest as a work of pure and exalted imagination. To the same period of his life belong the poems entitled "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes."

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent which is death to hide  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest he, returning, chide,—  
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"  
I fondly ask:

But Patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need  
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state  
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,

And post o'er land and ocean without rest :  
They also serve who only stand and wait.

**spent**, expended; put out.

**post**, travel with speed, as if with  
post-horses.

**fond'ly**, *here*, foolishly.

**tal'ent**, special gift. See Matt. xxv.  
14-30.

**Doth God** (line 7). The dependent clause begins with the first 'i.e.,  
"When I consider . . . I fondly ask, Doth God," etc.

What line do you think is a good proverb ?

*Write out in prose the clause in lines 11 and 12 beginning "who best."*

Show that this poem is a sonnet.



# LXXXIV.—EVENING.

MILTON.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad;  
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,  
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;  
She all night long her amorous descant sung.

Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament  
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,  
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

**liv'er-y**, distinctive dress or garb.

**am'o-rous**, relating to love.

**sap'phire** (*săf'fîr*), a beautiful gem;  
—usually restricted to blue crystals, but the Oriental ruby is a  
bright red variety.

**des'cant**, a song or tune in parts.

**Hes'pe-rus**, old poetic name of the  
planet Venus, when she is the  
evening star; that is, when she follows the sun and appears in the  
evening.

## LXXXV.—A LEAP FOR LIFE.

1. WHEN I was a young fellow, now many years ago, I used to spend most of my vacations with an uncle, who lived in a beautiful part of Wales, and whose house was only a mile or two from the coast, which in that neighborhood was very wild and precipitous, and remarkable for the peculiar character of the strata composing many of the cliffs.

2. During one of these visits my uncle had as guests two professional geologists of some eminence, who had heard of the special facilities which the neighborhood afforded for the pursuit of their favorite science. They found many features of scientific interest along the coast, and continued their geological researches for several days.

3. One pleasant morning we all set off to visit a district, some miles away, peculiarly rich in specimens. We drove the first portion of the distance, and then, putting up our light traveling wagon at a farmhouse to await our return, pursued the remainder of our excursion on foot.

4. As we walked along the cliffs,—here of remarkable height and magnificence,—we beheld with boundless admiration the beauty and grandeur of the scenery. The bold line of coast stretched away for miles on each side, the tremendous precipices descending sheer to the blue waters that lapped their base, only here and there broken by some jagged and pointed rocks.

5. Our expedition was a great success, and many rare specimens of different fossils were added to our collec-

tions. We had reached the extreme end of our excursion, and were on the point of retracing our steps, when one of the strangers expressed a desire to round a promontory a short distance ahead, so as to inspect the line of coast just beyond.

6. The proposal was agreed to; and we all started along the cliff, which at this place was of less altitude than at some points we had previously passed, though still it was about fifty or sixty feet above the level of the sea, which was then at full flood, and washing against the rocky wall below us. To round the promontory, we found it necessary to descend a little way, and then proceed along a ledge of projecting rock, so narrow in some parts that it would have been impossible for any one to attempt the passage unless he had a sure foot and a steady head.

7. We were all experienced climbers, so the risk was disregarded. The two geologists and my uncle had just turned round a rather sharp angle, and I was closely following, when the rock on which I trod suddenly gave way under my feet, and after a brief but ineffectual struggle I slipped down — down — over the brink. Uttering a cry as I fell, I instinctively flung my hands upward. One of them in some marvelous manner caught a projecting portion of the ledge; the other was strongly grasped by my uncle, who, being close to me, had turned at my shout.

8. For two or three minutes, which seemed an eternity to us both, my brave relative, who, though an elderly man, was very powerful, held me suspended in this frightful manner, while he endeavored to take in the situation and decide on a plan of action. Our horrified friends were powerless to help, as they could not



possibly get near me, on account of the narrowness of the ledge, which afforded my uncle only a most precarious footing, and rendered useless any attempt to raise me from my dreadful position.

9. I was young, and life was very sweet to me; but I felt that my last moment was come. Another minute or two must end the matter: so severe a strain could no longer be endured; our hands must loosen their hold, and I must inevitably be dashed to pieces on the broken rocks I had observed at the foot of the precipice.

10. There was an interval of breathless silence, during which time my uncle had clearly realized the critical nature of the situation, and decided what to do. He looked over, and saw that at the base of the precipice, directly below the spot where I was suspended, there was a rugged projection of rock, extending fully four feet beyond the perpendicular of the point where I hung. If I fell on this, my fate was sealed; no power could save me from death. Beyond this rock was water, possibly of a depth sufficient to break the force of a fall, if only that water could be reached; but in this lay all the difficulty.

11. My uncle was willing to dare everything to save me; but he did not undervalue the nature of the awful risk he was undertaking on my behalf; he knew that he was going to take his own life in his hands, as well as mine. Breathing a prayer for Divine protection, he said, quietly but firmly: "Tom, there is but one way for it. I'll save you, or we will both perish together. When I say the word, take your hand from the rock. — Now!"

12. As my uncle shouted, "Now!" I relaxed my

hold of the rock; and at the same instant he made an immense effort and sprang horizontally into the air, carrying me with him and retaining his hold of my hand as we rushed violently down in our descent. I cannot pretend to say that I ever very distinctly recollected my sensations during those awful seconds. I had my senses pretty clearly while I hung from the rock, and I can recall the gasping feeling which I experienced after loosing my grasp; but beyond that, all is chaos.

13. So great was the force with which my uncle leaped, that he completely cleared the projecting ledge, and we fell into the sea, which was deep enough to break our fall, though the violence of the shock unloosed our grasp of each other. Half stunned as we were, the cold water acted as a restorative.

14. We were both excellent swimmers, and a moment or two later we were breasting the waves, fortunately not too boisterous for our sorely tried strength. We rose at some little distance from the rocky ledge, and rather nearer a flattish rock which reared its head from the billows. For this refuge we made; and when we gained it, too deep for utterance were the feelings with which we took each other's hands and gazed into each other's eyes.

15. "Thank God! my boy," at last said my uncle, fervently.

"I do, uncle; and you too. Where should I have been now, but for you?"

"Hush, Tom! Thank God, we're both safe! It was an ugly jump, — no doubt of that."

16. We both shuddered as we gazed on the precipice frowning above us, on the top of which we could see

our two friends, so recently horror-stricken, but now wildly waving their hats in a transport of joy at their discovery of us on the rock, apparently safe and sound. A hearty cheer in reply assured them of our perfect safety.

17. The noise made by our shouting attracted the notice of a fisherman who lived in a cottage under the cliffs, at a place where the shore receded and formed a little cove. He clambered over the crag that hid us from his sight; and as soon as he spied the two figures standing on the solitary rock, he lost no time in launching his boat and coming to our assistance.

18. In a very short time we were sitting in the fisherman's cottage, where a bright little fire was burning, very welcome to us in our chilled condition; while his kindly wife busied herself in preparations for our comfort, and ransacked her humble stores for a supply of dry garments, also highly acceptable. Before our clothes were dry enough to be worn, our friends had descended from the top of the cliff by a circuitous path, and were giving us their fervent congratulations on our fortunate Leap for Life.

*Chambers's Journal.*

<b>strā'tā</b> , beds or layers of earth or rock.	<b>fos'sils</b> , the remains of animals and plants imbedded in the earth's crust and changed into stone.
<b>sheer</b> , straight up and down.	
<b>al'ti-tude</b> , height.	<b>cha'os</b> (kā'-), a confused state or mass.

**Give synonyms of:** perish, immense, sensation, circuitous.

Explain the figure of speech "precipice frowning" in paragraph 16.

What is geology?



## LXXXVI. — THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, the author of "The Deserted Village," "The Traveller," and "The Vicar of Wakefield," is one of the best-known figures in English literature. He is also one of the men for whom we feel the most personal affection. His amiable character shines forth in his works.

Goldsmith was born in Ireland, November 23, 1728, and died in London, April 4, 1774. From early life he showed the improvidence and the reckless generosity which were to keep him almost constantly in poverty, and the kindliness of heart which was to win for him many warm friends. The most conspicuous of these friends was the great Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Both as poet and as prose-writer, Goldsmith commanded a style of perfect ease and remarkable beauty. Few poems in our language linger so long in the memory, and are so frequently quoted, as "The Deserted Village," from which the following extract is taken.

The "village preacher" is a portrait of the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, the poet's father, whose income was actually "forty pounds a year" at the time of the poet's birth.

1. NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich, with forty pounds a year;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his  
place.
2. Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;  
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More skilled to raise the wretched, than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train;  
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain:

3. The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away, —  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were  
won !
4. Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to  
glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.  
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side ;  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ; —
5. And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.  
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control,  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
6. At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place ;

Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
 And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.  
 The service past, around the pious man,  
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
 Even children followed with endearing wile,  
 And plucked his gown to share the good man's  
 smile.

7. His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;  
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;  
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven :  
 As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

<b>man'sion</b> (-shun), dwelling; house; usually a large house.	<b>dis-mayed'</b> , <i>strictly</i> , deprived of might; rendered powerless by ter- ror; appalled.
<b>pass'ing</b> , surpassingly; exceedingly.	<b>cham'pi-on</b> , one who fights in behalf of another.
<b>place</b> (1), <i>here</i> , post or position.	
<b>fawn</b> , cringe; flatter meanly.	<b>cliff</b> , a <i>cleft</i> rock; a high steep rock, or mountain-side.
<b>spend'thrift</b> , one who recklessly spends the savings of thrift or gain.	

**bade to stay** (3). The usual and correct form now is *bidden* or *bid*.

**Explain**: broken soldier (3); tales of sorrow *done* (3); learned to glow (4); endearing wile (3); midway leaves the storm (7).

Forty pounds are how many dollars? Point out a metaphor in section 1; a beautiful simile in section 7.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts;  
 Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one:  
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
 Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

Wordsworth. *Written in a child's Album*

## LXXXVII.—SELECTIONS FROM THE BIBLE.

## CHARITY.\*

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood

\* CHARITY here means LOVE, or affectionate regard, which disposes one to do good.

as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

### PROVERBS.

THERE is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing: there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.

Better is little with fear of the Lord, than great treasures and trouble therewith.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.

Whoso mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker; and he that is glad at calamities shall not be unpunished.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

<p><b>cym'bal</b> (<i>sim' -</i>), a basin-shaped musical instrument struck together in pairs.</p>	<p><b>proph'c-ey</b>, foretelling.  <b>wheth'er</b>, if; whenever. This use of <i>whether</i> is now obsolete.</p>
--	--



## LXXXVIII. — NIAGARA.

BRAINARD.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD was born in Connecticut, in 1796, and received his education at Yale College. Most of his poetic effusions were first published in the newspaper of which he was editor. The following lines show vivid conception, with the power of graphic expression. It is worthy of remark, that the poet never saw Niagara. He died in 1828.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,  
While I look upward to thee. It would seem  
As if God poured thee from his hollow hand,  
And hung his bow upon thine awful front;  
And spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him  
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake  
The sound of many waters; and had bade  
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,  
And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we  
That hear the question of that voice sublime?  
O, what are all the notes that ever rung  
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?  
Yea, what is all the riot man can make  
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?  
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him  
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far  
Above its loftiest mountains? — a light wave,  
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

**Patmos** (now Patmo), an island in the Grecian Archipelago. To this island St. John the apostle was exiled in the year 95.

Explain the fourth line.

## LXXXIX — WHAT THE AIR IS MADE OF.

GEIKIE.

ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, an eminent Scottish scientist, was born in Edinburgh, in 1835. His studies have been mainly in connection with geology. He was the first occupant of the chair of Mineralogy and Geology founded in the University of Edinburgh, which position he still holds (1884).

1. ABOVE and around us, to what part soever of the earth's surface we may go, at the top of the highest mountain as well as at the bottom of the deepest mine, we find ourselves surrounded by the invisible ocean of gas and vapor which we call Air. It must, therefore, wrap the whole planet round as an outer envelope. Considered in this light, it receives the distinctive name of the Atmosphere, that is, the vapor-sphere,—the region of clouds, rain, snow, hail, lightning, breezes, and tempests.

2. In early times men regarded the air as one of the four elements out of which the world was made. It is not so very long since this old notion disappeared. But now it is well known that the air is not an element, but a compound of two elements,—the gases called nitrogen and oxygen.

3. In various ways chemists have analyzed or decomposed air into its component elements, but the result is always the same; namely, that in every hundred parts of ordinary air there are by weight about seventy-nine of nitrogen and twenty-one of oxygen.

4. Air, when carefully tested, is always found to contain something else than nitrogen and oxygen. Solid particles, with various gases and vapors, are invariably

present, but always in exceedingly minute, though most irregular quantities, when compared with the wonderfully constant proportions of the two chief gases.

5. The presence of vast numbers of solid particles in the air may be shown by letting a beam of sunlight fall through a hole or chink into a dark room. Thousands of minute motes are then seen driving to and fro across the beam, as the movements of the air carry them hither and thither. Such particles are always present in the air.

6. Could we intercept these dancing motes, and examine them with a strong microscope, we should find them to consist chiefly of little specks of dust. But among them there sometimes occur also minute living germs, from which, when they find a fitting resting-place, lowly forms of plants or animals may spring. Some diseases appear to spread by means of the lodging and growth of these infinitesimal germs in our bodies, for they are so small as to pass with the air into our lungs, and thus to reach our blood.

7. But far more important than these solid ingredients are three invisible substances, two of them being gases, called respectively ozone and carbonic acid gas, the third, the vapor of water.

After a thunder-storm the air may sometimes be perceived to have a peculiar smell, which however is more distinctly given off from an electric machine. This is ozone, which is believed to be oxygen gas in a peculiar and very active condition.

8. Ozone promotes the rapid decomposition of decaying animal or vegetable matter, uniting with the noxious gases, and thus disinfecting and purifying the air. It is most abundant where sea-breezes blow, and least in the

air of the crowded parts of towns. The healthiness or unhealthiness of the air seems to depend much on the quantity of ozone which is present.

9. Consider next the carbonic acid gas. When a piece of coal is set on fire, it burns away until nothing but a little ash is left behind; or when a candle is lighted, it continues to burn until the whole is consumed. Now, what has become of the original substance of the coal and the candle? It seems to have been completely lost; yet in truth we have not destroyed one atom of it. We have simply, by burning, changed it into another and invisible form; but it is just as really existent as ever.

10. The substance of a piece of coal or of a candle is composed of different elements, one of which is called carbon. This element forms one of the main ingredients out of which the substance of all plants and animals is built up. Our own bodies, for example, are in great part made of it. In burning a bit of coal, therefore (which is made of ancient vegetation compressed and altered into stone), or a candle (which is prepared from animal fat), we set free its carbon, which goes off at once to mix with the air. Some of it escapes in the form of little solid particles of soot.

11. But the largest part does not go off in smoke. It is, while in the act of burning, seized by the oxygen of the air, with which it enters into chemical combination, forming the invisible carbonic acid gas. It is, indeed, this very chemical union which constitutes what we call burning, or combustion. The moment we prevent the flame from getting access of air, it drops down and soon goes out, because the supply of oxygen is cut off. All ordinary burning

substances, therefore, furnish carbonic acid gas to the atmosphere.

12. The amount thus supplied is of course comparatively small, for the quantity of vegetable or animal substance burnt either by man or naturally must be but insignificant, when the whole mass of the atmosphere is considered. An infinitely larger quantity is furnished by living air-breathing animals.

13. In breathing we take air into our lungs, where it reaches our blood. A kind of burning goes on there, for the oxygen of the air unites with the carbon of the blood; carbonic acid is produced, and comes away with the exhausted air which we exhale again before taking the next breath. When we reflect that every air-breathing animal is continually supplying carbonic acid gas to the atmosphere, we perceive how important this source of supply must be.

14. Living plants in the presence of sunlight have the power of abstracting from the carbonic acid of the air the carbon of which their framework is so largely made. When they die, their decay once more sets loose the carbon, which, uniting again with oxygen, becomes carbonic acid gas, and is carried by rain into the soil, or taken up by the air. All decaying plants and animals which are freely exposed to the air furnish it with this gas.

15. Lastly, in many parts of the world, particularly in volcanic regions, this same gas is given out in large quantities from the ground. From all these various sources, then, the atmosphere is continually replenished with carbonic acid gas, to supply the loss caused by the enormous demands of the vegetable world for carbon.

16. Nevertheless, the quantity of this gas present in the air is very small compared with the volume of the nitrogen and oxygen. It has been found to amount to no more in ordinary pure air than four parts in every ten thousand of air. Yet this small proportion suffices to support all the luxuriant growing vegetation of the earth's surface.

17. By the term water vapor, or aqueous vapor, is meant the invisible steam always present in the air. Every one is familiar with the fact, that, when water is heated, it passes into vapor, which becomes invisibly dissolved in the air.

18. No matter how dry the air may appear to be, more or less of this invisible water vapor is always diffused through it. Every mist or cloud which gathers in the sky, every shower of rain, snow, or hail which falls to the ground, every little drop of dew which at nightfall gathers upon the leaves, bears witness to its presence.

19. The importance of this ingredient of the atmosphere in the general plan of our world can hardly be overestimated. It is to the vapor of the atmosphere that we owe all the water circulation of the land,—rain, springs, brooks, rivers, lakes,—on which the very life of plants and animals depends, and without which, as far as we know, the land would become as barren, silent, and lifeless as the surface of the moon. It is, likewise, to the changes in the supply of this same invisible, but ever present substance, that the rise of winds and storms is largely due.

20. The quantity of water vapor in the air varies from day to day, and indeed from hour to hour. It is always comparatively small in amount, ranging from

about four to about sixteen parts by weight in one thousand parts of air.

<b>gērm</b> , the rudiment or first principle of a plant or an animal.	<b>dis-in-feet'ing</b> , freeing from what ever would taint with disease.
<b>in-fin-i-tes'i-mal</b> , infinitely small.	<b>mi'cro-scope</b> , an instrument for examining objects too minute to be viewed with the naked eye.
<b>in-gre'di-ent</b> , one of the substances which goes to form a compound.	

The four elements (2), according to the old chemists, were "earth, water, fire, and air," and out of these all corporeal substances were made.



## XC. — DRACHENFELS.

BYRON.

1. THE castled crag of Drachenfels  
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,  
Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
Between the banks which bear the vine,  
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,  
And fields which promise corn and wine,  
And scattered cities crowning these,  
Whose far white walls along them shine,  
Have strewed a scene which I should see  
With double joy wert *thou* with me!
2. And peasant girls, with deep-blue eyes,  
And hands which offer early flowers,  
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;  
Above, the frequent feudal towers  
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,  
And many a rock which steeply lowers,  
And noble arch in proud decay,  
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers;

But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—  
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

3. I send the lilies given to me,  
Though long before thy hand they touch  
I know that they must withered be;  
But yet reject them not as such;  
For I have cherished them as dear,  
Because they yet may meet thine eye,  
And guide thy soul to mine even here,  
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,  
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,  
And offered from my heart to thine!
  
4. The river nobly foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanted ground,  
And all its thousand turns disclose  
Some fresher beauty varying round:  
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound  
Through life to dwell delighted here;  
Nor could on earth a spot be found  
To nature and to me so dear,  
Could thy dear eyes in following mine  
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

**w/ers** (*ow* as in *cow*). appears dark, | **corn**, *here*, grain in general.  
gloomy, or threatening. | **haugh'ti-est**, loftiest; proudest.

**Drachenfels** (*drä'khen-fälce*) (1), or "Dragon's Rock," rises about a thousand feet above the Rhine, on its right bank, a few miles up the river from Bonn. On the summit are the ruins of a castle of the twelfth century. **thou** (1), the poet's sister. — **feudal towers** (2), towers built when the feudal system prevailed. By the feudal system the vassals held lands of their lord on condition of giving him military service.

**Explain:** bear the vine (1); vintage bowers (2).



## XCI. — MARION'S PARTISAN WARFARE.

## SIMMS.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS was born in Charleston, South Carolina, April 17, 1806, and died there, June 11, 1870. He wrote poems and dramas, but is remembered chiefly as a novelist. More than thirty works of fiction came from his pen. These relate, in many cases, to the early history of the country, and often have a local coloring. They may therefore, like the novels of Cooper, properly be read in connection with the study of American history.

General Francis Marion was a leader of the patriots in South Carolina during the Revolutionary war. With his irregular force he inflicted all the injury he could upon the enemy, whether British regulars, or their allies, the hated Loyalists or Tories.

1. THE adroitness and address of Marion's captainship were never more fully displayed than when he held his camp at Snow's Island; sallying forth, as occasion offered, to harass the superior foe, to cut off his convoys, or to break up, before they could well embody, the gathering and undisciplined Tories.

2. His movements were marked by equal promptitude and wariness. He suffered no risks from a neglect of proper precaution. He knew his game, and how it should be played, before a step was taken or a weapon drawn.

3. When he himself or any of his parties left the island upon an expedition, they advanced along no beaten paths. They made them as they went. He had the Indian faculty to perfection of gathering his course from the sun, from the stars, from the bark and tops of trees, and such other natural guides as the woodman acquires only through long and watchful experience.

4. On starting he almost invariably struck into the woods, and, seeking the heads of the larger water-courses, crossed them at their first and small beginnings. He destroyed the bridges where he could. He preferred fords. If speed was essential, a more direct, but not less cautious, route was pursued.

5. The stream was crossed sometimes where it was deepest. On such occasions the party swam their horses, Marion leading the way, though he himself was unable to swim. He rode a famous horse called Ball, which he had taken from a Loyalist captain of that name. This animal was a sorrel, of high, generous blood, and took the water as if born to it. The horses of the brigade soon learned to follow him as naturally as their riders followed his master.

6. The secrecy with which Marion conducted his expeditions was one of the causes of their frequent success. He entrusted his schemes to nobody, not even to his most confidential officers. He consulted with them respectfully, heard them patiently, weighed their suggestions, and then silently formed his conclusions.

7. He left no track behind him, if it were possible to avoid it. He was often vainly hunted after by his own detachments. He was more apt at finding them than they him. His scouts were taught a peculiar and shrill whistle, which at night could be heard at a most astonishing distance. We are reminded of the signal of Rhoderick Dhu:—

“He whistled shrill,  
And he was answered from the hill;  
Wild as the scream of the curlew,  
From crag to crag the signal flew.”

8. These scouts were out in all directions, and at all hours. They hovered about the posts of the enemy, crouching in the thicket, or darting along the plain, picking up prisoners, and information, and spoils together. They cut off stragglers, encountered patrols of the foe, and arrested his supplies on the way to the garrison.

9. Sometimes the single scout, buried in the thick tops of the tree, looked down upon the march of hostile legions, or hung perched over the hostile encampment till it slept, then, slipping down, stole through the silent host, carrying off a drowsy sentinel, or a favorite charger, upon which the daring spy flourished conspicuous among his less fortunate companions.

10. The boldness of these adventures was sometimes wonderful almost beyond belief. It was the strict result of that confidence in their woodman skill, which the practice of their leader, and his invariable success, naturally taught them to entertain.

**a-droit'ness**, readiness in invention  
or execution.

**con'voy**, a force sent with supply  
wagons, etc., to protect them on  
their way; an armed escort.

**ad-dress'**, skill; dexterity.

**fôrd**, place where water may be  
crossed on foot.

**pa-trôl'**, a guard or small party  
which goes the rounds in a camp.

**Partisan warfare**, irregular or desultory warfare, such as attacking detached troops, capturing convoys, etc. — **Rhoderick Dhu** (7). See Scott's "Lady of the Lake," Canto v. St. 8.

Who were the Tories, or Loyalists, in the time of the Revolution?

---

O LAND of lands! to thee we give  
Our prayers, our hopes, our service free;  
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,  
And at thy need shall die for thee!

*Whittier.*

## XCII. — THE BATTLE-FIELD.

BRYANT.

1. ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,  
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,  
And fiery hearts and armed hands  
Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget  
How gushed the life-blood of her brave, —  
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,  
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;  
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,  
And talk of children on the hill,  
And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

2. No solemn host goes trailing by  
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;  
Men start not at the battle-cry, —  
O, be it never heard again!

3. Soon rested those who fought; but thou  
Who minglest in the harder strife  
For truths which men receive not now,  
Thy warfare only ends with life.

4. A friendless warfare! lingering long  
Through weary day and weary year;

A wild and many-weaponed throng  
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear,—

7. Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,  
And blench not at thy chosen lot;  
The timid good may stand aloof,  
The sage may frown,—yet faint thou not!
8. Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,  
The hissing, stinging bolt of scorn;  
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,  
The victory of endurance born.
9. Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies among his worshipers.
10. Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,  
When they who helped thee flee in fear,  
Die full of hope and manly trust,  
Like those who fell in battle here.
11. Another hand thy sword shall wield,  
Another hand the standard wave,  
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed  
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

**tine**, cows.  
**wain**, wagon.  
**shaft**, arrow.

**blench**, shrink; flinch.  
**en-coun'tered**, met in contest.  
**a-loof**, at a distance.

**Explain**: many-weaponed throng (6); bolt of scorn (8). — Point out examples of personification.

Commit to memory the stanza that pleases you best.

## XCIII. — THE DECLARATION OF 1776.

J. Q. ADAMS.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, a son of John Adams, the second President of the United States, was born at Braintree, Mass., July 11, 1767. After graduating at Harvard College he applied himself to the study of law, but soon entered political life. He was for half a century in the service of his country, as Foreign Minister, Senator, Cabinet minister, President of the United States, and Representative in Congress. As a Representative he was conspicuous by his eloquence, learning, energy, and courage.

He fell in a fit while occupying his seat in Congress, and two days later (February 23, 1848) expired. His last words are said to have been: "This is the last of earth; I am content."

1. THE Charter of Independence! The interest which, in that paper, has survived the occasion upon which it was issued,—the interest which is of every age and every clime,—the interest which quickens with the lapse of years, spreads as it grows old, and brightens as it recedes,—is in the principles which it proclaims. It was the first solemn declaration by a nation of the only legitimate foundation of civil government. It was the corner-stone of a new fabric, destined to cover the surface of the globe.

2. It demolished at a stroke the lawfulness of all governments founded upon conquest. It swept away the accumulated rubbish of centuries of servitude. It announced in practical form to the world the transcendent truth of the inalienable sovereignty of the people. It proved that the social compact was no figment of the imagination, but a real, solid, and sacred bond of the social union.

3. From the day of this Declaration, the people of North America were no longer the fragment of a distant empire, imploring justice and mercy from an inex-

orable master in another hemisphere. They were no longer children appealing in vain to the sympathies of a heartless mother; no longer subjects leaning upon the shattered columns of royal promises, and invoking the faith of parchment to secure their rights.

4. They were a nation, asserting as of right, and maintaining by war, its own existence. A nation was born in a day.

“How many ages hence  
Shall this, their lofty scene, be acted o’er  
In states unborn and accents yet unknown.”

It will be acted o’er, but it can never be repeated.

5. It stands, and must forever stand, alone, a beacon on the summit of the mountain, to which all the inhabitants of the earth may turn their eyes for a genial and saving light, till time shall be lost in eternity, and this globe itself dissolve, nor leave a wreck behind. It stands forever, a light of admonition to the rulers of men, a light of salvation and redemption to the oppressed.

6. So long as man shall be of a social nature; so long as government shall be necessary to the great moral purposes of society, and so long as it shall be abused to the purposes of oppression,—so long shall this Declaration hold out to the sovereign and to the subject the extent and the boundaries of their respective rights and duties, founded in the laws of nature and of nature’s God.

**châr’ter**, a written paper or document granting or securing important privileges and rights.

**le-gît’i-mats**, lawful.

**tran-scend’ent**, supremely excellent.

**in-âl’ien-a-ble** (*in-âl’yen-*), that cannot be transferred to another.

**in-ex’o-ra-ble**, not to be moved by entreaty.

**fig’ment**, something imagined.

What is meant by “Charter of Independence” (1)? “social compact” (2)? “faith of parchment” (3)? — What figure is employed in the last sentence of the first paragraph? See page 431. II.

## XCIV. — CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

## COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER was an English poet of the last century. His writings show a love of nature and a respect for simplicity and truth in human character that are pleasing to all readers of correct taste. His deep religious feeling is shown in his "Olney Hymns," some of which are found in almost every modern hymn-book. His longest poem is "The Task." Some of his shorter poems are masterpieces, such as "On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture," and "On the Loss of the Royal George." His well-known ballad of "John Gilpin" by some readers is considered very diverting.

A considerable portion of Cowper's life was clouded by melancholy, which more than once deepened into actual insanity. He died in 1800, in his sixty-ninth year.

The following noble plea for the rights of the lower animals is taken from "The Task," Book VI.

1. I WOULD not enter on my list of friends  
 (Though graced with polished manners and fine sense  
 Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
 An inadvertent step may crush the snail  
 That crawls at evening in the public path;  
 But he that has humanity, forewarned,  
 Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
2. The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,  
 And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,  
 A visitor unwelcome, into scenes  
 Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove,  
 The chamber, or refectory, may die:  
 A necessary act incurs no blame.
3. Not so, when, held within their proper bounds,  
 And guiltless of offense, they range the air,  
 Or take their pastime in the spacious field.



There they are privileged ; and he that hunts  
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,  
Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,  
Who, when she formed, designed them an abode.

4. The sum is this : if man's convenience, health,  
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims  
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.  
Else they are all — the meanest things that are --  
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,  
As God was free to form them at the first,  
Who in His sovereign wisdom made them all.
5. Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons  
To love it too. The springtime of our years  
Is soon dishonored and defiled in most,  
By budding ills that ask a prudent hand  
To check them. But, alas ! none sooner shoots,  
If unrestrained, into luxuriant growth,  
Than cruelty, most devilish of them all.
6. Mercy, to him that shows it, is the rule  
And righteous limitation of its act,  
By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man ;  
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,  
And conscious of the outrage he commits,  
Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn !

**sen-si-bil'i-ty**, capacity of being easily moved to pity or sympathy.

**in-ad-vér'tent**, careless ; heedless.

**ven'om**, poison.

**ăl'oôve**, a recess to sit or lie in.

**re-fec'to-ry**, a room where refreshments or meals are taken.

**e-con'o-my**, prudent arrangement ; regular operations.

**păr'a-mount**, superior to all others.

**else**, otherwise.

**rep'tile (-til)**, an animal that creeps on its belly, or by means of short legs, as a snake, lizard, etc.

**Explain** : take their pastime (3) ; ripe in years (6).

XCV.—A DOUBTING HEART.

PROCTER.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, daughter of the poet, Bryan Waller Procter,  
as born in London in 1825, and died in 1864.

1. WHERE are the swallows fled?  
Frozen and dead,  
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.  
O doubting heart!  
Far over purple seas  
They wait, in sunny ease,  
The balmy southern breeze,  
To bring them to their northern homes once more.
2. Why must the flowers die?  
Prisoned they lie  
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.  
O doubting heart!  
They only sleep below  
The soft white ermine snow,  
While winter winds shall blow,  
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.
3. The sun has hid his rays  
These many days;  
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?  
O doubting heart!  
The stormy clouds on high  
Veil the same sunny sky,  
That soon, for spring is nigh,  
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

4. Fair hope is dead, and light  
Is quenched in night;  
What sound can break the silence of despair?  
O doubting heart!  
The sky is overcast,  
Yet stars shall rise at last,  
Brighter for darkness past,  
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

To what part of the sentence is the last line in the second stanza connected?

*Write out in brief the lesson taught by these stanzas.*

---

## XCVI. — MOSES AT THE FAIR.

GOLDSMITH.

1. As we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, my wife suggested that it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

2. As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage. You know all our great bar-

gains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

3. As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in.

4. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call "thunder and lightning," which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling-green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

5. I began to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it, he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing.—But as I live, yonder comes Moses without a horse, and the box at his back."

6. As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler. "Welcome, welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought *us from the fair?*"—"I have brought you myself," said

Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.—"Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?"

7. "I have sold him," replied Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."—"Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."—"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again: "I have laid it all out in a bargain, — and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are, — a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

8. "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"—"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."—"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

9. "You need be under no uneasiness," said I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."—"What!" cried my wife; "not silver! the rims not silver!"—"No," cried I; "no more silver than your saucepan."—"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases? A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."

10. "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."—"To bring me such stuff!" returned she; "if I had them, I would throw them in the fire."—"There again you are wrong, my dear," said I; "for though they are copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

11. By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretense of having one to sell.

12. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

**an-tag'o-nist**, one who contends with another.

**hig'gles**, beats down the price.

**com-mis'sion**, business.

**deal box**, a box of pine or fir.

**dress'er**, a table on which meat or

other things are dressed or prepared for use.

**sha-green'**, a grained leather.

**mür'rain**, a fatal disease among cattle; used here like our "plague take," etc.

**Explain:** hold up our heads a little higher (1); carry single or double (1); gosling-green (4); sell his hen, etc. (5), (when a hen's feathers are wet she does not seem to be of so much value); dead bargain (8).

## XCIV — THE SHANDON BELLS.

## FATHER PROUT.

FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY, better known as Father Prout, the name he assumed as a writer, was born in 1804, at Cork, Ireland, and died in Paris, in 1866. He received his education at Catholic establishments on the Continent, and became proficient in both the classic and the modern languages.

Father Prout loitered and lived in many cities. He was a contributor of brilliant, witty, and fantastic productions to the magazines and newspapers. His exquisite poem of "The Shandon Bells," the most delicious of his rhymed drolleries, appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1834.

1.           WITH deep affection  
              And recollection,  
I often think of those Shandon bells,  
              Whose sounds so wild would,  
              In days of childhood,  
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
  
2.           On this I ponder  
              Where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;  
              With thy bells of Shandon,  
              That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.
  
3.           I've heard bells chiming  
              Full many a clime in,  
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,  
              While at a glib rate  
              Brass tongues would vibrate;  
But all their music spoke naught like thine:

4.           For memory dwelling  
              On each proud swelling  
Of the belfry knelling its bold notes free,  
              Made the bells of Shandon  
              Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.
5.           I've heard bells tolling  
              Old Adrian's Mole in,  
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,  
              And cymbals glorious  
              Swinging uproarious  
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
6.           But thy sounds were sweeter  
              Than the dome of Peter  
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly;—  
              O, the bells of Shandon  
              Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee!
7.           There's a bell in Moscow,  
              While on tower and kiosk, O!  
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,  
              And loud in air  
              Calls men to prayer,  
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
8.           Such empty phantom  
              I freely grant them;  
But there is an anthem more dear to me,—



'T is the bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

**ki-osk'** (*kē-ōsk'*), a Turkish summer-house supported on pillars. — **min'a-ret**, a slender, lofty turret, on a mosque.

**Shandon Bells**, a fine peal of bells in St. Anne's Church, built on the ruins of old Shandon Castle. — **Adrian's Mole** (5), the mausoleum of the Emperor Hadrian, or Adrian, in Rome. It is now the Castle of St. Angelo. — **Vatican** (5), the magnificent papal palace at Rome. — **Notre Dame** (*not'r dām*), a celebrated cathedral in Paris. The words mean Our Lady. — **dome of Peter** (6), St. Peter's, which adjoins the Vatican, and is the largest cathedral in the world. — **St. Sophia** (7), the church of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, was transformed by the Mohammedans into a gorgeous mosque, or prayer-house. — **bell in Moscow** (7). The allusion is to the "king of bells," in Moscow. It is nineteen feet high and more than sixty feet around the mouth. It is placed on a granite pedestal, and is now used as a chapel. A piece having been broken out of the side, the aperture forms the door.

The lines of what stanzas form the refrain?

Write the first stanza, dividing the lines so as to make eight instead of six lines. Show how some of the other stanzas might thus be written.



## XCVIII. — THE FIORDS OF NORWAY.

MISS MARTINEAU.

HARRIET MARTINEAU was born in Norwich, England, in 1802. She was an earnest thinker, and a writer of many entertaining and useful books. Among these are tales for children and young people, and accounts of her travels in foreign countries. She wrote a series of stories illustrating the leading principles of political economy, which were received with unusual favor. Miss Martineau died on June 27, 1876.

1. EVERY one who has looked at the map of Norway must have been struck with the singular character of its coast. On the map it looks so jagged, such a strange mixture of land and sea, that it appears as if there must

be a perpetual struggle between the two,— the sea striving to inundate the land, and the land pushing itself out into the sea, till it ends in their dividing the region between them.

2. On the spot, however, this coast is very sublime. The long, straggling promontories are mountainous, towering ridges of rock, springing up in precipices from the water; while the bays between them, instead of being rounded with shelving sandy shores, on which the sea tumbles its waves, as in the bays of our coast, are, in fact, long narrow valleys, filled with sea, instead of being laid out in fields and meadows.

3. The high rocky banks shelter these deep bays, called fiords, from almost every wind; so that their waters are usually as still as those of a lake. For days and weeks together, they reflect each separate tree-top of the pine forests which clothe the mountain sides, the mirror being broken only by the leap of some sportive fish, or the oars of the boatman, as he goes to inspect the sea-fowl from islet to islet of the fiord, or carries out his nets or his rod to catch the sea-trout, or char, or cod, or herrings, which abound, in their seasons, on the coast of Norway.

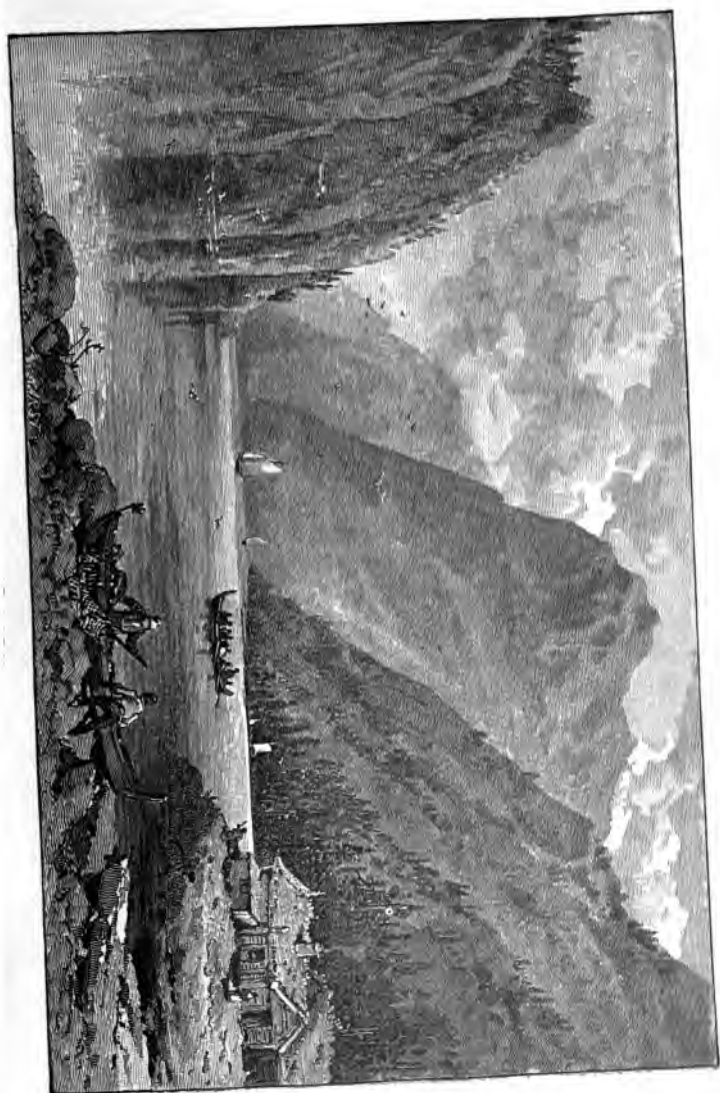
4. It is difficult to say whether these fiords are the most beautiful in summer or in winter. In summer, they glitter with golden sunshine; and purple and green shadows from the mountain and forest lie on them; and these may be more lovely than the faint light of the winter noons of those latitudes, and the snowy pictures of frozen peaks which then show themselves on the surface; but before the day is half over, out come the stars,— the glorious stars, which shine like nothing that we have ever seen.

5. There, the planets cast a faint shadow, as the young moon does with us; and these planets, and the constellations of the sky, as they silently glide over from peak to peak of these rocky passes, are imaged on the waters so clearly that the fisherman, as he unmoors his boat for his evening task, feels as if he were about to shoot forth his vessel into another heaven, and to cleave his way among the stars.

6. Still as everything is to the eye, sometimes for a hundred miles together along these deep sea-valleys, there is rarely silence. The ear is kept awake by a thousand voices. In the summer there are cataracts, leaping from ledge to ledge of the rocks; and there is the bleating of the kids that browse there, and the flap of the great eagle's wings as it dashes abroad from its eyrie, and the cries of whole clouds of sea-birds which inhabit the islets; and all these sounds are mingled and multiplied by the strong echoes till they become a din as loud as that of a city.

7. Even at night, when the flocks are in the fold, and the birds at roost, and the echoes themselves seem to be asleep, there is occasionally a sweet music heard, too soft for even the listening ear to catch by day. Every breath of summer wind that steals through the pine forests wakes this music as it goes. The stiff leaves of the fir and pine vibrate with the breeze like the strings of a musical instrument, so that every breath of the night-wind in a Norwegian forest wakens a myriad of tiny harps; and this gentle and mournful music may be heard in gushes the whole night through.

8. This music of course ceases when each tree becomes laden with snow; but yet there is sound in



the midst of the longest winter night. There is the rumble of some avalanche, as, after a drifting storm, a mass of snow, too heavy to keep its place, slides and tumbles from the mountain peak. There is also, now and then, a loud crack of the ice in the nearest glacier; and, as many declare, there is a crackling to be heard by those who listen when the northern lights are shooting and blazing across the sky.

9. Nor is this all. Wherever there is a nook between the rocks on the shore where a man may build a house and clear a field or two,—wherever there is a platform beside the cataract where the sawyer may plant his mill, and make a path from it to join some great road,—there is a human habitation with the sounds that belong to it. Thence, in winter nights, come music and laughter, and the tread of dancers, and the hum of many voices. The Norwegians are a social and hospitable people; and they hold their gay meetings, in defiance of their Arctic climate, through every season of the year.

**in-un'date**, overflow; flood.

**char** (*tshān*), a fish of the salmon kind.

**fjords** (pronounced *fjórdz*).

**eyrie** (*ār't*), eagle's nest.

**glacier** (*glā'seer*), a great mass of ice moving slowly down a mountain slope.

**av'a-lanche**, a vast mass of snow sliding down the mountain side.

What does the suffix *et* or *let* mean in *islet* and *leaflet*?



## XCIX.—LIFE'S GREAT MYSTERIES.

## CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE was born in Ecclefechan, Scotland, December 4, 1795, and died in Chelsea, a suburb of London, February 5, 1881.

All his long life Carlyle devoted to purely literary pursuits. His purpose was so serious and his moral aim so high, that he exerted an unexampled influence upon the thought of his contemporaries. He particularly strove to make greatness and heroism of character seem impressive to his readers. He was a hearty lover of downright honest work, and a fierce denouncer of all shams and quackery, whether in social life, trade, politics, or religion.

His style is singularly rugged, disjointed, and original, so much so as to prevent some readers from taking pleasure in reading his works. Some of his writings are "The French Revolution," "Sartor Resartus," and "Heroes and Hero-Worship." The following extract is from the last-named work.

1. You remember that fancy of Plato's, of a man who had grown to maturity in some dark distance, and was brought on a sudden into the upper air to see the sun rise. What would his wonder be, his rapt astonishment, at the sight we daily witness with indifference! With the free open sense of a child, yet with the ripe faculty of a man, his whole heart would be kindled by that sight; he would discern it well to be godlike; his soul would fall down in worship before it.

2. Now, just such a childlike greatness was in the primitive nations. The first Pagan thinker among rude men, the first man that began to think, was precisely this child-man of Plato's. Simple, open as a child, yet with the depth and strength of a man. Nature had as yet no name to him; he had not yet united under a name the infinite variety of sights, sounds, shapes, and motions which we now collectively name Universe, Nature, or the like,—and so with a name dismiss it from us.

3. To the wild, deep-hearted man all was yet new, not veiled under names or formulas; it stood naked, flashing in on him there, beautiful, awful, unspeakable. Nature was to this man, what to the thinker and prophet it forever is, *preternatural*.

4. This green, flowery, rock-built earth, the trees, the mountains, rivers, many-sounding seas; — that great deep sea of azure that swims overhead; the winds sweeping through it; the black cloud fashioning itself together, now pouring out fire, now hail and rain; what is it? Ay, what? At bottom we do not yet know; we can never know at all.

5. It is not by our superior insight that we escape the difficulty; it is by our superior levity, our inattention, our want of insight. It is by *not* thinking that we cease to wonder at it. Hardened round us, encasing wholly every notion we form, is a wrappage of traditions, hearsays, mere *words*. We call that fire of the black thunder cloud “electricity,” and lecture learnedly about it, and grind the like of it out of glass and silk: but what is it? what made it? whence comes it? whither goes it?

6. Science has done much for us; but it is a poor science that would hide from us the great, deep, sacred infinitude of nescience, whither we can never penetrate, on which all science swims as a mere superficial film. This world, after all our science and sciences, is still a miracle; wonderful, inscrutable, magical and more, to whosoever will *think* of it.

7. That great mystery of TIME, were there no other; the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean-tide, on which we and all the Universe swim like

exhalations, like apparitions which *are*, and then *are not*: this is forever very literally a miracle; a thing to strike us dumb,—for we have no word to speak about it.

8. This Universe, ah me! what could the wild man know of it? what can we yet know? That it is a Force, and thousandfold complexity of Forces; a Force which is *not we*. That is all; it is not we, it is altogether different from *us*. Force, Force, everywhere Force; we ourselves a mysterious Force in the center of that.

9. "There is not a leaf rotting on the highway but has Force in it: how else could it rot?" Nay, surely, to the atheistic thinker, if such a one were possible, it must be a miracle too, this huge, illimitable whirlwind of Force, which envelops us here; never-resting whirlwind, high as immensity, old as eternity. What is it? God's creation, the religious people answer; it is the Almighty God's!

10. Atheistic science babbles poorly of it, with scientific nomenclatures, experiments, and what not, as if it were a poor dead thing, to be bottled up in Leyden jars and sold over counters; but the natural sense of man, in all times, if he will honestly apply his sense, proclaims it to be a living thing,—ah, an unspeakable, godlike thing! towards which the best attitude for us, after never so much science, is awe, devout prostration and humility of soul,—worship, if not in words, then in silence.

**Pa'gan**, rude and uncivilized; heathen.

**fór'mū-lá**, a prescribed form.

**Ley'den jar** (*lī'dn*), a jar in which an intense charge of electricity may be accumulated. It was invented in Leyden.

**ex-ha-la'tion**, vapor or mist.

**in-scrū'ta-ble** (*in-skrū'-*), unsearchable or unexplainable.

**no-men-ola'ture**, names; terms.

**nes'cience** (*nēsh'ens*), ignorance; the opposite of true *science*.



## C. — SELF-DEPENDENCE.

## ARNOLD.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, son of the celebrated master of Rugby School, was born on December 24, 1822. He was educated at Oxford.

Mr. Arnold has published a volume of poems, which, to cultivated minds, are pleasing in sentiment and expression. As a prose writer on literary, educational, and social matters, Mr. Arnold always has something interesting to say. His style, too, is singularly attractive, being simple, clear, and idiomatic.

1. WEARY of myself, and sick of asking  
What I am, and what I ought to be,  
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me  
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.
2. And a look of passionate desire  
O'er the sea and to the stars I send :  
"Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me,  
Calm me, ah ! compose me to the end.
3. "Ah ! once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,  
On my heart your mighty charm renew ;  
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,  
Feel my soul becoming vast like you !"
4. From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,  
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,  
In the rustling night-air came the answer :  
"Wouldst thou *be* as these are ? *Live* as they.
5. "Unaffrighted by the silence round them,  
*Undistracted* by the sights they see,

These demand not that the things without them  
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

6. "And with joy the stars perform their shining,  
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;  
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting  
All the fever of some differing soul.
7. "Bounded by themselves, and unregardful  
In *what state* God's other works may be,  
In *their own* tasks all their powers pouring,  
These attain the mighty life you see."
8. O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,  
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:  
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he  
Who finds himself loses his misery!"

Explain the last two lines of the sixth stanza?



## CL.—ATTENTION THE SOUL OF GENIUS.

### DEWEY.

ORVILLE DEWEY was born in Sheffield, Mass., in 1794, and graduated at Williams College in 1814. He was settled as pastor over Unitarian churches in Boston, New York, and other places, and gained reputation as a pulpit-orator and lecturer. He died in 1882.

1. "THE young man," it is often said, "has genius enough, if he would only study." Now the truth is, as I shall take the liberty to state it, that genius will study; it is that in the mind which does study; that is the very *nature of it*. I care not to say that it will always use

books. All study is not reading, any more than all reading is study.

2. By study, I mean — But let one of the noblest geniuses and hardest students of any age define it for me. “Study,” says Cicero, “is the persistent and intense occupation of mind directed with a strong effort of will to any subject, such as philosophy, poetry, geometry, letters.” Such study, such intense mental action and nothing else, is genius.

3. Attention it is, — though other qualities belong to this transcendent power, — attention it is, that is the very soul of genius: not the fixed eye, not the poring over a book, but the fixed thought. It is, in fact, an action of the mind which is steadily concentrated upon one idea or one series of ideas, — which collects in one point the rays of the soul, till they search, penetrate, and fire the whole train of its thoughts.

4. And while the fire burns within, the outward man may indeed be cold, indifferent, negligent, — absent in appearance; he may be an idler, or a wanderer, apparently without aim or intent; but still the fire burns within. And what though “it bursts forth,” at length, as has been said, “like volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force?” It only shows the intenser action of the elements beneath.

5. What though it breaks like lightning from the cloud? The electric fire had been collecting in the firmament through many a silent, calm, and clear day. What though the might of genius appears in one decisive blow, struck in some moment of high debate, or at the crisis of a nation’s peril?

6. That mighty energy, though it may have heaved in the breast of a Demosthenes, was once a feeble infant’s

thought. A mother's eye watched over its dawning. A father's care guarded its early growth. It soon trod with youthful step the halls of learning, and found other fathers to wake and to watch for it. It went on; but silence was upon its path, and the deep strugglings of the inward soul marked its progress, and the cherishing powers of nature silently ministered to it.

7. The elements around breathed upon it, and "touched it to finer issues." The golden ray of heaven fell upon it, and ripened its expanding faculties. The slow revolutions of years slowly added to its collected treasures and energies, till, in its hour of glory, it stood forth embodied in the form of living, commanding, irresistible eloquence!

8. The world wonders at the manifestation, and says, "Strange, strange that it should come thus unsought, unpremeditated, unprepared." But the truth is, there is no more a miracle in it than there is in the towering of the pre-eminent forest tree, or in the flowing of the mighty and irresistible river, or in the wealth and the waving of the boundless harvest.

9. Youthful aspirants after intellectual eminence, forget, forget, I entreat you — banish, banish forever, the weak and senseless idea that anything will serve your purpose but study, — intense, unwearied, absorbing study.

**spontaneous**, acting from its own impulse; free.

**crisis**, the turning point.

**ministered**, gave service.

**pre-eminent**, superior; loftier than the others.

**aspirant**, one who seeks with eagerness.

**Explain**: the mind concentrated on one idea (3); expanding faculties (7).

Who were Demosthenes and Cicero? Tell, as well as you can, what is meant by "*philosophy*"; by "*poetry*"; by "*geometry*."

## CIL. — THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

HOLMES.

THE nautilus, while growing, vacates successively parts of its shell, and partitions them off into air-tight chambers.

This little poem meets all the requirements of the highest poetic standard.

1. THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
    Sails the unshadowed main, —  
    The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
    And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming  
    hair.
2. Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
    Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
    And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
    Before thee lies revealed, —  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!
3. Year after year beheld the silent toil  
    That spread his lustrous coil;  
    Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
    Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old  
    no more.

4. Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
 Child of the wandering sea,  
 Cast from her lap, forlorn !  
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn !  
 While on mine ear it rings,  
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice  
 that sings : —
5. Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
 As the swift seasons roll !  
 Leave thy low-vaulted past !  
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
 Till thou at length art free,  
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

**main**, the ocean.

**i'ris**ed (*-rîs*'), having colors like those  
 of the rainbow.

**crypt** (*kript*'), vault; cell.

**un-sealed'**, opened.

**spi'**ral, a curved line receding con-  
 tinually from the center.

**for-lôrn'**, forsaken; in sad plight.

**Triton** (4), in Grecian mythology, was a demigod, and the sea-trumpeter of Neptune, the god of the sea. He blew through a shell to rouse or to allay the sea.

*Write in your own words the moral.*

## THE BEST ARMOR.

WHAT stronger breastplate than a heart untainted ?  
 Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,  
 And he but naked, though locked up in steel,  
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Shakespeare.

## CIII.—RIP VAN WINKLE.

IRVING.

RIP VAN WINKLE, in Irving's story, is a shiftless, good-natured fellow, who loves to carry a fishing-pole or a fowling-piece, but not to do a stroke of work. Henpecked at home, he saunters off with his gun on his shoulder and his dog at his heels. One day, just at dusk, while far up in the Catskill Mountains, he encounters a strange man, whom he accompanies to a cavern among the rocks. There he finds a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. Rip's fear does not prevent him from drinking freely of the liquor which they quaff in profound silence. The result is, he falls into a deep sleep, which lasts twenty years, though it seems to him, when he awakes, that only one night has gone by. During these twenty years the Revolutionary War has occurred. Rip, now an old man, picks up his rusty gun-barrel with its worm-eaten stock, and makes his way to his native village.

1. THERE was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door of the inn, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper.

2. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pocket full of hand-bills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens, elections, members of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of seventy-six, and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

3. The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon

attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear whether he was Federal or Democrat.

4. Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and, planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village. "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

5. Here a general shout burst from the by-standers: "A Tory! a Tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern. "Well, who are they? name them."

6. Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired,



"Where's Nicholas Vedder?" There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too." "Where's Brom Dutcher?" "O, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war. Some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know; he never came back again."

7. "Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?" "He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress." Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand, — war, Congress, Stony Point. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

8. "O, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "O, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle, yonder, leaning against the tree." Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded; he doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

9. "God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wit's end. "*I'm not myself, — I'm somebody else. That's me*

yonder,—no, that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

10. The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip!" cried she; "hush! the old man won't hurt you."

11. The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he. "Judith Gardenier." "And your father's name?" "Ah, poor man! Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and has never been heard of since; his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

12. Rip had but one question more to ask, but he put it with a faltering voice: "Where's your mother?" "O, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler." There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his

arms. "I am your father!" cried he. "Young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

13. All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and, peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle! it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?" Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night.

14. To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her. She had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected as one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. Rip now resumed his old walks and habits. He soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather worse for the wear and tear of time; but preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

**phlegm** (*flēm*), sluggishness; indifference.

**coun'ter-part**, something which corresponds to another; an exact copy.

**ref-u-gee'**, one who flees for safety to another country; *here*, a Tory refugee.

**cro'nies**, intimate companions.

**Babylonish jargon** (2), confused cries and noises, like those of a great city. See Rev. xviii. — **Federal or Democrat** (3), the names of the political parties of that time. — **Anthony's Nose** (*an'to-niz*) (6), a nose-shaped rocky promontory on the east side of the Hudson River, five miles above West Point.

**Explain**: hand-bills (2); heroes of seventy-six (2); his own identity (8).

Can you tell any difference between "speak" and "harangue," — "stern" and "austere," — "large" and "enormous"?

CIV. — ABOU BEN ADHEM.

HUNT.

LEIGH HUNT, an English writer of considerable merit, was born in 1784, and died in 1859. His light essays, of a garrulous, rambling, but lively character, are now his most readable prose. One of his most popular poems is here given.

Hunt was intimate with the great writers Byron, Moore, Shelley, Keats, and Lamb.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase !)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace, .  
And saw within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,  
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord!"  
"And is mine one?" said Abou. — "Nay, not so,"  
Replied the angel.

Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."  
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night  
It came again with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,  
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

**Leigh (lee).** — **Abou Ben Adhem** is here given as the name of an Arabic chief. — it (line 4) refers to "moonlight." — **sweet accord** (line 9), beneficent or gracious sweetness.

*Explain the simile in lines 3 and 4.*

## CV.—MEXICO AS FIRST SEEN BY THE SPANIARDS.

### PRESCOTT.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT, one of the greatest of American historians, was born in Salem, Mass., May 4, 1796, and died on January 28, 1859. He was a grandson of the illustrious Colonel Prescott who commanded the American forces at Bunker Hill.

A special interest attaches to Prescott's career from the fact that much of his life was spent in partial or total blindness. Yet he achieved wonderful success as a student and as a writer. His *Histories* are among the best known and most widely read of all historical writings. They are "The Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," "The Conquest of Mexico," "The Conquest of Peru," and "The Reign of Philip II. of Spain."

1. THE troops, refreshed by a night's rest, succeeded, early on the following day, in gaining the crest of the sierra of Ahualco, which stretches like a curtain between the two great mountains on the north and south. Their progress was now comparatively easy, and they marched forward with a buoyant step, as they felt they were treading the soil of Montezuma.

2. They had not advanced far, when, turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the Valley of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, as more commonly called by the natives; which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. In the highly rarefied atmosphere of these upper regions, even remote objects have a brilliancy of coloring and a distinctness of outline which seem to annihilate distance.

3. Stretching far away at their feet were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar, and beyond, yellow fields of maize and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens; for flowers, in such demand for their religious festivals, were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac.

4. In the center of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present; their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets, and, in the midst, — like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls, — the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters, — the far-famed “Venice of the Aztecs.”

5. High over all rose the royal hill of Chapultepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck, the rival capital of Tezcuco, and, still farther on, the dark belt of porphyry, girdling the valley around, like a rich setting which Nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels.

6. Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the conquerors. And even now, when so sad a change has come over the scene; when the stately forests have been laid low, and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many places abandoned to sterility; when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets

on their borders have moldered into ruins; — even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which nature has traced on its features, that no traveler, however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture.

7. What, then, must have been the emotions of the Spaniards, when, after working their toilsome way into the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle parted before their eyes, and they beheld these fair scenes in all their pristine magnificence and beauty! It was like the spectacle which greeted the eyes of Moses from the summit of Pisgah, and, in the warm glow of their feelings, they cried out, "It is the promised land!"

**si-er'ra** (*se-ēr'rā*), a jagged and saw-like range of mountains.  
**ma-guey'** (*-gwā'*), a plant, called also the American aloe.

**pic-tūr-esque'** (*-esk'*), like a picture.  
**pôr'phy-ry**, a kind of hard rock.  
**pris'tine** (*-tīm*), first; original.  
**tab'er-na-cle**, tent.

**Pronounce:** gorgeous, pyramidal, ghastly, coronal, buoyant.

**Ahualco**, pronounced *ā-wāl'kō*; **Tenochtitlan**, *tā-notch'te-īlān'*; **Anahuac**, *ā'nā-wāk'*; **Chapultepec**, *chā-pōōl'tā-pék'*; **Tezcuco**, *tēs-kōō'kō*; **Pisgah**, *pīz'gā*.

**Explain:** to annihilate distance (2); "Venice of the Aztecs" (4); cloudy tabernacle (7). — Point out a simile in par. 4.

Find in the Bible the passage to which the last sentence refers.

**Write sentences each containing one or more of the following words:** refreshed, buoyant, compensated, brilliancy, rapture, astonishment.

---

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;  
 Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,  
 Nor to be seen: my crown is called Content;  
 A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

*Shakespeare.*

CVL — THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

LONGFELLOW.

1.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;  
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing  
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

2.

Ah, what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
When the Death-Angel touches those swift keys!  
What loud lament and dismal Miserere  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

3.

I hear, even now, the infinite fierce chorus,  
The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,  
In long reverberations reach our own.

4.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song;  
And loud, amid the universal clamor,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

5.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
Wheels out his battle bell with dreadful din,  
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;



## 6.

The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;  
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;  
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage ;  
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;

## 7.

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;  
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,  
The diapason of the cannonade.

## 8.

Is it, O Man, with such discordant noises,  
With such accurséd instruments as these,  
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

## 9.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts :

## 10.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !  
And every nation that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain !

## 11.

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease ;  
And, like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, " Peace ! "

## 12.

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
 The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!  
 But beautiful as songs of the Immortals,  
 The holy melodies of love arise.

<b>Ar'se-nal</b> , a building where weapons of war are made or stored.	<b>be-lea'guered</b> ( <i>-gěrd</i> , <i>g</i> as in <i>get</i> ), surrounded by an army.
<b>sym'pho-ny</b> ( <i>sim'fō-</i> ), unison or har- mony of sounds.	<b>di-a-pa'son</b> ( <i>-zun</i> ), the whole com- pass of tones.

**Mis-e-re-re** (*mis-*), the 51st Psalm, sung to express penitence. The Latin version begins with "Miserere mei, Domine!" Have mercy on me, O Lord! — **Cimbric** (4). The Cimbri were ancient tribes of Northern Germany. — **Norsemen**, Scandinavians, people of ancient Norway and Sweden. — **Az'tec** (5). The Aztecs occupied Mexico when the Spaniards conquered it. — **Teocallis** (*-lis*), pyramidal structures used by the Aztecs or ancient Mexicans for religious purposes.



## CVII. — PATRIOTISM.

## MEAGHER.

**THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER** (*mā'her*) was born in Ireland, in 1823.

Being engaged in a political movement in favor of "home rule" in Ireland, he was arrested, convicted, and banished for life to Van Diemen's Land. Thence escaping he took refuge in the United States (1852). During our war he served with distinction on the side of the North.

He died in Montana, in 1867.

1. **BEREFT** of patriotism, the heart of a nation will be cold and cramped and sordid; the arts will have no enduring impulse, and commerce no invigorating soul; society will degenerate, and the mean and the vicious triumph.

2. Patriotism is not a wild and glittering passion, but a glorious reality. The virtue that gave to Paganism its dazzling lusters, to Barbarism its redeeming

trait, to Christianity its heroic fervor, is not dead. It still lives to console, to sanctify humanity. It has its altar in every clime,—its worship and festivities.

3. On the heathered hills of Scotland the sword of Wallace is yet a bright tradition. The genius of France, in the brilliant literature of the day, pays its high homage to the piety and heroism of the young Maid of Orleans. In her new senate hall, England bids her sculptor place, among the effigies of her greatest sons, the images of Hampden and Russell. In the gay and graceful capital of Belgium, the daring hand of Geefs has reared a monument, full of glorious meaning, to the three hundred martyrs of the revolution.

4. By the soft blue waters of Lake Lucerne stands the chapel of William Tell. On the anniversary of his revolt and victory, across those waters, as they glitter in the July sun, skim the light boats of the allied Cantons; from the prows hang the banners of the republic; and as they near the sacred spot the daughters of Lucerne chant the hymns of their old poetic land. Then bursts forth the glad *Te Deum*, and heaven again hears the voice of that wild chivalry of the mountains, which five centuries since pierced the white eagle of Vienna and flung it bleeding on the rocks of Uri.

5. At Innspruck, in the black aisle of the old cathedral, the peasant of the Tyrol kneels before the statue of Andreas Hofer. In the defiles and valleys of the Tyrol who forgets the day on which he fell within the walls of Mantua? It is a festive day all through his quiet, noble land.

6. In that old cathedral his inspiring memory is recalled amid the pageantries of the altar; his image appears in every house; his victories and virtues are

proclaimed in the songs of the people; and when the sun goes down, a chain of fires, in the deep red light of which the eagle spreads his wings and holds his giddy revelry, proclaims the glory of the chief whose blood has made his native land a sainted spot in Europe.

**ef'fi-gies** (-jiz), images.

**Pa'gan-ism**, a system of society characterized by the worship of idols or false gods.

**de-gen'er-ate**, fallen to a low or base state; degraded.

**păg'eant-ries** (păj'ent-riz), pompous shows or displays.

**Hampden** (3). John Hampden was an English patriot who resisted the despotic measures of Charles I. — **Russell** (3). William, Lord Russell, was an English patriot who was beheaded on a false charge in 1683. — **Geefs** (găfs), a distinguished Belgian sculptor. The revolution referred to is that of 1830, which resulted in freeing Belgium from Holland. — **Te Deum** (4), a celebrated Christian hymn in Latin. The first words are "Te Deum laudamus!" We praise Thee, O God! — **Uri** (w'ree). Tell was born and lived in the Canton of Uri. — **Innsbruck** (ins'prūk) (5). The capital city of the Tyrol (tī'ul). — **An'dreas Ho'fer** (5) led the Tyrolese peasantry against invading French and Bavarians. At last he was seized and shot by order of Napoleon, at Mantua, in 1810.



## CVIII. — HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE!

COLLINS.

**WILLIAM COLLINS**, an English lyric poet, who was a friend of Dr. Johnson and of Goldsmith, was born in 1720, and died in 1756. His poems are highly imaginative. He excelled in the power of personification, — the giving of "statuesque shape and pictorial hue to abstractions." The "Ode to the Passions" and the "Ode to Evening" are among his best.

1. How sleep the Brave who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

2. By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,  
And Freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell a weeping hermit there.



## CIX.—THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

REV. DR. MCCLINTOCK.

JOHN MCCLINTOCK, D. D., who died in 1870, in his fifty-sixth year, was a distinguished Methodist clergyman and pulpit orator, a college professor, and a voluminous writer. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania. His most important literary work is the "Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature," of which he and Dr. James Strong were editors.

Residing in Paris during our Civil War, Dr. McClintock rendered his country great service by his pen and voice.

1. UNTIL you make the experiment of action, and put yourself to the test of toil, you know not what stuff you are made of, nor what faculties you possess. Do you wish to know what you are? Act, and you will find out; slumber, and you shall never know. In action alone does a man's nature project itself into a living, tangible, intelligible reality; in action alone is his true character unfolded.

2. The dark germ within lies sleeping, nay, lifeless, until the man obeys his destiny and warms it into being by the determination to act; and then, in the atmosphere of labor, under the free showers and the warm sunshine, it grows and is developed, in spreading branches and extended boughs, with green leaves,

and at last with generous fruit. Rather should I not say, that the deep root of that tree of life, hidden far down in the earth, is labor, or the will to labor?

3. The branches may be stripped and shattered by the storm; the trunk itself may be riven by the lightning; but if that strong root remain, it will send forth young and vigorous shoots again, and defy the elements. If there be worth in you, its development lies with yourselves; it is for you to say whether it shall sleep, unsuspected by others, unknown even to yourselves, or whether it shall show itself in action,—that only universal criterion of a man's claims and his merits.

4. There are many young persons of romantic temperament who look forward to the attainment of the highest ends of human life, without dreaming of the price that must be paid for them. They are forever building castles in the air. The future is their dreamy home. Their imagination is more potent than Aladdin's lamp. They dwell in cloudland, and fill it with their own gorgeous creations. To their ardent spirits, time and distance are nothing; they pass through space with fairy speed, and bear down barriers with a giant's arm. Alas that they should wake from these enchantments, and say, "Lo! it was but a dream!"

5. I trust that none of you breathe this sentimental atmosphere; but are you not inhabiting one as dense, and not so romantic? You are all looking forward to success. Have you calculated the cost? Have you prepared the instruments? The edifice of your fortunes is to be reared by yourselves: have you laid the foundation?

6. I trust, at least, that your experience thus far will enforce the lesson that labor is the price of success.

Even in the narrow field to which you have heretofore been confined, you must have discovered that it is impossible to get something for nothing; that the Divine declaration, "Thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy brow," has not lost its force; and that it applies as well to the nourishment of the intellect as to the sustenance of the body.

7. Look out into the great world, and see. Who are the great men? Who have been the leaders, the reformers, the thinkers, the heroes, of mankind? By what process was their being built up, — the Platos, the Ciceros, the Pauls, the Burkes, — giants of their kind? Was it by dreams and visions, by sloth and self-indulgence?

8. You have communed with great men to little purpose if you have not learned that, however else they may have differed, in one respect they were all alike. Their sinews grew by labor. The record of their lives is but a register of their deeds. Endowed by nature, it may have been, with high powers, they did not suffer them to lie rotting in indolence; but, with manful heart and strong hand, fulfilled their mission of labor by day and by night. Their works do follow them.

**tan'gi-ble**, that may be touched;  
*hence*, real.

**in-tel'li-gi-ble**, that may be under-  
stood; plain; clear.

**cri-te'ri-on**, standard; test.

**com-muned'**, conferred; compared  
thoughts.

**ed'i-fice** (-t. f. is), building; structure.  
**en-dowed'**, gifted.

**reg'is-ter**, record; list.

**Explain**: building castles in the air (4); Aladdin's lamp (4); dwell in cloudland (4).

Find out something about Plato, Cicero, Paul, Burke.

Substitute synonyms for the italicized words: —

He has a very *potent* imagination.

Distance is nothing to their *ardent* spirits.

Have you *calculated* the cost?

## CX. — TRUE GREATNESS.

LADY E. CAREW.

1. THE fairest action of our human life  
     Is scorning to revenge an injury;  
 For who forgives without a further strife  
     His adversary's heart to him doth tie;  
 And 't is a firmer conquest, truly said,  
 To win the heart than overthrow the head.
  
2. If we a worthy enemy do find,  
     To yield to worth, it must be nobly done:—  
 But if of baser metal be his mind,  
     In base revenge there is no honor won.  
 Who would a worthy courage overthrow?  
 And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?
  
3. We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield;  
     Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor:  
 Great hearts are tasked beyond their power but sold;  
     The weakest lion will the loudest roar.  
 Truth's school for certain does this same allow,  
 High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

**truly said** (1), truly called. — **To yield . . . nobly done** (2). It must be a worthy thing to yield to a worthy enemy. — **baser metal** (2), baser quality. — **worthy courage** (2), a worthy, fearless enemy. — **sold** (3), seldom. It is the original word, but is now disused.

What figure of speech in the last line of the first stanza? See page 432.  
 III. Explain "win the heart"; "overthrow the head."

*Write this poem in prose, expressing the sentiments clearly.*



## CXI.—HOW TO MAKE CONVERSATION MORE PLEASANT.

FRANKLIN.

[FRANKLIN had drawn up a list of virtues, such as temperance, order, industry, tranquillity, for daily use in self-examination.]

1. MY list of virtues contained at first but twelve; but a Quaker friend having kindly informed me that I was generally thought proud, — that my pride showed itself frequently in conversation, — that I was not content with being in the right when discussing any point, but was overbearing, and rather insolent, of which he convinced me by mentioning several instances, — I determined to endeavor to cure myself of this vice or folly; and I added HUMILITY to my list, giving an extensive meaning to the word.

2. I cannot boast of much success in acquiring the *reality* of this virtue, but I had a good deal with regard to the appearance of it. I made it a rule to forbear all direct contradiction to the sentiments of others, and all positive assertion of my own.

3. I even forbade myself the use of every word or expression in the language that imported a fixed opinion, such as “certainly,” “undoubtedly,” etc.; and I adopted instead of them, “I conceive,” “I apprehend,” or “I imagine,” a thing to be so or so; or it so “appears to me at present.”

4. When another asserted something that I thought an error, I denied myself the pleasure of contradicting him abruptly, and of showing immediately some absurdity in his proposition; and in answering I began by observing that, in certain cases or circumstances, his

opinion would be right, but in the present case there "appeared" or "seemed to me" some difference, etc.

5. I soon found the advantage of this change in my manner; the conversations I engaged in went on more pleasantly. The modest way in which I proposed my opinions procured them a readier reception, and less contradiction. I had less mortification when I was found to be in the wrong; and I more easily prevailed with others to give up their mistakes, and join with me, when I happened to be in the right.

6. This mode, which I at first put on with some violence to natural inclination, became at length so easy, and so habitual to me, that perhaps for the last fifty years no one has ever heard a dogmatical expression escape me.

7. And to this habit (after my character of integrity) I think it principally owing, that I had early so much weight with my fellow-citizens when I proposed new institutions or alterations in the old, and so much influence in public councils when I became a member; for I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language, and yet I generally carried my points.

8. In reality there is perhaps no one of our natural passions so hard to subdue as pride. Disguise it, struggle with it, beat it down, stifle it, mortify it as much as one pleases, it is still alive, and will every now and then peep out and show itself.

**Explain:** dogmatical expression (6); carried my points (7).

**Give synonyms of:** discussing, overbearing, humility, acquiring, sentiments, integrity, assertion, reception, principally, alterations.

Can you tell any difference between "I *proposed* to do something," and "I *purposed* to do something"?

## CXII. — SUMMER STORM.

LOWELL.

UNTREMULOUS in the river clear,  
Toward the sky's image, hangs the imaged bridge;  
So still the air that I can hear  
The slender clarion of the unseen midge;  
Out of the stillness, with a gathering creep,  
Like rising wind in leaves, which now decreases,  
Now lulls, now swells, and all the while increases,  
The huddling trample of a drove of sheep  
Tilts the loose planks, and then as gradually ceases  
In dust on the other side; life's emblem deep,  
A confused noise between two silences,  
Finding at last in dust precarious peace.

## 2.

On the wide marsh the purple-blossomed grasses  
Soak up the sunshine; sleeps the brimming tide,  
Save when the wedge-shaped wake in silence passes  
Of some slow water rat, whose sinuous glide  
Wavers the long green sedge's shade from side to side;  
But up the west, like a rock-shivered surge,  
Climbs a great cloud edged with sun-whitened spray;  
Huge whirls of foam boil toppling o'er its verge,  
And falling still it seems, and yet it climbs away.

## 3.

Suddenly all the sky is hid  
As with the shutting of a lid,  
One by one great drops are falling  
Doubtful and slow,

Down the pane they are crookedly crawling,  
And the wind breathes low ;  
Slowly the circles widen on the river,  
Widen and mingle, one and all ;  
Here and there the slenderer flowers shiver,  
Struck by an icy raindrop's fall.

## 4.

Now on the hills I hear the thunder mutter,  
The wind is gathering in the west ;  
The upturned leaves first whiten and flutter,  
Then droop to a fitful rest ;  
Up from the stream with sluggish flap  
Struggles the gull and floats away ;  
Nearer and nearer rolls the thunder-clap, —  
We shall not see the sun go down to-day :  
Now leaps the wind on the sleepy marsh,  
And tramples the grass with terrified feet,  
The startled river turns leader and harsh :  
You can hear the quick heart of the tempest beat.

## 5.

Look ! look ! that livid flash !  
And instantly follows the rattling thunder,  
As if some cloud-crag, split asunder,  
Fell, splintering with a ruinous crash,  
On the earth, which crouches in silence under ;  
And now a solid gray wall of rain  
Shuts off the landscape, mile by mile.

## 6.

For a breath's space I see the blue wood again,  
And, ere the next heart-beat, the wind-hurled pile.  
That seemed but now a league aloof,  
Bursts crackling o'er the sun-parched roof ;

Against the windows the storm comes dashing,  
Through tattered foliage the hail tears crashing,  
The blue lightning flashes,  
The rapid hail clashes,  
The white waves are tumbling,  
And, in one baffled roar,  
Like the toothless sea mumbling  
A rock-bristled shore,  
The thunder is rumbling  
And crashing and crumbling, —  
Will silence return nevermore?

## 7.

Hush! Still as death,  
The tempest holds his breath  
As from a sudden will;  
The rain stops short, but from the eaves  
You see it drop, and hear it from the leaves,  
All is so bodingly still;  
Again, now, now, again  
Plashes the rain in heavy gout,  
The crinkled lightning  
Seems ever brightening,  
And loud and long  
Again the thunder shouts  
His battle song, —  
One quivering flash,  
One wildering crash,  
Followed by silence dead and dull,  
As if the cloud, let go,  
Leapt bodily below  
To whelm the earth in one mad overthrow,  
And then a total lull.

## 8.

Gone, gone, so soon !  
 No more my half-crazed fancy there  
 Can shape a giant in the air ;  
 No more I see his streaming hair,  
 The writhing portent of his form ;—  
 The pale and quiet moon  
 Makes her calm forehead bare,  
 And the last fragments of the storm,  
 Like shattered rigging from a fight at sea,  
 Silent and few, are drifting over me.

<b>un-trem'u-lous</b> , not trembling ; not quivering.	<b>böd'ing-ly</b> , as if foreshowing ill.
<b>clär'i-on</b> , a kind of trumpet whose note is clear and shrill.	<b>gouts</b> ( <i>ou</i> as in <i>out</i> ), drops.
<b>sin'u-ous</b> , bending in and out ; wavy.	<b>pör'tent</b> (or <i>por-tent'</i> ), something which foretokens an evil.
<b>gull</b> , a kind of sea-bird.	<b>wil'der-ing</b> , bewildering ; perplexing.

**wedge-shaped wake** (2). The appearance of the disturbed water in the track of the swimming rat.

**Explain**: rock-shivered surge (2) ; wind-hurled pile (6) a league aloof (6). Explain the last two lines in the first stanza.

Point out verses in which the sound corresponds to the sense.

## LIFE.

LIFE! we've been long together,  
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather  
 'T is hard to part when friends are dear ;  
 Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear :  
 Then steal away, give little warning ;  
 Choose thine own time ;  
 Say not " Good night," but in some brighter clime  
 Bid me " Good morning."

Mrs. Barbauld.

## CXIII.—THE MINUTE-MAN OF THE REVOLUTION.

## CURTIS.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS was born in Providence, Rhode Island, February 24, 1824.

As a writer of sketches and light essays for magazines and journals, Mr. Curtis has contributed much to the best current literature of the day. Some of his writings have been published in book form, and have found appreciative readers. His style is characterized by ease, clearness, and the flow of earnest feeling which comes from high moral purpose.

He also ranks among the foremost of popular orators and lecturers.

The following extract is from an Oration delivered at Concord, Mass., April 19, 1875, the one hundredth anniversary of "Concord fight."

1. OF the beginning of the retreat from Concord Bridge, of the terrible march of the exhausted troops from this square to Boston, I have no time fitly to tell the tale. Almost as soon as it began, all Massachusetts was in motion. The landscape was alive with armed men. They swarmed through every woodpath and byway, across the pastures, and over the hills.

2. The British column marched steadily on, while from trees, rocks, and fences, from houses, barns, and sheds, blazed the withering American fire. The hills echoed and flashed; the woods rang; the road became an endless ambuscade of flame. The Americans seemed to the appalled British troops to drop from the clouds, to spring from earth. With every step the attack was deadlier, the danger more imminent.

. . . . .

3. Such was the opening battle of the Revolution,—a conflict which, so far as we can see, saved civil liberty in two hemispheres, saved England as well as

America, and whose magnificent results shine through the world as the beacon-light of free popular government. And who won this victory? The minute-men and militia, who in the history of our English race have been always the vanguard of freedom.

4. The minute-man of the American Revolution!—who was he? He was the husband and father who, bred to love liberty, and to know that lawful liberty is the sole guaranty of peace and progress, left the plow in the furrow and the hammer on the bench, and, kissing wife and children, marched to die or to be free. He was the son and lover, the plain, shy youth of the singing-school and the village choir, whose heart beat to arms for his country, and who felt, though he could not say, with the old English cavalier, —

“I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honor more.”

5. The minute-man of the Revolution! He was the old, the middle-aged, and the young. He was Captain Miles, of Concord, who said that he went to battle as he went to church. He was Captain Davis, of Acton, who reproved his men for jesting on the march. He was Deacon Josiah Haynes, of Sudbury, eighty years old, who marched with his company to the South Bridge, at Concord, then joined in the hot pursuit to Lexington, and fell as gloriously as Warren at Bunker Hill.

6. He was James Hayward, of Acton, twenty-two years old, foremost in that deadly race from Concord to Charlestown, who raised his piece at the same moment with a British soldier, each exclaiming, “You are a dead man.” The Briton dropped, shot through the heart. James Hayward fell, mortally wounded. “Father,” he said, “I started with forty balls; I have



three left. I never did such a day's work before. Tell mother not to mourn too much; and tell her whom I love more than my mother that I am not sorry I turned out."

7. This was the minute-man of the Revolution! The rural citizen, trained in the common school, the church, and the town-meeting, who carried a bayonet that thought, and whose gun, loaded with a principle, brought down, not a man, but a system. Him we gratefully recall to-day,—him, in yon manly figure,<sup>1</sup> wrought in the metal which but feebly typifies his inexorable will, we commit in his immortal youth to the reverence of our children.

8. And here among these peaceful fields, here in the county whose children first gave their blood for American union and independence, here in the heart of Middlesex, county of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, stand fast, Son of Liberty!—as the minute-man stood at the old North Bridge. But should we or our descendants, false to liberty, false to justice and humanity, betray in any way their cause, spring into life as a hundred years ago, take one more step, descend, and lead us, as God led you, in saving America, to save the hopes of man.

<p>im'mi-nent, threatening,—said of an evil likely to happen. guar'an-ty (gār'an-tī), warranty; security.</p>	<p>cav-a-lier', originally, an armed horseman or knight; then, a gay, gallant man.</p>
---	--

**minute-man**, one ready at a minute's notice to resist the British in the early period of the Revolutionary struggle.—The **militia** are citizens who are trained in military tactics, but not regular soldiers.

Explain "who carried a bayonet that thought, and whose gun, loaded with a principle," etc. (7)

<sup>1</sup> A bronze statue representing a "Son of Liberty."

## CXIV. — THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

GUY HUMPHREY McMASTER.

1. IN their ragged regimentals  
Stood the old Continentals,  
Yielding not,  
When the grenadiers were lunging,  
And like hail fell the plunging  
Cannon shot;  
When the files  
Of the Isles,  
From the smoky night encampment,  
Bore the banner of the rampant  
Unicorn,  
And grummer, grummer, grummer  
Rolled the roll of the drummer,  
Through the morn !
2. Then with eyes to the front all,  
And with guns horizontal,  
Stood our sires;  
And the balls whistled deadly,  
And in streams flashing redly  
Blazed the fires;  
As the roar  
On the shore  
Swept the strong battle-breakers  
O'er the green-sodded acres  
Of the plain;  
And louder, louder, louder  
Cracked the black gunpowder,  
Cracking amain !

3. Now like smiths at their forges  
 Worked the red St. George's  
     Cannoneers ;  
 And the "villainous saltpeter"  
 Rang a fierce, discordant meter  
     Round their ears ;  
     As the swift  
     Storm-drift,  
 With hot sweeping anger,  
 Came the Horse-Guards' clangor  
     On our flanks.  
 Then higher, higher, higher  
 Burned the old-fashioned fire  
     Through the ranks !
4. Then the old-fashioned Colonel  
 Galloped through the white infernal  
     Powder-cloud ;  
 And his broadsword was swinging,  
 And his brazen throat was ringing  
     Trumpet loud.  
     Then the blue  
     Bullets flew,  
 And the trooper-jackets redden  
 At the touch of the leaden  
     Rifle-breath.  
 And rounder, rounder, rounder  
 Roared the iron six-pounder,  
     Hurling death !

**lung'ing**, thrusting.

**ram'pant**, standing erect on the hind  
 legs, as if for attacking a person.

**a-main'**, with might; violently.

**six-pound'er**, a cannon which carries  
 a ball weighing six pounds.

**Continentals** (1), the soldiers of the Continental army, as the army of the American Colonies was called in the Revolutionary war. — **Grenadiers** (1),

British foot-soldiers, the picked men of a regiment. — **files of the Isles** (1), lines of soldiers of the British Isles. — **Unicorn** (1). The fabulous animal called the unicorn is represented in the British coat of arms. — “**villainous saltpeter**” (3). See page 39 (the citation from Shakespeare, King Henry IV.). — **Horse-Guards** (3), a British cavalry regiment.



## CXV. — WILLIAM TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

KNOWLES.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES was a popular dramatist and actor, born at Cork, in Ireland, in 1784. He died in 1862.

1. YE crags and peaks, I 'm with you once again !  
 I hold to you the hands you first beheld,  
 To show they still are free. Methinks I hear  
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,  
 And bid your tenant welcome home again !
  
2. Hail ! Hail ! O sacred forms, how proud you look !  
 How high you lift your heads into the sky !  
 How huge you are ! how mighty, and how free :  
 Ye are the things that tower, that shine, — whose  
                   smile  
 Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,  
 Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear  
 Of awe divine.
  
3.                   Ye guards of liberty,  
 I 'm with you once again ! I call to you  
 With all my voice ! I hold my hands to you,  
 To show they still are free. I rush to you  
 As though I could embrace you !

4.                               Scaling yonder peak,  
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow :  
O'er the abyss his broad expanded wings  
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,  
As if he floated there without their aid,  
By the sole act of his unlorded will,  
That buoyed him proudly up!
5.                               Instinctively  
I strung my bow ; yet kept he rounding still  
His airy circle, as in the delight  
Of measuring the ample range beneath  
And round about ; absorbed, he heeded not  
The death that threatened him.—I could not shoot!  
'T was liberty ! I turned the shaft aside,  
And let him soar away !
- 

## CXVI. — VOYAGE OF THE MAYFLOWER.

EVERETT.

1. METHINKS I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore.

2. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route ; and

now, driven in fury before the raging tempest, in their scarcely seaworthy vessel. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggered vessel.

3. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, — weak and exhausted from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their shipmaster for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

4. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the boundaries of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this.

5. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last mo-

ments at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea? — was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy not so much of admiration as of pity, there have gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

What does the speaker mean by the last words — “a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious”?



## CXVII. — THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.

NEWMAN.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, an eminent English scholar and writer, and a Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church, was born in London, in 1801. He graduated at Trinity College, Oxford.

Cardinal Newman possesses the true poet's gift, but it has been shown, for the most part, in the form of prose. He is a voluminous writer, principally on moral or spiritual subjects. His style is unsurpassed by that of any English writer, in ease, lucidity, and grace.

1. LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
     Lead thou me on!  
 The night is dark, and I am far from home, —  
     Lead thou me on!  
 Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
 The distant scene, — one step enough for me.
  
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
     Shouldst lead me on:

I loved to choose and see my path, but now  
    Lead thou me on !  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

3. So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still  
    Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
    The night is gone ;  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

**The Pillar of the Cloud.** See Exodus xiii. 21.



## CXVIII.—THE WORLD OF BRUTE ANIMALS.

NEWMAN.

1. CAN anything be more marvelous or startling, unless we were used to it, than that we should have a race of beings about us whom we do but see, and as little know their state, or can describe their interests, or their destiny, as we can tell of the inhabitants of the sun and moon ?

2. It is indeed a very overpowering thought, when we get to fix our minds on it, that we familiarly use, I may say hold intercourse with, creatures who are as much strangers to us, as mysterious, as if they were fabulous, unearthly beings, more powerful than man, and yet his slaves, which Eastern superstitions have invented.

3. They have apparently passions, habits, and a certain accountableness, but all is mystery about them.



We do not know whether they can sin or not, whether they are under punishment, whether they are to live after this life.

4. Is it not plain to our senses that there is a world inferior to us in the scale of beings, with which we are connected without understanding what it is? and is it difficult to faith to admit the word of Scripture concerning our connection with a world superior to us?



## CXIX. — SNOW-FLAKES.

HAWTHORNE.

1. THERE is snow in yonder cold gray sky of the morning! and, through the partially frosted window-panes, I love to watch the gradual beginning of the storm. A few feathery flakes are scattered widely through the air, and hover downward with uncertain flight, now almost alighting on the earth, now whirled again aloft into remote regions of the atmosphere. These are not the big flakes, heavy with moisture, which melt as they touch the ground, and are portentous of a soaking rain. It is to be, in good earnest, a wintry storm.

2. The two or three people visible on the sidewalks have an aspect of endurance, a blue-nosed, frosty fortitude, which is evidently assumed in anticipation of a comfortless and blustering day. By nightfall, or at least before the sun sheds another glimmering smile upon us, the street and our little garden will be heaped with mountain snowdrifts.

3. The soil, already frozen for weeks past, is prepared to sustain whatever burden may be laid upon it; and, to a Northern eye, the landscape will lose its melancholy bleakness, and acquire a beauty of its own, when Mother Earth, like her children, shall have put on the fleecy garb of her winter's wear. The cloud spirits are slowly weaving her white mantle.

4. As yet, indeed, there is barely a rime like hoarfrost over the brown surface of the street; the withered grass of the grass-plat is still discernible; and the slated roofs of the houses do but begin to look gray instead of black. All the snow that has yet fallen within the circumference of my view, were it heaped up together, would hardly equal the hillock of a grave.

5. Thus gradually, by silent and stealthy influence, are great changes wrought. These little snow particles, which the storm spirit flings by handfuls through the air, will bury the great Earth under their accumulated mass, nor permit her to behold her sister Sky again for dreary months. We, likewise, shall lose sight of our mother's familiar visage, and must content ourselves with looking heavenward the oftener.

6. Now look we forth again, and see how much of his task the storm spirit has done. Slow and sure! He has the day, perchance the week, before him, and may take his own time to accomplish Nature's burial in snow. A smooth mantle is scarcely thrown over the withered grass-plat, and the dry stocks of annuals still thrust themselves through the white surface in all parts of the garden.

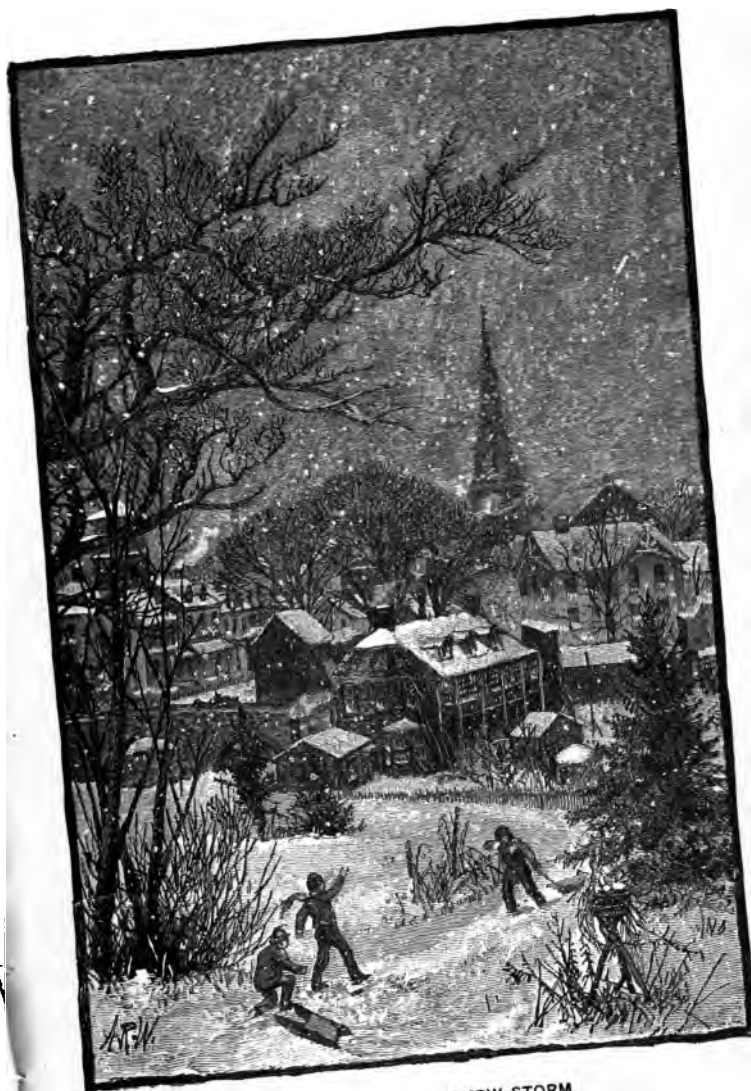
7. The leafless rosebushes stand shivering in a shallow snowdrift, looking, poor things! as disconsolate as

if they possessed a human consciousness of the dreary scene. This is a sad time for the shrubs that do not perish with the summer; they neither live nor die; what they retain of life seems but the chilling sense of death. Very sad are the flower shrubs in mid-winter!

8. The roofs of the houses are now all white, save where the eddying wind has kept them bare at the bleak corners. To discern the real intensity of the storm, we must fix upon some distant object, — as yonder spire, — and observe how the riotous gust fights with the descending snow throughout the intervening space. Sometimes the entire prospect is obscured, then, again, we have a distinct but transient glimpse of the tall steeple, like a giant's ghost; and now the dense wreaths sweep between, as if demons were flinging snowdrifts at each other in mid-air.

9. Look next into the street, where we have an amusing parallel to the combat of those fancied demons in the upper regions. It is a snow battle of schoolboys. What a pretty satire on war and military glory might be written, in the form of a child's story, by describing the snowball fights of two rival schools, the alternate defeats and victories of each, and the final triumph of one party, or perhaps of neither! What pitched battles, worthy to be chanted in Homeric strains! What storming of fortresses, built all of massive snow blocks! What feats of individual prowess, and embodied onsets of martial enthusiasm!

10. And when some well contested and decisive victory had put a period to the war, both armies should unite to build a lofty monument of snow upon the battle-field, and crown it with the victor's statue, hewn of



A NEW ENGLAND SNOW-STORM.

the same frozen marble. In a few days or weeks thereafter, the passer-by would observe a shapeless mound upon the level common; and, unmindful of the famous victory, would ask, "How came it there? Who reared it? And what means it?" The shattered pedestal of many a battle monument has provoked these questions, when none could answer.

**por-tent/ous**, serving to foreshow.

**dis-cern/i-ble** (*diz-zern'*), visible.

**ped'es tal**, the base or support of a column or statue.

**cou'ri-er** (*koo'-*), a messenger.

**in-tér-vén'ing**, coming between.

**sat'ire**, a species of writing, turning vice or folly to ridicule.

**prow'ess**, bravery; valor.

**an'nú-als**, plants that live but one year.

**pro-voked'** (*-vòkt'*), called forth.

**Explain:** a blue-nosed, frosty fortitude (2); eddying wind (8); Homeric strains (9); embodied onsets (9).

Point out a simile in paragraph 8.

---

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air  
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,  
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.  
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit  
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

*Emerson*



## CXX.—THE SKYLARK.

HOGG.

JAMES HOGG, a Scotch poet very inferior to Burns in genius, was like Burns in his humble birth and almost total lack of education. He wrote a few poems of great beauty, and many that are no longer read.

Having in early life tended sheep for a livelihood on the Ettrick River, he is frequently called "the Ettrick Shepherd."

He was born in 1770, and died in 1835.

1.       BIRD of the wilderness,  
          Blithesome and cumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!  
          Emblem of happiness,  
          Blest is thy dwelling-place:  
O to abide in the desert with thee!
2.       Wild is thy lay, and loud,  
          Far in the downy cloud;  
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.  
          Where, on thy dewy wing,  
          Where art thou journeying?  
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.
3.       O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
          O'er moor and mountain green,  
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,  
          Over the cloudlet dim,  
          Over the rainbow's rim,  
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
4.       Then, when the gloaming comes,  
          Low in the heather blooms  
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!

Emblem of happiness,  
 Blest is thy dwelling-place:  
 O to abide in the desert with thee!

blith'e/some ( <i>th</i> as in <i>this</i> ), sprightly.	gloom'ing, twilight.
ohër'ub, angel.	lea, meadow.
cum'ber-less, free from care.	mat'in, morning song.
des'ert, <i>here</i> , a wild place; a solitude.	moor'land, marshy or boggy ground
'ell, a barren or stony hill.	sheen, bright.

## CXXI.—THE INFLUENCE OF ATHENS.

### MACAULAY.

THOMAS BARINGTON MACAULAY, an English author and statesman, was born on October 25, 1800, and died on December 28, 1859. He took his degree at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Macauley's chief work is his "History of England," which, though extending through five volumes, covers a period of only sixteen years. This history is as interesting as a novel. Its style is wonderfully brilliant and fascinating. The same may be said of his "Miscellaneous Essays," on many subjects, chiefly of an historical and biographical character. His "Lays of Ancient Rome" will always be a favorite with young readers.

1. IF we consider merely the subtlety of disquisition, the force of imagination, the perfect energy and elegance of expression, which characterize the great works of Athenian genius, we must pronounce them intrinsically most valuable; but what shall we say when we reflect that from hence have sprung, directly or indirectly, all the noblest creations of the human intellect; that from hence were the vast accomplishments and the brilliant fancy of Cicero, the withering fire of Juvenal, the plastic imagination of Dante, the humor of Cervantes, the comprehension of Bacon, the wit of Butler, the supreme and universal excellence of Shakespeare?

2. All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them, inspiring, encouraging, consoling, — by the lonely lamp of Erasmus, by the restless bed of Pascal, in the tribune of Mirabeau, in the cell of Galileo, on the scaffold of Sidney.

3. But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage, — to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty, liberty in bondage, health in sickness, society in solitude?

4. Her power is indeed manifested at the bar, in the senate, in the field of battle, in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain, wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep, — there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens.

5. The dervish, in the Arabian tale, did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels with their load of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious juice which enabled him to behold at one glance all the hidden riches of the universe. Surely it is no exaggeration to say, that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world, all the hoarded treasures of the



primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of its yet unexplored mines. This is the gift of Athens to man.

6. Her freedom and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated; her people have degenerated into timid slaves, her language into a barbarous jargon; her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable.

7. And when those who have rivaled her greatness shall have shared her fate; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the scepter shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travelers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some moldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief, shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple, and shall see a single fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts,—her influence and her glory will still survive, fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control.

**dis-qui-si'tion** (*-zish'un*), a systematic discussion of any subject.  
**pri-me'val**, belonging to the first ages; primitive.

**dy'nas-ty** (*dī'nas-tī* or *dīn'as-tī*), a succession of kings of the same family.  
**an-ni'hi-lat-ed**, destroyed.

**Ju'venal**, a Roman poet who flourished about A. D. 100. — **Dan'te**, the greatest of Italian poets (b. 1265, d. 1321). He wrote the "Divina Commedia" (*de-ve'nà kom-mā'de-à*). — **Cervantes** (*sēr-vān'tēz*), a Spanish author (b. 1547, d. 1616) who wrote "Don Quixote." — **Bacon**, **Sir Francis**, a great English philosopher (b. 1561, d. 1626). — **Butler**, **Samuel**, an English poet who wrote "Hudibras" (b. 1612, d. 1680). — **Eras'mus**, a renowned Dutch classical scholar and theologian (b. 1467, d. 1536). — **Pascal**, **Blaise**, a French philosopher and mathematician (b. 1623, d. 1662). — **Mirabeau**

(*mir'a-bô*), a French orator and revolutionist (b. 1749, d. 1791). — **Galileo**. See page 273. — **Sidney, Algernon**, an English statesman who was beheaded in 1683 on a false charge of treason. — **river of the ten thousand masts** (7), that is, the Thames. (What figure? See page 432, III.)



## CXXII. — ANCIENT AND MODERN GREECE.

BYRON.

IN these exquisite lines from "The Giaour," we have Byron at his best and greatest. The striking simile by which Modern Greece is depicted with external beauty unchanged, "but living Greece no more," the selection of a crouching slave as a type of the degenerate Greeks, and the noble sentiments by which the appeal is made, all combined, stir the soul as only the truest poetry can.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead  
 Ere the first day of death is fled,  
 The first dark day of nothingness,  
 The last of danger and distress,  
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers  
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)  
 And marked the mild, angelic air,  
 The rapture of repose that's there,  
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak  
 The languor of the placid cheek,  
 And but for that sad, shrouded eye,  
     That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,  
     And but for that chill, changeless brow,  
 Where cold obstruction's apathy  
 Appalls the gazing mourner's heart,  
 As if to him it could impart  
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon, —  
 Yes, but for these, and these alone,

Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,  
He still might doubt the tyrant's power; 20  
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,  
The first, last look by death revealed!

Such is the aspect of this shore:  
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!  
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start, for soul is wanting there.  
Hers is the loveliness of death,  
That parts not quite with parting breath;  
But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
That hue which haunts it to the tomb, 30  
Expression's last receding ray,  
A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
The farewell beam of feeling passed away!  
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,  
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth.

Clime of the unforgotten brave!  
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave  
Was Freedom's home, or Glory's grave!  
Shrine of the mighty! can it be  
That this is all remains of thee? 40  
Approach, thou craven, crouching slave;  
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?  
These waters blue that round you lave,  
O servile offspring of the free!  
Pronounce what sea, what shore, is this!  
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!  
These scenes, their story not unknown,  
Arise, and make again your own;  
Snatch from the ashes of your sires  
The embers of the former fires; 50

And he who in the strife expires  
Will add to theirs a name of fear  
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,  
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
They too will rather die than shame:  
For Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

Bear witness, Greece, thy living page!  
Attest it many a deathless age!  
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,  
Have left a nameless pyramid,  
Thy heroes, though the general doom  
Hath swept the column from their tomb,  
A mightier monument command,  
The mountains of their native land!  
There points thy muse to stranger's eye  
The graves of those that cannot die!

60

'T were long to tell, and sad to trace,  
Each step from splendor to disgrace;  
Enough no foreign foe could quell  
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;  
Yes! self-abasement paved the way  
To villain bonds and despot sway.

70

*Giaour* (*jowr*, *ow* as in *cow*). — obstruction's *apathy* (line 14), the state in which the bodily powers are obstructed; that is, death. — *Thermopylæ* (42), a famous pass leading from Thessaly into Southern Greece, where Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans withstood the attacks of an immense Persian host. — *Sal'a-mis* (46), a small island in the Gulf of *Ægi'na*, ten miles west of Athens. Near this island the Greeks under Themistocles gained a memorable naval victory over the Persians in 480 B. C. — a *nameless pyramid* (62). The origin of the pyramids is lost in antiquity. A common opinion was that they were intended as tombs for *Egyptian kings*.

## CXXIII. — WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE following scene is taken from the historical play of "King Henry VIII." Cardinal Wolsey had been prime minister of England, the possessor of enormous wealth and unbounded power, but, in losing the favor of the king, had lost all. Thomas Cromwell was a friend and member of his household, who remained faithful to his benefactor in his fallen fortunes.

*Wol.* Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
 This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hopes ; to-morrow blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him ;  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
 And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root ;  
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
 This many summers in a sea of glory, 19  
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me, and now has left me,  
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.  
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :  
 I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched  
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !  
 There is,\* betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ; 20  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.

\* We should now write the plural form *are*. Formerly *There is*, beginning a sentence, was often followed by a plural subject.

*Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wol.* What, amazed

At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder

A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,

I am fallen indeed.

*Crom.* How does your grace?

*Wol.* Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.

I know myself now; and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities,

A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me, so

I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,

These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken

A load would sink a navy, too much honor:

O, 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

*Crom.* I am glad your grace has made that right use  
of it.

*Wol.* I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,

Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,

To endure more miseries, and greater far,

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.

40

What news abroad?

*Crom.* The heaviest and the worst

Is your displeasure with the king.

*Wol.* God bless him!

*Crom.* The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen  
Lord Chancellor in your place.

*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden;

But he's a learned man. May he continue

Long in his Highness' favor, and do justice

For truth's sake and his conscience ; that his bones,  
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,  
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !  
What more ?

*Crom.* That Cranmer is returned with welcome, 50  
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news, indeed.

*Crom.* Last, that the Lady Anne,  
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,  
This day was viewed in open as his queen,  
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now  
Only about her coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pulled me down ! O  
Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me ; all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost forever !  
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors, 60  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;  
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master : seek the king ;  
That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him  
What and how true thou art : he will advance thee :  
Some little memory of me will stir him —  
I know his noble nature — not to let  
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,  
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide 70  
For thine own future safety.

*Crom.* O my lord,  
Must I then leave you ? Must I needs forego  
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?  
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.

The king shall have my service ; but my prayers  
Forever and forever shall be yours.

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman. 80  
Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;  
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,  
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition : 90  
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?  
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee ;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's ; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ;  
And — Prithee, lead me in : 100  
There take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny ; 't is the king's : my robe,  
And my integrity to Heaven, is all.  
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !  
Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies !

*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.



*Wol.* So I have. Farewell  
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell. 109

**aspect'** (line 19), look. Shakespeare accents this word on the last syllable. — **their ruin** (19), the ruin which princes inflict. — **Lucifer** (21), Satan. — **an** (25), if. — **Cranmer** (50). Thomas Cranmer (born in 1489, burnt at the stake in 1556). — **Lady Anne** (52). Anne Boleyn (*bööl'in*), the second wife of Henry VIII. — **in open** (54), without concealment; as an acknowledged wife. — **has gone beyond me** (58), circumvented or overreached me. — **the noble troops** (61), the Cardinal's retinue or household. — **make use now** (70), make interest now. — **prithee** (100), I *pray thee*.

---

## CXXIV. — FROZEN WORDS.

### ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON was born at Milston, Wiltshire, England, in 1672, and was educated at Oxford. He died in 1719.

The writings on which his fame chiefly rests are his light essays written for the "Tatler" and the "Spectator," periodicals published in pamphlet form between 1709 and 1714. Addison's contributions treated of a great variety of subjects, and many of them have not ceased to delight and instruct their readers ever since they were first given to the public. They are characterized by light and playful fancy, delicate, sunshiny humor, an easy, graceful style, and almost faultless diction. The generous humanity which pervades them makes known the sweetness of temper and lovable character of the man.

The following delightful paper shows the ingenious fancy and graceful humor characteristic of Addison's peculiar genius. No one is so dull or credulous as to take this facetious story as the relation of a real occurrence. It is a pleasant satire on the tales of those travelers who are accustomed to "draw the long bow," and affords innocent diversion by taking the reader into the realm of fancy and imagination. Such stories as the *Travels of Gulliver*, the *Voyages of Sindbad*, and even the *Fables of Æsop*, are of this description. They do not have the essence of a lie, which, whether in act or in word, is *the intention to deceive*.

1. THERE are no books which I more delight in than in travels, especially those that describe remote countries, and give the writer an opportunity of show-

ing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the authors of this kind, our renowned countryman, Sir John Mandeville, has distinguished himself by the copiousness of his invention and the greatness of his genius.

2. The second to Sir John I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure and unbounded imagination. One reads the voyages of these two great wits with as much astonishment as the travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red-Cross Knight in Spenser. All is enchanted ground and fairy-land.

3. I have got into my hands, by great chance, several manuscripts of these two eminent authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the public. The present paper I intend to fill with an extract of Sir John's journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches which he made in the territories of Nova Zembla. The relation put into modern language is as follows:—

4. "We were separated by a storm in the latitude of 73, insomuch that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and a French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed, in order to refit our vessels, and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination.

5. "We soon observed, that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards' distance, and that too when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I

found that our words froze in the air before they could reach the ears of the person to whom they were spoken.

6. "I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman that could hail a ship at a league distance, beckoning with his hands, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat, but all in vain.

7. "We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter S, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those, being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our cabin.

8. "These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard everything that had been spoken during the whole three weeks that we had been silent, if I may use that expression.

9. "It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my surprise, I heard somebody say, 'Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's crew to go to bed.' This

I knew to be the pilot's voice, and, upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them before the present thaw. My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth.

10. "In the midst of this great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow, and had taken his opportunity of swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies when I got him on shipboard.

11. "When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile farther up into the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing, though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done.

12. "At about half a mile's distance from our cabin, we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first startled us; but upon inquiry we were informed by some of our company that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls and barkings of a fox.

13. "We at length arrived at the little Dutch settlement, and, upon entering the room, found it filled with *sighs that smelt of brandy*, and several other unsavory

sounds that were altogether inarticulate. My valet fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word till about half an hour after; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted more time than ours to melt and become audible.

14. "After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the French cabin, who, to make amends for their three weeks' silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than ever I heard in an assembly even of that nation. Their language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved.

15. "I was here convinced of an error into which I had before fallen; for I fancied that for the freezing of the sound it was necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved in breath; but I found my mistake when I heard the sound of a kit playing a minuet over our heads. I asked the occasion of it; upon which one of the company told me that it would play there above a week longer if the thaw continued. 'For,' says he, 'finding ourselves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company, who had this musical instrument about him, to play to us from morning to night; all which time we employed in dancing.'"

16. Here Sir John gives very good philosophical reasons why the kit could be heard during the frost; but as they are something prolix, I pass over them in silence, and shall only observe that the honorable author seems, by his quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient poets, which perhaps raised his fancy

above the ordinary pitch of historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.

<b>in-clem'en-cy</b> , severity, — used of the weather.	<b>kit</b> , a small fiddle.
<b>creek</b> , an inlet; a cove.	<b>val'et</b> , a man-servant who attends on a gentleman's person.
<b>strap-pá'do</b> , a punishment which consisted in hoisting the offender and suddenly letting him fall.	<b>ob'dū-rate</b> , harsh; stubborn.
<b>chol'er-ic</b> ( <i>kól'-</i> ), given to anger.	<b>min'ū-et</b> , a tune played for a slow, graceful dance.
	<b>pro-lix'</b> , long and tedious.

**Sir John Mandeville**, an English traveler, born about 1300, who wrote a book of travels full of extravagant stories. — **Ferdinand Mendez Pinto** was a Portuguese traveler, who wrote a marvelous account of his adventures in China, Japan, etc. He died in 1583.

Give the meaning of "posthumous" (*póst'ū-mūs*), when applied to the words *child*, *writing*, *fame*. — Find out something about Ulysses, and something about the Red Cross Knight.



## CXXV. — SKIPPER BEN.

LUCY LARCOM.

LUCY LARCOM, an American writer, born at Beverly Farms in Massachusetts, in 1826, has won the attention of a wide circle of appreciative readers. Whittier says: "Her ballads have the true flavor and feeling of the breezy New England sea-coast."

### 1. SAILING away!

Losing the breath of the shores in May,  
 Dropping down from the beautiful bay,  
 Over the sea slope vast and gray!  
 And the skipper's eyes with a mist are blind;  
 For a vision comes on the rising wind  
 Of a gentle face that he leaves behind,  
 And a heart that throbs through the fog bank dim,  
 Thinking of him

2.           Far into night  
He watches the gleam of the lessening light,  
Fixed on the dangerous island height  
That bars the harbor he loves from sight;  
And he wishes at dawn he could tell the tale  
Of how they had weathered the southwest gale  
To brighten the cheek that had grown so pale  
With a wakeful night among specters grim, —  
          Terrors for him.
3.           Yo — heave — yo!  
Here's the Bank where the fishermen go  
Over the schooner's sides they throw  
Tackle and bait to the deeps below.  
And Skipper Ben in the water sees,  
When its ripples curl to the light land breeze,  
Something that stirs like his apple trees,  
And two soft eyes that beneath them swim,  
          Lifted to him.
4.           Hear the wind roar,  
And the rain through the slit sails tear and pour  
“Steady! we'll scud by the Cape Ann shore, —  
Then hark to the Beverly bells once more!”  
And each man worked with the will of ten;  
While up in the rigging, now and then,  
The lightning glared in the face of Ben,  
Turned to the black horizon's rim,  
          Scowling on him.
5.           Into his brain  
Burned with the iron of hopeless pain,  
Into thoughts that grapple and eyes that strain,  
Pierces the memory, cruel and vain!

Never again shall he walk at ease  
Under his blossoming apple trees,  
That whisper and sway to the sunset breeze,  
While the soft eyes float where the sea-gulls skim,  
Gazing with him.

6.           How they went down  
Never was known in the still old town :  
Nobody guessed how the fisherman brown,  
With the look of despair that was half a frown,  
Faced his fate in the furious night, —  
Faced the mad billows with hunger white,  
Just within hail of the beacon light,  
That shone on a woman sweet and trim,  
Waiting for him.

7.           Beverly bells  
Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells !  
His was the anguish a moment tells, —  
The passionate sorrow death quickly knells ;  
But the wearing wash of a lifelong woe  
Is left for the desolate heart to know,  
Whose tides with the dull years come and go,  
Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,  
Thinking of him.

**Into his brain**, etc. (5), is connected with "Pierces the memory," etc.

Find an alliteration in stanza 6 ; also one in stanza 7. (Alliteration is metimes an element of beauty in English speech. Such expressions as "might and main," "time and tide," "wake and watch," are examples. Alliterations should not seem studied or far-fetched.)





## CXXVI. — THE CLOUDS.

RUSKIN.

1. It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.

2. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew.

3. And, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing, scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly.

4. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should

live always in the midst of them: he injures them by his presence; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is "not too bright or good for human nature's daily food"; it is fitted, in all its functions, for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart; for soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust.

5. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together, almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, — its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct, as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal, is essential.

6. And yet we never attend to it; we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration.

7. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits, until they melted and moldered

.

away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves?

8. All has passed unregretted as unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice.

9. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual,—that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally; which are never wanting, and never repeated; which are to be found always, yet each found but once: it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

not too bright, etc. (4). This quotation is from Wordsworth's lyric beginning "She was a phantom of delight."

Point out cases of alliteration in paragraphs 6 and 7. Do you think it is excessively used in these paragraphs?

---

THE soft blue sky did never melt  
Into his heart; he never felt  
The witchery of the soft blue sky.

Wordsworth

## CXXVII. — SUNRISE.

THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON wrote "The Seasons," an extended but popular poem marked throughout by a certain stateliness or pomp of diction. He also wrote "The Castle of Indolence," and the national song of "Rule Britannia."

Thomson was born in Scotland in 1700, and died in 1748.

YONDER comes the powerful king of day,  
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,  
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow  
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach  
Betoken glad.

Lo! now, apparent all,  
Aslant the dewbright earth, and colored air,  
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;  
And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays  
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,  
High gleaming from afar.

Prime cheerer, Light!  
Of all material beings first, and best!  
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!  
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt  
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!  
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen  
Shines out thy Maker, may I sing of thee?

**sheds the shining day** (2), that is, the *light* of day. (What figure? See page 432, III.) — **burnished**, resplendent; that is, the light renders the rocks bright or resplendent. — **High gleaming**, etc., refers to rocks and hills, etc.

**Explain:** efflux divine (3); vesting beauty; unessential gloom.

Name the figure in the first line, and show its appropriateness.

## CXXVIII. — SILAS FINDS HIS TREASURE.

GEORGE ELIOT.

GEORGE ELIOT is the pseudonym of Miss Mary Ann Evans, an English-woman who wrote novels of such remarkable depth and power that she is by some good judges considered to outrank all other novelists of her generation. Her works display so great learning, and make such demands upon the reader's attention, that they can hardly be regarded as light reading.

Miss Evans was born, November 22, 1819, and died, December 22, 1880.

Some of her principal works are "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Felix Holt," and "Middlemarch."

Silas Marner is described, in the story of the same name, as a weaver who lived alone in a cottage situated in a retired place. He was of a simple nature, and his trust in God and man had been shaken by treachery and wrong. His only delight was in counting over in the evenings his little hoard of gold, the fruits of his earnings. This gold had been stolen from its hiding-place a short time before the occurrence of the event which is here related.

The mother perishes in the snow near Silas's cottage, but the little child creeps in at the open door, and is saved to grow up and become the comfort of his lonely life.

1. In the evening twilight, and later, whenever the night was not dark, Silas looked out on that narrow prospect round the stone-pits, listening and gazing, not with hope, but with mere yearning and unrest. This morning he had been told by some of his neighbors that it was new-year's eve, and that he must sit up and hear the old year rung out and the new rung in, because that was good luck, and might bring his money back again.

2. Since the on-coming of twilight he had opened his door again and again, though only to shut it immediately at seeing all distance veiled by the falling snow. But the last time he opened it the snow had ceased, and the clouds were parting here and there. He stood *and* listened, and gazed for a long while;—there was

really something on the road coming toward him then, but he caught no sign of it; and the stillness and the wide, trackless snow seemed to narrow his solitude, and touched his yearning with the chill of despair.

3. He went in again, and put his right hand on the latch of the door to close it;— but he did not close it: he was arrested, as he had been already since his loss, by the invisible wand of catalepsy, and stood like a graven image, with wide but sightless eyes, holding open his door, powerless to resist either the good or evil that might enter there.

4. When Marner's sensibility returned, he continued the action which had been arrested, and closed his door, unaware of the chasm in his consciousness, unaware of any intermediate change, except that the light had grown dim, and that he was chilled and faint. He thought he had been too long standing at the door and looking out.

5. Turning toward the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart, and sent forth only a red uncertain glimmer, he seated himself in his fireside chair, and was stooping to push his logs together, when, to his blurred vision, it seemed as if there was gold on the floor in front of the hearth: gold— his own gold— brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away! He felt his heart begin to beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the restored treasure.

6. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin, with the familiar, resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft, warm curls. In utter amazement, Silas

fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child, — a round, fair thing, with soft, yellow rings all over its head.

7. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream, — his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a year before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? That was the first thought that darted across Silas's blank wonderment. Was it a dream?

8. He rose to his feet again, pushed his logs together, and, throwing on some dried leaves and sticks, raised a flame; but the flame did not disperse the vision, — it only lit up more distinctly the little round form of the child and its shabby clothing. It was very much like his little sister. Silas sunk into his chair powerless, under the double presence of an inexplicable surprise and a hurrying influx of memories. How and when had the child come in without his knowledge? He had never been beyond the door.

9. But there was a cry on the hearth: the child had awaked, and Marner stooped to lift it on his knee. It clung round his neck, and burst louder and louder into that mingling of inarticulate cries with "mammy" by which little children express the bewilderment of waking. Silas pressed it to him, and almost unconsciously uttered sounds of hushing tenderness, while he be-thought himself that some of his porridge, which had got cool by the dying fire, would do to feed the child with, if it were only warmed up a little.

10. He had plenty to do through the next hour. The porridge, sweetened with some dry brown sugar from an old store which he had refrained from using for himself, stopped the cries of the little one, and made

her lift her blue eyes with a wide quiet gaze at Silas, as he put the spoon into her mouth. Presently she slipped from his knee and began to toddle about, but with a pretty stagger that made Silas jump up and follow her lest she should fall against anything that would hurt her. But she only fell in a sitting posture on the ground, and began to pull at her boots, looking up at him with a crying face, as if the boots hurt her.

11. He took her on his knee again, but it was some time before it occurred to Silas's dull bachelor mind that the wet boots were the grievance, pressing on her warm ankles. He got them off with difficulty, and baby was at once happily occupied with the primary mystery of her own toes, inviting Silas, with much chuckling, to consider the mystery too.

12. But the wet boots had at last suggested to Silas that the child had been walking on the snow, and this roused him from his entire oblivion of any ordinary means by which it could have entered or been brought into his house. Under the prompting of this new idea, and without waiting to form conjectures, he raised the child in his arms and went to the door.

13. As soon as he had opened it there was the cry of "Mammy!" again, which Silas had not heard since the child's first hungry waking. Bending forward, he could just discern the marks made by the little feet on the virgin snow and he followed their track to the furze-bushes. "Mammy!" the little one cried again and again, stretching itself forward so as almost to escape from Silas's arms, before he himself was aware that there was something more than the bush before him, — *that there was a human body, with the head sunk*



low in the furze, and half covered with the shaken snow.

in'flux, a flowing in.  
ob-liv'i-on, forgetfulness.

cat/a-lep-sy, trance.  
in-ex'pli-ca-ble, unexplainable.

invisible wand of catalepsy (3). The allusion is to the power of a fairy who by waving her wand should suddenly deprive one of motion and feeling.

## CXXIX.—OLD-FASHIONED GALLANTRY.

### LAMB.

CHARLES LAMB is one of the few authors, like Goldsmith and Addison, whom the reader learns to love. He is sometimes called affectionately "the gentle Elia," from the writings on which his literary fame rests, "The Essays of Elia." These essays are delightful reading, abounding in original thought, quaint humor, and tender pathos. We learn, too, from them much about the author,—his habits, opinions, and some of the weaknesses as well as the beauties of his character.

Lamb was born in London, in 1775. During thirty-three years of his life he was a clerk in an office of the East India Company. He died in 1834.

1. JOSEPH PAICE, of Bread Street Hill, merchant, and one of the directors of the South Sea Company, was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. Though brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not one system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and another in the shop or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bareheaded—smile if you please—to a poor servant-girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street,—in such a posture of unforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer, of it.

2. He was no dangler, in the common acceptance of the word, after women; but he revered and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood*. I have seen him — nay, smile not — tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar-woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams.

3. He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Win'stanley, — old Winstanley's daughter of Clapton, — who, dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me, that he had been one day treating her with a profusion of civil speeches, — the common gallantries, — to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance; but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness.

4. When he ventured, on the following day, finding her a little better-humored, to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sort of civil things said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation,

short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women; but that — a little before he had commenced his compliments — she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time, and she thought to herself, “As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady, — a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune, — I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me; but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one,” (naming the milliner,) “and had failed of bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour, — though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them, — what sort of compliments should I have received then? And my woman’s pride came to my assistance; and I thought that, if it were only to do *me* honor, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage: and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches, to the compromise of that sex the belonging to which was, after all, my strongest claim and title to them.”

5. I think the lady discovered both generosity and a just way of thinking, in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined that the uncommon strain of courtesy, which through life regulated the actions and behavior of my friend towards all woman-kind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson

6. I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man a pattern of true politeness

to a wife, of cold contempt or rudeness to a sister; the idolater of his female sweetheart, the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate — still female — maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed, — her handmaid or dependent, — she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score; and probably will feel the diminution, when youth and beauty, and advantages not inseparable from sex, shall lose their attraction.

7. What a woman should demand of a man, in courtship, or after it, is, first, respect for her as she is a woman; and, next to that, to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions incident to individual preference be so many pretty additaments and ornaments — as many, and as fanciful, as you please — to that main structure. Let her first lesson be, with sweet Susan Winstanley, to *reverence her sex*.

<b>ca-price'</b> (-pre.ce'), change of humor or opinion without reason; freak.	<b>oom'pro-mise</b> (-miz), <i>here</i> , the putting to hazard.
<b>re-pug'nance</b> , opposition of mind; dislike.	<b>a-nom'a-ly</b> , departure from the common rule; irregularity.
<b>ex-pos'tu-late</b> , argue with and entreat.	<b>ad-dit'a-ments</b> , things added
	<b>dér'o-gates</b> , detracts; takes away.
	<b>hand'maid</b> , a female servant.

Explain the figures "Female *Eld*" (2); "known to be a *fortune*" (4).

To thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Shakespeare.

## CXXX. — WASHINGTON AT NEWBURG.

## EVARTS.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS, one of the foremost lawyers of the United States and widely known as an orator, was born in Boston in 1818. Graduating at Yale College in 1837, he studied law and was admitted to the bar in New York City. During President Hayes's administration he was Secretary of State.

After the surrender of Cornwallis and the British army at Yorktown, Washington established his headquarters at Newburg on the Hudson, and the American armies were encamped in the neighboring fields. There they remained eighteen months, awaiting the result of negotiations for peace. At last the treaty was signed, acknowledging our independence, and on the 18th of October, 1783, Congress issued a proclamation discharging, after the 3d of November, all who had engaged to serve during the war.

The following eloquent tribute paid to the services and character of Washington is taken from Mr. Evarts's oration, delivered at the Centennial Celebration in the city of Newburg, October 18th, 1883.

1. ON this very day, one hundred years ago, Congress issued a proclamation disbanding all the armies, and Washington, from Princeton, under date of November 2d, 1783, put forth his "Farewell Address to the Armies of the United States."

2. These two remarkable papers embraced within their counsels, their exhortations, their instructions, their warnings, and their benediction, the citizens and the soldiers of the whole country. They were at once the evidence and the annunciation that the great work of Independence was accomplished, and the nation was established.

3. No formal proclamations, no authentic acts of government, could carry the weight, could receive the attention, could pervade the public mind, could animate the hearts, could stimulate the conscience, could control

the conduct of this people, passing from the wilderness into their promised land, as did these personal words of their great leader.

4. He stood, he was to stand, upon the level of common citizenship with themselves. But it was a citizenship which had been built up, and was to endure, as a crown of glory to a whole people, and an inheritance never to perish, till they had lost the virtues illustrated and inculcated by Washington.

5. The interest, the reverence, that we feel as we recall these great transactions, as we stand upon the spot where they were enacted, center upon Washington. Great everywhere and at all times, the part played upon this field, in these closing months of the Revolution, was not less conspicuous nor complete in its greatness than any manifestation of his life.

6. Had these events closed his public service, had he then forever retired from the great theater of action and renown, had he never filled out our admiration and our gratitude by the eight years of private life and the eight years of the chief magistracy which followed the surrender of his military command,—if his great presence in the framing of the Constitution and in the guidance of the nation by high statesmanship and pure administration, if all this had been wanting to the full splendor of his fame, if he stood to his countrymen in their memory as he stood upon this very spot one hundred years ago,—his face would have shone to all this people as did the face of Moses to the children of Israel when he delivered the Tables of the Law.

7. And now, after a hundred years of marvelous fortunes and crowded experiences, we confront the days and the works and the men of the first age of the

republic. Three wars have broken the peace here proclaimed: the war for neutrality, to complete our independence by establishing our right to be at peace, though other powers sought to draw us into their wars; the war for boundary, which pushed our limits to the Pacific, and rounded our territory; the war of the Constitution, which established for this people that, for them and forever, "Liberty and Union are one and inseparable."

8. These rolling years have shown growth, forever growth, and strength, increasing strength, and wealth and numbers ever expanding, while intelligence, freedom, art, culture, and religion have pervaded and ennobled all this material greatness. Wide, however, as is our land and vast our population to-day, these are not the limits to the name, the fame, the power of the life and character of Washington. No spot in the wide world is inhospitable to his glory, and no people in it but rejoices in the influence of his power and his virtue.

<b>dis-band'ing</b> , dismissing from military service. <b>au-then'tic</b> , true and authoritative.	<b>in-cul'cat-ed</b> , taught impressively. <b>in-hos'pi-ta-ble</b> , unfriendly.
---	--

**passing from the wilderness**, etc. (3). What event in sacred history is here alluded to? Find in the Bible something said about the land promised to the Israelites. — **the face of Moses** (6). See Exodus xxxiv. 29, 30. — **Three wars** (7). Describe more definitely these wars.

Explain the phrases "the chief magistracy" (6); "framing the Constitution" (6). What is the literal meaning of "disbanding" (1)? Can you tell any difference in meaning between "counsel" and "exhortation" (2)? What word is the opposite of "benediction" (2)? Can you tell any difference in meaning between "reputation" and "character" (8)?



## CXXXI.—UNION AND LIBERTY.

HOLMES.

1.

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,  
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and flame,  
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,  
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!  
Up with our banner bright,  
Sprinkled with starry light,  
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,  
While through the sounding sky  
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —  
Union and Liberty! One evermore!

2.

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,  
Pride of her children, and honored afar,  
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation  
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

3.

Empire unsceptered! what foe shall assail thee,  
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?  
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,  
Striving with men for the birthright of man!

4.

Yet, if, by madness and treachery blighted,  
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,  
Then with the arms of thy millions united  
*Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!*



## 5.

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,  
 Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!  
 Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?  
 Keep us, O keep us, the Many in One!  
 Up with our banner bright,  
 Sprinkled with starry light,  
 Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,  
 While through the sounding sky  
 Loud rings the Nation's cry,—  
 Union and Liberty! One evermore!

blazoned (-*zed*), proclaimed.

illumined, lighted up.

**Explain:** sprinkled with starry light (1); empire unscattered (3); Liberty's van (3); the Many in One (5).

What real meaning is expressed metaphorically in the third and fourth lines of the second stanza?



## COMMON FIGURES OF SPEECH.

---

A **figure of speech** is a deviation from the plain and ordinary mode of speaking, with a view to greater effect. When, instead of saying, "That is very strange," we exclaim, "How strange!" we use a figure (exclamation). "Now is the *winter* of our discontent," is figurative (metaphor); the word "winter" is diverted from signifying a season of the year, to express a condition of the human feelings.\*

I. A **simile** (*sim'i-le*) expresses a likeness or a similarity of relations between two objects different in kind. A simile is generally introduced by *like*, *as*, *so*, or *thus*. Examples:— "The ballad of Chevy Chase stirs the heart *like the sound of a trumpet*." "That man is *as cunning as a fox*." "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

"Him [the miller] *like the working bee in blossom dust*,  
Blanched with his mill they found."

II. A **metaphor** is a compressed simile. The objects are declared to be, not similar, but identical. Examples:— "That shrewd *man* is a *fox*." "That *boy* is a *snail*." "*He* was a *lion* in the fight." "The wish is *father* to the thought." Every metaphor can be expanded into a full simile. Thus, the metaphor, "The boat *flies* through the water," may be expanded into, "As a bird flies in the air, so the boat moves in the water," or the relation between the bird and the air (flying) is the same as the relation between the boat and the water. The three terms which we are supposed to know are *bird*, *flying*, *boat*,—the unknown term being the motion of the boat, which by means of the three known terms itself

\* These notes are given chiefly on the authority of Bain's "English Composition and Rhetoric," and Abbott and Seeley's "English Lessons."

becomes known. The force or appropriateness of a metaphor is generally better seen after it has been fully expanded. Metaphors may be expressed ; as, "The thought *struck* him " ; or implied ; as, "This is a *striking* thought."

III. **Metonymy** (*me-ton'i-mi*) is the naming of a thing by some accompaniment ; as, (1.) the sign, or any significant adjunct, for the thing signified ; (2.) the cause for the effect, or the effect for the cause ; (3.) the instrument for the user or doer ; (4.) the container for the thing contained, etc. Examples : — (1.) "*Gray hairs* should be respected," that is, *aged people* or *old age* (either the *sign*, or the *effect* for the cause). "There is too much *red tape* in this business," that is, *routine*. (2.) "You write a bad *hand*," that is, "hand," the cause, is put for *writing*, the effect. "The *pen* is mightier than the *sword*," that is, *intelligence* . . . than *force*. (3.) "Even *bayonets* think." (4.) "The *kettle* boils," that is, the *water* in it. "She sets a good *table*." An author is put for his works, as, "Have you read *Milton*?"

IV. **Synecdoche** (*sin-ek'du-ke*) consists, in its most common form, in naming a thing by some part of it ; as, "There are fifty *sail* in the harbor," that is, *ships*. "There are a thousand *souls* in town." "Give us this day our daily *bread*," that is, *food*. "She had seen sixteen *summers*." Using the whole for a part is also called synecdoche ; as, "The smiling *year*," for the spring. This figure includes the putting of the species for the genus ; as, "He is a *cut-throat*," that is, *murderer* ; or the genus for the species ; as, a *creature* for a *man* ; also, the putting of the abstract for the concrete ; as, *youth* for the *young* ; or the concrete for the abstract ; as, "The *father* yearns in his breast," that is, *fatherly affection*.

V. **Personification** consists in attributing life and mind to inanimate things ; as, "Old *Ocean* smiles" ; " *Youth* on the prow, and *Pleasure* at the helm."



1









